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THE LEATHERMAN'S HANDBOOK II



LARRY TOWNSEND



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LEATHERMAN'S
HANDBOOK II***

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THE LEATHERMAN'S HANDBOOK II

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by Larry Townsend

INTRODUCTION

It has been a little over a decade since I completed the original *Leatherman's Handbook*. Looking back on this relatively short span of time, I am amazed at the changes which have taken place within the Leather-SM Community — to say nothing of those which have taken place in my friends and myself. Nothing seems to be in quite the same space as it was ten years ago; only the basic physical and emotional components of the human being seem to have remained constant, except that we are all ten years older.

Within the narrower framework of our specific subject matter, perhaps the most surprising factor of all—certainly the most gratifying—has been the impact of the original *Handbook*. I wrote it expecting a relatively restricted audience, mostly within the already established leather circles, possibly extending to a few novices and fringies who would otherwise be fearful of actual participation. Neither the publisher nor I had any serious expectation of the book's doing more than selling out its first edition. Instead, it has seen three printings, and my infamy has spread well beyond the borders of the United States.

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Strangely enough, the foreign notoriety has been fairly recent, but decidedly hostile in the "straight" press. This is in contrast to the book's reception in the United States, where the major media have ignored it, but where it has been used as outside reading material for a number of university classes in sociology, anthropology and psychology. *Der Spiegel*, Germany's answer to *Time* or *Newsweek*, stated in June 1977: "... The leather scene is no loose crowd, but they are tightly organized on [an] international level. The central European monitor is called *Der Stiefel* (The Boot) and *The Leatherman's Handbook* by a certain Larry Townsend is considered their Bible."

A short while later the Auckland (New Zealand) Sunday newspaper quoted several segments from the *Handbook* on its front page. This was the result of some character's having gone to the police and press to "expose the shocking sado-masochistic activities of certain local motor clubs." (I'm sure there must be at least two dozen leathermen in all of New Zealand.) Then the story was picked up by the *Sunday News* in Sydney, Australia, and reprinted for the edification of our Aussie friends. All of this petered out when the complainant committed suicide a day or so after his original startling revelations. Subsequently, a New Zealander friend of mine described the Auckland paper as a "garbage sheet" (published on Sunday because the regular papers do not have Sunday editions) and ranked it on a par with our *National Inquirer*.

But this sort of nonsense is to be expected from those portions of our western society where heterosexual relations in the missionary position (only between married persons, of course) are still considered too racy for polite discussion. Imagine how such people must react when confronted with a written treatise on homosexual activities involving bondage and discipline, and continuing into even more esoteric behavior. Although enormous progress has been made within our own group toward a more open and healthy expression of these needs and drives, quite the reverse has been true within the more backward-looking areas of our own and other countries. A number of well-meaning religious zealots have established media empires to preach a further deepening of people's fears and guilt. As a result, our society is even more sharply divided on the issues of sexual freedom and expression

than it was in 1970. Those who do it, and enjoy doing it, are more open and less inhibited in their lifestyles. In the major cities a number of organizations have sprung up to offer guidance and mutual support for practitioners of our various "arts and crafts." In other areas of the country the bible thumpers have driven their listeners even more deeply into their cloaks of fear and their closets of guilt.

Yet there were bright spots even in this quagmire of ignorance and repression. The second edition of the *Handbook* was distributed on a more standard circuit: onto newsstands, in drugstores, markets, and into a number of regular bookstores, instead of being restricted to the "adult" marketplaces. One fellow wrote to tell me he had purchased his copy in the Kansas City Airport, another at his local supermarket in Minnesota. The most amusing incident was in Florida, where a student at a Fort Lauderdale evening extension course was made aware of the *Handbook's* presence at a local Seven-11 Store when his professor stormed into the classroom, berating the local authorities for permitting such pornographic trash to be sold on the open market. He had apparently made such a furor that the clerk had taken the books off the rack and hidden the remainder under the counter. Immediately after class, of course, my correspondent made straight for the Seven-11 and bought his copy.

So the political pendulum tends to swing from right to left and back again, each time seeming to give us additional freedoms, and subsequently to take them away. Yet with each full sweep, the progress toward a greater liberalization of restraints seems to increase. It has been this way throughout history, and I expect it will continue in the same "three steps forward, two steps back" pattern. At least they have not (yet) made great piles of my writings and set fire to them in the public square!

Because so many of my readers have become like personal friends, perhaps I should offer a brief account of my own passage through this time spectrum, if only to give you a better idea of my perspective, and the basis for the philosophy I am trying to impart.

After publication of the original *Handbook* in 1971, I became more deeply involved in the Gay Rights Movement, serving for a couple of years as editor of the Newsletter, and subsequently as president, of H.E.L.P., Inc.

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(Homophile Effort for Legal Protection), then the largest membership gay group in Southern California, second in size nationally only to S.I.R. (Society for Individual Rights) in San Francisco. H.E.L.P. was basically a legal aid society, much of its energy going toward bailing people out of jail after arrests for typical gay harassment offenses. We had a roster of attorneys to whom we would refer people, and who were pledged not to "gouge." Later in the 70's, long after I had retired from active participation, H.E.L.P. was disbanded, because it was no longer needed. Times had changed for the better, or so it seemed.

I then served for about three years on the board of the Whitman/Radcliffe Foundation, a nonprofit group set up to help fund certain social betterment goals — alcoholic rehabilitation being the area in which the group did its most significant work. From here, I went on to a more political series of activities, founding the Hollywood Hills Democratic Club, the first gay oriented club of its type in Los Angeles, recognized by the California Democratic Council. My main point in doing this was to stimulate our local activists into getting involved, and when they did I withdrew from active participation. By this time my writings had achieved a wider circulation and following, so that I was very pressed for time. Olympia Press, publishers of the first edition of the *Handbook*, had gone out of business, and having no viable alternative I had started publishing my own works, and editing compilations of stories by other people. This resulted in the founding of my mail order business, selling these books and others, as well as toys and other equipment. I'm still hard at it, plus doing a regular column for *Drummer Magazine*. I also communicate with a great many leather guys all over the world. I can still be reached at: P.O. Box 302, Beverly Hills, CA 90213, for either business or personal correspondence.

So at this point I am serving the leather community in a rather different capacity from that of a few years ago. The activist scene really became a little too much for me, especially as I found myself wasting more time trying to settle differences with other gay men and women than doing the things I had joined the movement to do. Fiscally a conservative, it was difficult for me to work for politicians who wanted to do a lot of things I did not agree with, in order to help a candidate who was pledged to help us. So

much for me; now, for those interested, a quick rundown on the other people you met in the original *Handbook*.

Unfortunately, I have lost contact with a few of the men who figured prominently in the original. John T. (Hollywood, CA) became seriously ill a few years back and moved to the high desert. Fred (Alabama) died of cancer. Joe (Santa Monica, CA) has had some serious health problems, but I see him frequently and he is okay, although not as active as before. Jonathan (Los Angeles), Nick (San Francisco), Ray (Boston), Ian (Ontario), and Felix (London) are still living in the same areas and all going strong. I've lost contact with L.L. (Las Vegas) and John (Munich), although I know he moved to London. Yonah (New York) is another I have not heard from in a long time. When I wrote the *Handbook* I had never actually met him — merely corresponded. We finally met in August 1972, on the Sunday afternoon of the infamous Black Pipe raid, in Los Angeles.

This black letter day was the date of a big H.E.L.P. fundraiser, where we took over Duane's Black Pipe Bar on Venice Boulevard. We were attempting to collect funds to open a community center, and over three hundred people — mostly leather guys — were circulating around the bar and enclosed parking lot, drinking beer and playing various games we had set up, buying goods at the rummage sale, and generally having a good time. At about 3:00 PM the police arrived in force, crashing in like the Gestapo and arresting 21 of us. The charges were lewd conduct, although most of us believe to this day that the real reason was our organization's support for the opposition candidate in the D.A. race. Be that as it may, after the arrestees had been carted off, the cop in charge gave Yonah a long hassle, threatening to arrest him too, because they had seen him sniffing the inside of someone's boot. Since Yonah was a big, heavyset guy in a wheelchair, they had no way to transport him, and finally let him go. I saw him a couple of times after this, but he has since faded away. Duane (code name Dave in the *Handbook*), owner of the Black Pipe, was subsequently pressured out of business by the police, and died of cardiac problems in 1980.

Of the others you may recall, Slippery Tits (Olive Oyl, some people called him), cornered me in a bar shortly after the first edition was released and threatened me with mayhem. We both survived the confrontation, but I haven't

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seen him running around with a greased chest since. Mac, Dave's little Marine, is still around. I see him from time to time in the bars, and he's just as sexy as ever, although beginning to show a touch of gray at the temples. Augie and Ernie are still together, although health problems have seriously restricted their participation.

So much for nostalgia. I do not intend to refer excessively to the original *Handbook* although there will be places where I'll have no choice. I just wanted to answer some of the questions my old friends might have. We are now about to explore a very changed leather/SM community, and try to relate this to the same basic human drives and urges that we dealt with before. Reviewing all that has happened in just a decade makes me appreciate the way one of my favorite historical/anthropological writers, Geoffrey Bibby, in his popular book *Four Thousand Years Ago*, takes pains to point out that readers of history should remember how much a society can change in 30 or 40 years. All the active leaders at the beginning of such a period would be old and retired or dead by the end of it. Styles of thought, like styles of clothing — or word usage such as slang — will all have changed. Even the relatively short span of ten years has produced a very different society for people of our orientation.

At present, the leather/SM community is the one segment of gay society that has failed to gain a wide level of acceptance and understanding. Even to many of our own activists, we are a source of bewilderment and embarrassment. For a person who is not inclined toward a sexual expression in which pain and pleasure become admixed, or where love is expressed in a seemingly negative context, understanding can be elusive. Just as many people confuse homosexuals with child molesters, so they tend to confuse SM people with mass murderers and Nazi concentration camp warders. Neither misconception could be further from the truth, but while much has been written and said to refute the former, there is little in our contemporary literature to correct the latter. By providing an updated and honest appraisal of our behavior and lifestyle, this second *Handbook* may at least offer an additional stepping stone toward this much-needed understanding.

CHAPTER ONE—**Background, History, and Definitions**

Lest anyone picking up this book for a quick newsstand perusal be confused by the title, let me state that this is not a treatise on how to make nifty little leather items like tooled belts and ladies' purses. We are dealing with the subject of male-to-male, sado-masochistic sexual behavior. I will attempt in the succeeding pages to explain exactly what we do, how we do it, and, to the best of my ability, why we do it. I will give as much historical background as possible in each particular; I shall summarize the most popular (or unpopular) psychological explanations and theories; I will try to point out the best and safest techniques, as well as the pitfalls and dangers; and I will provide the reader with a few illustrative anecdotes and action vignettes. In doing this, I will use contemporary vernacular, scientific jargon, little words, big words, and four-letter words. If this proposal appeals to you, buy the book and read it. Otherwise, please put it back on the shelf; the last thing I want to do is upset anyone.

A little over ten years ago I signed a contract to write *The Leatherman's Handbook*, promptly sat down at the

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typewriter and completed the manuscript in just over six weeks. Prior to this, I spent several months gathering various bits of information, collating them, and making the outline I would eventually follow. In other words, when I started the actual writing, I knew exactly where I was going. No one had ever done it before. It was a virgin field, wide open, and, except for my disagreements with a few shrinks here and there, the ideas I was suggesting were fresh and new. Of course, I was also fresher and newer. Now, somewhat scarred (but basically untarnished) by the ensuing decade, I'm about to do it again.

This time, however, I am faced with a mountain of written material expressing the opinions of a great many people. In the course of our discussions, I will try to refer to the best of these. But making the present task far more difficult than the written words needing to be emphasized or disclaimed is the enormous increase of people participating in a very wide variety of activities. SM has become a little like the practice of medicine, where the general practitioners have given way to specialists. Thus, the preparation for this attempt has required a great deal of investigation and research. (Some of the research was wonderful!) I will now try to pick up the varied and tangled threads from where I left off, and see if it is possible to bring a little order to the wide range of subjects we have to consider.

By rights, our first task should be to define the term "SM" (or "S&M"). Although the letters "S" and "M" are easy enough to translate—S being "sadist" or "sadism," and M being "masochist" or "masochism," a proper explanation of the combined initials is a little more difficult. In fact, SM has become such a loaded term, it tends to have different peripheral connotations, depending on the person using or hearing it. When we add the concept of "leather," we further complicate the problem. Not all people who wear leather clothing are into SM—not by a long shot; nor do all SM people necessarily wear leather. For a person involved in SM practice, an accurate definition is probably not very important, but for the novice or uninitiated it may be, and for them I will try to untangle the web of confusion.

If you read the original *Handbook*, you will notice that I used the term "S&M" throughout the text. Ten years ago this was the only proper way to write it. Since then, we

have begun to see "SM" instead. To me, the ampersand ("&") implies a dichotomy, i.e., two parts: Sadism *and* Masochism. SM would more properly be read: sado-masochism. In surveying the results of my recent questionnaire (see final chapter), I would attach more than a casual meaning to this. In 1970 there was a fairly distinct line between the group of men who normally played the role of S and those who were exclusively M. Now the majority are switch hitters, neither pure S nor pure M, but rather SM. At least this is my perception, determining my present use and preference for the more current term.

Because I consider any attempt to define SM in a single, concise phrase to be the ultimate exercise in futility—or masochism—I shall forego the temptation to add yet another version to the great discarded stack of unsuccessful, inadequate verbal garbage. Instead, let me suggest a short list of characteristics I find to be present in most scenes which I would classify as SM:

- 1) A dominant-submissive relationship.
- 2) A giving and receiving of pain that is pleasurable to both parties.
- 3) Fantasy and/or role playing on the part of one or both partners.
- 4) A conscious humbling of one partner by the other (humiliation).
- 5) Some form of fetish involvement.
- 6) The acting out of one or more ritualized interactions (bondage, flagellation, etc.)

There are surely other factors, including the real or pretended use of force, some form of emotional attachment—even a love relationship if the particular scene is one of a series. But these will be less consistent than the six points I've listed, and even these six are subject to dispute. Still, if all six elements are present, I would feel fairly safe in stating that we are describing an SM situation. Start taking some away and it becomes "iffy". I am not going to attempt any greater definition of SM, although you will find a few additional suggestions in the succeeding chapters.

To achieve a definition of SM that is going to be satisfactory for *you*—your only real concern, anyway—I suggest you consider your own behavior and fantasies in the context of the many situations I shall describe, and decide

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for yourself. As the learned Supreme Court Justice Potter Stewart remarked in trying to rule on the obscenity or otherwise of the French film *The Lovers*: "I can not define pornography, but I know it when I see it." I think most of us are in the same boat when it comes to defining SM.

Just to further orient the uninitiated, we should note that the number of people involved in male-to-male SM is probably less than their heterosexual counterparts, mostly because bondage — one of our acknowledged components of SM — seems to have taken on a new respectability in het circles. You will find it included in several popular sex guides, and it is safe to assume that a fair number of heterosexual couples have tried it. Several suppliers of SM gear—the Pleasure Chest chain being the largest and most notable example — have made a great deal of money by offering female as well as male clothing and toys. In fact, a couple of the Pleasure Chest outlets (Chicago and one in New York) have an almost exclusively heterosexual trade. However, this het community is less visible than ours, because it tends to be more closeted — as we were in the fifties and before. Yet witness the fact that almost every "first class" bordello for centuries has offered a flagellation and/or bondage speciality, and it is difficult to deny the longterm existence of a strong heterosexual interest. I'll have more to say about this later.

There are a couple more terms we should examine before I start using them and confuse the uninitiated. Basic to most SM relationships is the factor of dominance-submission. The "S" or sadist is supposed to dominate, making him the "Top," whereas the "M" or masochist submits, making him the "bottom." As we shall see, there is some ambiguity to these roles, but for purposes of our present, general discussion they will have to do. The term SM itself produces some confusion, because "S" could easily stand for "slave" and "M" for "Master"; but I will not use them in this context. As I was at some pains to note above, you will find the term also written as S&M, implying a distinct difference between these two sides of the same coin. I just wish to emphasize that my use of this more newly popular term has to do with my latterday perception of more and more people coming to embrace both components.

As to the basic S and M, these are derived from the

names of two important historical figures. The Marquis de Sade is the man from whose name the word "sadist" was formed. Although he wrote many stories and vignettes extolling the joys of bondage and discipline, plus a good many of the other practices we will be exploring, his attempts to put these ideas into actual practice landed him in prison for a major portion of his adult life. France was on the verge of revolution, and his family's relationship to King Louis XVI (who eventually met his fate under the blade of the guillotine), made it dangerous to have a man of de Sade's persuasions running around loose. We might also note that *Le Grand Marquis* did have a penchant for subjecting his victims to involuntary submission, which would get one into difficulties with the law even in our more liberal contemporary society. Insensitive as the French nobility were to the feelings of the masses, the exotic behavior of this particular man went just a bit too far.

If you are interested in reading these original fantasies, there are a number of good translations available. Be sure to select an "unexpurgated" volume, since the others omit exactly the material you are buying the book to read. The most famous of de Sade's novels are: *Justine, or the Folly of Virtue*; its sequel *Juliette, or the Triumph of Vice*; and *The 120 Days of Sodom*. In the first two stories, the heroines were sisters, Justine being the poor sweet innocent to whom all these terrible things happened, with her hating every minute of it. As a result, she ended up a broken wreck in the gutter. Juliette, who did all the same things and loved every one of them, succeeded to all sorts of joy, wealth and power. There are also several collections of de Sade's shorter writings, some of which may be a little too rich even for our more modern, sophisticated tastes, since he delves into coprophilia, necrophilia, and various other subjects to a depth that exceeds the limits of almost any current writer (but which also makes one wonder if a definition of the "S" part of SM might not be even wider than we are normally willing to acknowledge).

Leopold von Sacher-Masoch was an Austrian gentleman novelist who came along about two generations after de Sade. A much more refined writer, he extolled the virtues of pain and suffering. Although he was very unhappy about it, Krafft-Ebing used his name as the basis for the term "masochist" when he assembled his *Psychopathia*

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Sexualis. Von Masoch's most easily obtainable novel is *Venus in Furs* — a wonderfully insightful account of a man's complete submission to a woman. (There's more to it than that, but for our purposes the basic theme is enough.) This same work also sets forth a philosophy of sexual freedom — very tame stuff to us, but quite heady by mid-Nineteenth Century standards.

Gilles Deleuze, a professor of philosophy at the University of Paris, does a comparative analysis of de Sade and Sacher-Masoch in his book *Masochism* (George Braziller, 1971), concluding that the two men lived in such different worlds (in time and space as well as mentally) that the linking of their names in the term "sado-masochist" is truly ironic. Yet there they are, married for all time, immortal (some would say "immoral") and inseparable.

Unfortunately, both terms have fallen into a common usage that distorts their true meaning and loads them with completely invalid connotations. A man who beats his dog, or abuses his children, is called a "sadist," whereas a woman who, out of love and a feeling of duty, devotes her life to the care of her ailing parents, may be referred to as a "masochist." Even with the emerging recognition of SM as an important part of many people's lifestyles, our media writers refuse to acknowledge the difference between these situations and the overt sexual connotations of the terms. Perhaps the "average man" is considered too stupid or ignorant to appreciate the subtle variations. By most of our western population, then, SM is regarded as something evil, sick, etc. — at best the subject for idiots to joke about. Sound familiar? It's the same attitude all gay people were fighting a few years back, and that most "liberated women" still face today.

The positive value of SM has never been properly understood outside our own circles, except more recently by a fringe of people who have taken the time to find out what the practices are all about. Of course, the fear of SM will probably always be there, because the repressed SM component within people's basic personalities is so nearly universal. Recently, we have found some students of social science recognizing SM practices as an enormous catharsis, the healthy venting of energies that might otherwise prove destructive. That is the answer if you really need one. But just as sex in general can be analyzed into

all sorts of exotic motivations and results, or simply viewed as something people do for pure enjoyment, so it is with SM. I doubt that very many guys go to a bar or any other place to make an SM contact with the idea of venting their energies in a sublimated setting. They do it because they enjoy it, exactly as a man and woman get it on, for no better reason than the fabulous feeling it gives them both.

So don't be put off if I try to satisfy the curious by supplying a bit of psychological jargon here and there. Basically, we are dealing with a hedonistic pleasure, no better, no worse than a person indulging himself in any other physical pastime with a concomitant element of desirable sensation. "But the things you do are pretty kinky," is the comment I so frequently hear, and I do not try to deny it. Yet "kinky" generally refers to the behavior of someone else, doing things we do not like to do ourselves . . . or things we are afraid to do, despite our own repressed desire to give it a try. *Everything within an SM exchange is done with the intent of producing physical or emotional pleasure.* This is the basis for the whole scene and, simplistic as the statement may seem, it is the universal key to everything we are going to explore in the course of this discussion. (If you want a greater expansion on the philosophy of hedonism, read Jeremy Bentham's monographs on Utilitarianism, which theories stem from the early Greek philosophy of *Cyrenaics* as postulated by Aristippus.)

In the opening moments of the film *Lawrence of Arabia*, Lawrence holds a lighted match under his finger. The sergeant tries it, and drops the charred remains with a cry of pain: "That hurts!" When Lawrence agrees, the sergeant asks, "But what's the secret?" and Lawrence tells him: "The secret is not minding." Since movie directors are loath to characterize their protagonists with more than mildly unsympathetic traits, I think in the case of Lawrence we might be justified in assuming his authentic response would have been, "The secret is enjoying the pain." In our context, as in that of Lawrence, outsiders perceive us as weird and kinky simply because we seem to enjoy activities most people consider negative . . . painful, undesirable, degrading, maybe even disgusting.

When asked how I justify these things, my answer is, "I make no attempt to justify them." They are activities I

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choose to perform within the privacy of my own home, or some other private setting. I do these things with willing adults, and I am not particularly concerned with how the rest of society regards me. Neither am I concerned about the behavior of the heterosexuals who live next door, who surely engage in acts I would find personally repugnant.

Ironically, the people who are actively concerned with "doing something about us" are the very people whose political philosophy demands less governmental interference in their own lives. Somehow, sexual behavior appears to them to be an area entirely different from any other, an exception to their other concepts of freedom. By the same token, these self-appointed guardians of public morality are often involved in censorship, where books — even novels, which contain only the printed word — dealing with sexual subjects are the targets of their witch hunts. Yet they are perfectly willing to see stories dealing with all manner of violence and life-threatening situations loaned out by the public libraries or splashed across a movie screen in gruesome Technicolor. Only when the adventure is sexual in nature is the story deemed obscene and subject to censorship. So it is with their attitudes toward our behavior, not only as practitioners of SM, but as gay men in general. They see nothing wrong with a road race or hunting expedition, where accidents claim their share of victims, but one of the arguments they often use against us is that SM is a dangerous practice.

But such is the world we live in. The prejudice against us is just one more in a long list of nonsensical inconsistencies. The nice thing about prejudice, you see, is that it never needs to be rooted in logic. I have been invited to participate in a number of academic seminars and discussion groups, sponsored by a variety of organizations, ranging from universities to local gay educational forums. I have always declined, simply because I refuse to be placed in a position where I have to justify myself. I don't think it's necessary, because I sincerely believe that whatever I do in private with another consenting adult is my business. What you do is your business. If you don't like what I do, don't peek in my window and you won't see it. If you don't like the things I write, don't read them.

Just as a side note to all of this, have you ever catalogued the responses you get from other gay guys when

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you first admit your interest in SM? I find the two most common remarks to be: 1) "I don't think I could ever let someone do anything like that to me," or 2) "Oh, I could never do anything like that to another guy." It's an interesting insight into the other person's head. Remember how he replied, should the occasion ever present itself to introduce him to the pleasures you would like to share.

I would like to return for a moment to a point I made in passing about the universal, repressed SM component in the average person's psyche. Although the human animal has evolved upward (we like to believe) from the primordial beast, we tend to retain certain traits that existed as important defensive components within the brains of our early ancestors. A man who has never engaged in a physical altercation in his life will still experience a surge of adrenaline when he is threatened or placed in a situation he perceives as dangerous. This involuntary response causes the body to give off an odor which we have lost the ability to detect, but which any animal trainer will tell you his charges can sense. Likewise, buried deep within us, resides the complex of emotional drives to protect ourselves, or to respond to a variety of situations we are never likely to encounter. These motivating forces, tempered by the conditioning of our environment (society), cause us to seek our particular modes of sexual expression — "deviant" if they are not shared by the majority. In this respect, I think it is probably fair to see an SM person as functioning on a more primitive sexual level than other people. Sexually "normal" people may react in a more primitive mode than we do in other ways, and these other ways can sometimes be far less healthy for the rest of society.

The innate need to dominate another person, or to be dominated, is really quite basic in most men. When the situation arises for these personality components to reveal themselves, they always seem to be there . . . more in some people than in others, but present nonetheless. Consider what happens when a man is taken out of his normal, protected environment, suddenly uprooted and forced into the military, or prison, or when he enters a rigid corporate structure. These, and many more we have neither time nor space to discuss, are situations where the dominant personalities often become the successful D.I.'s, trustees, guards, or executives. The submissive usually

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don't make it. Each of these situations is, in its own way, a jungle. And the jungle is where it all began.

In our very complex society, it is not always possible for a man to work himself into the professional or social situation where his dominant-submissive needs are fulfilled. Many factors other than ability and emotional "set" contribute to our place in life: family ties, educational opportunities, socioeconomic status in the "family of orientation" (the family where you are a kid), race, and just plain luck, to name a few. The attendant frustrations can lead to a strong need to seek some other outlet for the unfulfilled urgings of the individual's mind and body. We have come to call this "escapism." Some people read adventure novels, watch TV, go to the movies, take up jogging or some other physical exercise program — all in an attempt to work off the tensions arising from their dissatisfaction with the "real world." (Apologies to the joggers; I know some of them do it because they think it's going to keep them from getting fat and having a heart attack.)

Other forms of escapism, usually chosen by people with more intelligence and imagination (maybe in addition to some of the above forms), include creative activities. Some become collectors or engage in amateur theatre, become amateur artists. One of the most popular escapes is gardening. Plants, after all, do not talk back. But for the select few, the great escape comes in the blackroom, in bondage and discipline, in SM and its many variations.

If you have been following my line of reasoning carefully, you may have noticed that I have not leaned heavily on the word "sex" as an important part of either the definitions or escape activities. While for some it certainly is an escape, it is not necessarily an overt component in every SM activity. We think of SM as a mode of sexual expression — true enough, but many scenes result in sexual climax for neither partner, in others just for one. In a sense, many SM exchanges are actually intense, prolonged foreplay, whose climax, if any, comes long after the major activities have taken place. And if this climax comes only after the partners have separated, in a JO scene, let's say, how does such a masturbatory session qualify in our list of SM definitions?

The point over which I received the most criticism in the original *Handbook* concerned my alleged failure to make

much issue of love and emotional relationships between SM people. This rather shook me, because I had always presupposed the existence of emotional attachments, and had indicated this a number of times. However, I did not devote a chapter to it, and possibly the more casual reader did not pick up on the implications—certainly more subtle in comparison to the physical activities I described. But, lest there be any doubt, let me reiterate: emotional involvement is just as prevalent and just as necessary in SM situations as in any other sexual liaison. It will be just as lacking in an SM one-night-stand as it will be in any other one-night-stand, and just as deep (possibly deeper) in a long term relationship as in any marriage. The empathy between Top and bottom has to be even deeper and more complete than in any other form of sexual relationship. If the S cannot feel and understand what it is the M is feeling and experiencing, there is no way for him to perform adequately. This goes back to the old truism: the only first-rate Top must, at some point in his experience, have been a bottom. I got arguments on this one, too; and I'll go into it in more detail in the section on Topmen.

Although for many guys the fantasy of SM involves the picture of an unfeeling Top doing all sorts of dreadful things to a bound and unwilling M, there are mercifully few who attempt to act out this imagery. The game is almost inevitably played on the basis of the S stating: "I'll call the shots; you set the limits." In a proper scene, the M always has an "out," something understood that he can say or do to stop the action. Both men are aware of it, and both honor the agreement. There is, or should be, a mutual respect between the participants. The disdain projected by the Top is part of his role-playing, as is the total surrender of the M. In a longer term relationship, the giving and taking of "abuse" is actually an act of love. When it ceases to be a positive expression—however negative it may appear to an outsider—the relationship is over, or on its way out. The M hanging suspended for use by the Top is not merely a piece of meat. He is a human being, and his interaction with the S is an essential component of the scene. This is the point most misunderstood by the outsider, which has become grist for the comedian's mill. In everything from Tom Lehrer's *Masochism Tango* to the canned laughter on some uninspired "sitcom," we hear the ignorant betraying

their fears by trying to make us the butt of their jokes.

But their fear is the fear of the unknown. The jeering laughter comes from throats that have never taken a cock in the heated confines of a blackroom. Many do not possess the intelligence to understand their own urges, nor the courage to act them out. Too bad; the loss is theirs. Let's not worry about them. As long as the outsiders leave us alone, we have no quarrel with them. The only conflict comes from nosey people trying to impose their values on others — not the other way around.

If you visit any popular leatherbar on a weekend night, anywhere in the Western world, you will see a wide range of guys, "types" if you will. There is a startling similarity between the range of types found in New York and Los Angeles, San Francisco and Berlin, London and Munich. You'll find a smaller group in Zurich than you will in Chicago; you'll see more bikes parked outside the bars on the west coast than on the east. But the range of attitudes and costumes will be very much the same. There will be a proliferation of 501 Levi's, leather motorcycle jackets, boots, and cowboy hats. Most will be drinking beer, and there will always be the cliques of locals who congregate for a social exchange. If you are used to visiting your local watering hole in any major city, you will feel very much at home in any one of the others.

But in all these spots you will find that most of the guys dressed in Levi's and leather, with keys or hankies giving the promise of their various preferences, are complete and utter duds. The real SM guy is definitely in a minority, even in these centers of supposed "leather action." During the course of writing this book, I had occasion to visit *The Pits*, a popular leatherbar in Los Angeles. I was there on one particular evening because my friend Wally, manager of *The Mineshaft* (NYC) was in town for a visit, and I had been showing him around. I was, therefore, not really on the make, although if something wonderful had happened . . .

Be that as it may, I was standing to one side of the upper bar, waiting while Wally engaged in an animated conversation with several guys across the room. I noticed an attractive little number who had followed me when I moved from the bar to a stack of beer cases along one wall. I knew by his outfit (red hooded sweatshirt and marshmallow pumps) that he was an unlikely prospect, yet hope springs

eternal. After several minutes of eye contact and the usual preliminary introductions, he asked if I lived nearby. This honest an opening, I thought, deserved an equally honest response. Besides, he seemed like a nice kid and there was no point in my causing him to waste his last few moments before closing time. I told him I lived fairly close, and added that I had a small, well equipped dungeon.

"You mean you'd want to tie me up?" he asked.

"Tie you up and do all sorts of unspeakable things to you," I replied.

"You're not just saying that to make me feel good?"

I shook my head. "No, I'm serious," I assured him.

Within seconds, he had disappeared into the crowd, and I caught only fleeting glimpses of him for the rest of the time I was there. Nor was he atypical of the people to be found in any of the popular bars. If I had kidded him along and brought him home, whatever transpired between us would probably have been a disaster, at least insofar as an SM exchange was concerned. By this I do not mean to deprecate the quality of leather guys to be found at *The Pits*, since they seem to draw a consistently good crowd. But finding an appropriate candidate for whatever your scene may be is not quite as easy as it would seem when looking over the men in these locations.

The wearing of leather and the other clothing, normally thought to represent our scene(s), has become so popular it is a constant annoyance to the real SM man, in that the old signals one used to seek no longer mean the same thing. There was a time when keys hanging from the left hip indicated a Topman, whereas those on the right denoted an M. There was always some ambiguity, since a lot of M's were reluctant to broadcast their preference, fearing they would be perceived as less virile or masculine if everybody knew they were bottoms. But the fact that a man wore keys on his hip at all used to mean he was into something interesting. Now, any number of guys hang the keys because they think it gives them a hot appearance, but many only vaguely realize the meaning of their signals.

Probably, but not necessarily, a better indication of active interest is an ear stud, worn in a pierced ear — again, left for Top, right for bottom. If a guy makes enough of a commitment to have a hole poked through his ear lobe, there is a better chance of his signals meaning something.

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Sometimes, if the guy is bare-chested, a pierced right or left nipple can tell its story (although many have only cosmetic value these days). The problem with all these signals, however, is our having gotten into so many specialized activities that mere Top or bottom tells only half the story. There still remains the question of exactly what sort of scene the guy wants. Is he into bondage and discipline? Fistfucking? Watersports? These are all very different activities. If you're into one, and he's into another, with no overlap of interests, there's no sense pursuing him. Again, the answer used to be more simple than it is at present. I refer to the early days of the handkerchief codes.

For what it is worth, here is an abbreviated list of codes, adding the caution that many people wear them only because the idea of the hankie turns them on. The guy with the color sticking out of his rear pocket may not even know what it means. Then again, he might, so here are the most important codes, worn in the rear pocket of your jeans:

LEFT POCKET	HANKIE COLOR	RIGHT POCKET
SM Topman, S	Black	SM bottom, M
Fistfucker, Top	Red	Fistfucker, bottom
Wants to fuck another guy	Dark Blue	Wants to get fucked
Wants to be sucked	Light blue	Wants to suck cock
Wants to give piss	Yellow	Wants to take piss
Wants to give shit	Brown	Wants to take shit
Hustler (wants money)	Green	Wants to hire a hustler
Top; anything, any time	Orange or Multicolor	Bottom; anything any time
Top, into piercing	Purple	Bottom, into piercing
Bondage Topman	Gray	Bondage Bottom

There are plenty of other colors and meanings, which I won't bother to list. I have hardly ever seen anyone wear them, and in many cases the colors are so similar to the basics listed above, it is impossible to discern them in other than bright sunlight. These include such esoteric nonsense, as mosquito netting for outdoor sex, or zip-lock baggies indicating you have or want drugs. But no one's ever going to use or recognize them unless you're in a specific, closed community where everyone knows everyone

else anyway. For practical purposes, you seldom see anything other than black, red, dark blue, or yellow—maybe brown. A guy who is really into the heavier action could honestly display several colors on either side; but I've seldom seen more than two, and always in the same pocket. Not many are willing to go all the way to orange.

Going into a fluff bar with your colors showing can sometimes be as productive as in a leatherbar, since you stand out as something different, and if there is someone there who turns on to your scene you will not have as much competition for his company. I know a number of guys who do this, especially those who live in areas where there is no full-time leatherbar. Of course, you may also encounter the fluff who will make some remark about your perverted tastes. I recently received a note from a guy who suggested the proper response: "Thank you, Miss."

I also answered a question in my *Drummer* column a few months back, which brought down the wrath of the chicken hawks on my head. A good-looking kid wrote in, wanting to know how to keep the nasty SM'ers off him when he wore his leathers to a leatherbar. I suggested he might wear a white hankie to proclaim his virginity, else keep his leather-clad ass out of our bars until he learned how to use it. Oh, the dirty old men didn't like that one!

CHAPTER TWO—The Initial Scene and Basic Equipment

We'll begin here with a fairly rudimentary discussion of the things a novice needs to know. If you have been around the scene for a while, many of the topics covered will seem so obvious that you may wonder why I bother with them. Many times a guy wants to get into his first experience, or visit his first leatherbar, but is hesitant to try because he is unsure how to dress or what to carry with him. I would like to ease this "rite of passage," and to make some suggestions as to proper attire, attitude and behavior.

Since the choice of being Top or bottom can only be decided after your initial "baptism of fire," I've left this subject for the next chapter. I assume that the vast majority of beginners are going to have the good sense to start at the bottom, quite literally. But we will not get involved with that right now. I would also like to remind you that none of these suggestions is carved in stone. As far as clothing is concerned, once you've been in a few bars and/or a few scenes you will pretty well know what to do and wear. To begin, however, I would like to suggest the following:

The clothing you wear to a leatherbar or to an SM en-

counter should do more than cover your body. Naturally, you want to display your physical attributes to their best advantage. A T-shirt or tank top that fits your chest and shows off your firm, slender torso is never out of place. If you don't have a firm, slender torso, or if it's too cold for such light covering, a leather jacket or Levi jacket with a blue workshirt is fine. Some guys prefer the T-shirt be black, and that will pass any dress code, as well. Wear jeans, but not the designer variety. The most popular are Levi 501 (button fly, straight leg), or any of the other brands of similar cut: work pants, not fashion models. You may have black leather pants, or a pair of chaps over your jeans, but I would suggest not investing in these until you know better what other guys are wearing, and find out from them how to get the best quality at the best price. There is a strong prejudice against leather being any color but black, although I have seen guys in brown leather cowboy chaps and vest and thought they looked fabulous. I have also seen a sensational outfit of faded denim colored leather, cut as Levi jacket and pants. But leave all these until later, until you know better where you're going and how you want to look. A black leather vest is less expensive and always acceptable. It is also cooler than a jacket, and is probably your best "first investment" in leather. It can be worn with or without a shirt underneath.

In some places, especially Europe, I have seen a lot of guys wearing scuffed tennis shoes to the bar, and they seem to be accepted. In the United States this is not so common. The best footwear is a pair of black leather boots, or lace-up work shoes in either black or "natural" (light brown) leather. Loafers or regular shoes do not do it. If you wear a belt, I recommend a wide black leather type, which not only looks good, but may be functional if you get into a situation where you want to perform and there is no other equipment. A lot of guys are also wearing military style webbed belts, okay in almost any situation. Studded belts have become popular in many places. They look fine, and if you want to pay the price (at least \$60, probably closer to \$90) they are also okay. There was a period when belts made of motorcycle chain were very widely worn, but you do not see them much any more.

If you favor a hat, styles commonly seen in the bars and other gathering places include: leather cycle hats, Marine

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fatigue caps, hard hats, cowboy hats, etc. A lot of guys decorate their cycle caps with chains, or their hard hats with decals. You'll also see feather bands on many of the cowboy hats. I would not suggest dangling feathers unless you want to project the image of a hustler, or some other form of street trash. Some suppliers have been offering leather *kepis* recently — leather replicas of the old Civil War period "reb" hats, and I think they are pretty sharp.

Wearing any reasonable combination of these basic items of clothing for your first grand entrance will help you blend in easily with the crowd. Other than the items mentioned, there is not much else you will want to wear — maybe a pair of socks under your boots, but if you wear shorts under your jeans you stand a good chance of having them ripped off when and if they are discovered. Some guys like to wear a jockstrap, and if that turns you on it's fine. There is, of course, no standard uniform, and as soon as you have been around for a few visits you will see how the others dress, and can make your own judgments. My suggestions are only intended to get you in, and get you started. Anything that emphasizes a guy's masculinity is going to be seen from time to time in our bars. Unless you go to a place with a strict dress code, you won't feel out of place in any of them. Under no circumstances should you smell yourself up with cologne or heavy aftershave. Leave your gold chains and diamond rings at home.

Most guys like to show a bit of a basket (crotch bulge), and some kind of cockring is often the answer. In addition to helping it all show a little better, there is a sexy feeling to having a band of leather or metal fastened about the base of your genitals. The most common variety is a plain leather band, usually about half an inch (1.0cm) wide. Most places make them adjustable, with several snaps on the end(s). For normal wear, you want a band to be snug but not tight. In a scene; i.e., in an active sexual situation, you may want to fit it a bit more snugly, and therefore adjust it accordingly. The cockring will give you a sensation of enclosure. It will tend to make your balls hang lower, and your cock retain a little greater circumference. Some guys find the cockring so exciting that they remain fairly tumescent the first few times they wear it, but once you are used to it, the cockring produces only a modest effect.

There are many different styles of cockring on the mar-

ket, the second most common being steel. Because these are solid, not adjustable, it is vital to buy the proper size. Most guys wear a ring that is 1¾ inches (4.5cm) in diameter. Unless you are exceptionally large or small, this is probably what you want to order (assuming you do not live near a supplier who will custom fit you). To put on a solid ring, slip one testicle, then the other, through; once they are completely enclosed, work the cock down as well. If putting it all through a ring that is purposely snug, you may want to use a bit of lubricant (spit will do) along the top of your penis, to ease it into the enclosure without irritating the skin. If it becomes more of a struggle than this, you are probably trying to wear too small a ring. Remember, if you get yourself into the steel cockring, then swell up so much that you can't get it off, you may end up having to cut yourself free. One purpose of wearing the ring during sex is that it somewhat restricts the blood vessels near the surface, the veins that carry the blood out of the penis and back to the heart, helping you to stay hard—or harder. A cockring should never be so tight as to affect the deeper arterial vessels (bringing blood into the cock). Nor should it be so tight that *all* the veins are obstructed, either.

Progressing from leather and steel, the variety of cockrings is almost infinite. Many guys favor rubber rings, because they can be fairly tight, but have enough "give" not to bind. Being very narrow, they are also less apt to get in the way of interesting activities. They are also very inexpensive, and in an emergency can easily be cut off—an advantage over the solid metal devices.

I have seen cockrings made of brass, fancy silver with snakes or other motifs, elephant hair, plastic, and even gold. For an M who likes to be reminded of his status, there are leather cockrings with pinpricks inside—also heavier duty jobs with studs outside and two of the four anchor prongs left sticking out on the underside. The small pinpricks will seldom do more than irritate the skin a bit; the heavier prongs can make the a cut that will bleed. Since either type may penetrate the skin, wearing should be restricted to one person, to avoid possible infection.

The chain link cockring was very popular for a while, this being a circlet of the medium-heavy chain used for a dog's choke collar. Almost anything that comes in a proper diameter can be and probably has been used as a cockring.

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In England, they made the Energizor, a plastic ring with unlike metals set top and bottom. It was square to rectangular in shape, depending on the size, and opened on a swivel when a catch was unfastened. The idea was to use the galvanic skin conductivity, causing minute electric currents to stimulate nerves within the genitals. I liked it, and it did seem to work. I even carried them for a while in my own mail order offerings. However, the manufacturer made a number of spurious health claims, and the FDA gave them such a hassle it became impossible to get them into the United States at any reasonable price.

Interestingly, the *Journal of the American Medical Association* ran an article (November 10, 1978) warning of the danger of "annular constriction" (*annular* referring to ring), and the possibility of gangrene in severe cases. The author, a public health officer in Boston, MA, said: "Penile rings, or cock rings, are used regularly by some segments of our population. They are available commercially in pornographic shops and are of two types: metal and leather According to the patients and the salesmen, the rings increase the size of the penis, help to maintain erection for a longer time, and delay orgasm. As the patient continues to use the ring over months and years, a chronic doughy edema of the shaft from lymphatic stasis develops, with enlarged diameter of the penis in a flaccid state. The glans penis remains normal in size.

"Since these patients use the penile rings only to enhance their sexual activity, I have not yet seen the gangrene resulting from continuous prolonged use; nor have I seen the fibrous plaques in the corpora cavernosa as in Peyronie's disease. However, physicians need to be aware of the frequent use of penile rings in some segments of our population in which regular use may result in ecchymosis [bruising] of the proximal [base] portion of the penis and the scrotum and lymphatic stasis of the penis."

So cockrings have made the medical journals! Although the good doctor obviously did some research, he did not seem aware of the many varieties available. Be that as it may, he makes the point that prolonged use of a cockring can cause problems. When people ask me about wearing a ring all the time, I generally suggest taking it off at night. Wearing it to bed is not going to do you much good, unless it seems to be producing more interesting

dreams. Neither do you want to wear a cockring so tight or so large that it causes you to hang up over the crotch of your pants during the course of your normal bodily movements. In other words, if you wear a cockring all day, and occasionally experience some discomfort because your balls are being too tightly confined, you should cut down on the length of time you wear it. You can strain some of the small blood vessels, or create prostate problems by causing the gland to function without seminal release (one of the common sources of an inflamed prostate). If you have been wearing a cockring most of the time and experiencing these flashes of discomfort, you may notice a slight rusty tint in your semen (assuming you look at it). This is probably due to a small discharge of blood from the prostate—nothing to worry about in most instances, but let your doctor know. He can probably give you some medication to clear it up in a few days.

Although in a later chapter I am going to give more complete run-down of the various toys one might want to use, I'll mention a couple of basic items here (and omit them there), just to help round out the picture.

Not suggested for prolonged wear, but nice to carry on your key chain or in your pocket for use when and if, here are couple of variations. The first is the very popular English Cage Harness, sometimes called an "H" harness. Made of leather, the same half-inch width as a regular cockring, the English Cage encircles the base of the genitals with one vertical line of the "H". The horizontal line crosses under and between the testicles, separating them, while the remaining vertical comes up in front and fastens to the first piece by a couple of snaps. It provides a moderate spreading and restricts the balls, at the same time functioning as a regular cockring. It can be placed on the M as a modest genital torture device, and used for suspension of weights, since many are equipped with a small metal "D" ring on the part that spreads the balls. It is popularly used for a beginner in a genital torture scene, because the weights are not pulling solely on the testicles, but are anchored by the cock as well. It gives the M an idea of the sensation, without the higher level of pain he might not yet be ready to sustain.

The Barrel Ball harness is another favorite device, being simply a wide band of leather (1½-3 inches) that snaps

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about the scrotum, between the base of the cock and the balls, depressing them downward. The device is usually fitted with an additional narrow strap at the bottom, which snaps across the underside of the device to spread the balls and more tightly restrict them. The suspension of weights from this crosspiece will result in a heavier pull on the balls alone, as there is no "anchor piece" about the base of the penis. Since they come in various widths, these devices can (and are) popularly used by both beginners and more advanced M's. Like the English cage, this device is not recommended for wear under your clothing, although you can do it if you are careful (or if your Master orders you to), and the effect can be quite a remarkable display about the crotch.

There are a number of other small devices you might want to carry on your person, but these are going to be determined by your own tastes and experience. Of course, most guys who use amyl (or butyl) will carry a bottle in their pockets. If you do this, leave it in your pocket while you're in the bar. Most proprietors take a very dim view of people sniffing on their premises, and in some jurisdictions it is illegal to possess. Be sure you know the law in your community, or the city where you are visiting. I have heard of problems in such diverse places as Boston and Atlanta.

Although I believe, like a good Boy Scout, in always being prepared, I think it is best not to encumber yourself with a lot of junk hanging from your belt or stuffing your pockets. I see guys running around with handcuffs dangling from their waists — some left, some right — and I've always felt this was a little more display than I could find comfortable. You really should not have to proclaim your interests so blatantly, although I suppose these guys have found it successful. In many places, the mere possession of handcuffs — let alone their public display — is illegal, and if someone wants to make an issue of it, you can be put through some unpleasant moments.

As to carrying equipment to a prearranged scene, everyone to his own taste. Many Tops, if they know they are going to have their encounter outside their own turf, will carry a bag of toys in their cars. One of those black leather doctor's bags is just fine. A Top is generally more comfortable and adept using his own equipment. Personally, I find it disturbing to have an M arrive with a bag full of toys

he expects me to use on him. If he is submitting himself to my tender care, he can damned well accept my tools.

All of which brings us to the first discourse on attitude, in this instance the attitude of the beginner. How do you approach a Top? How do you let him know you are interested in having him take you on? What prearranged conditions should you establish? What assurances should you get? Because all these considerations will affect the tone of whatever scene results from your initial exchange, it is important to understand the "etiquette" of the situation.

Let's say you are totally, or virtually, inexperienced, but very turned on by the prospect of SM action. You know you are not qualified to be Top, even if your basic interests run in this direction. You have found a man who excites you, and whom you know to have been active in these pursuits long enough to be qualified, and to know what he is doing. You want to make it with him, and have in fact introduced yourself, or gotten yourself introduced. Now what do you do? The most direct course may be the most difficult: simply tell him you would like to submit yourself to his instruction. If you can't do this at the first face-to-face contact, you might — after a few minutes of conversation — suggest that you "would like to talk to him again, sometime, and would it be okay to exchange phone numbers?" If your prospective Top is the least bit interested, he will probably do as you request, if not actually making the suggestion you most want to hear. If you do get his phone number, *call him*. Don't wait until he has had time to forget you. Don't wait for him to call you; the chances are he won't.

There are many logistics involved in making these contacts, as I am well aware, and you may have any number of alternatives. I can only tell you — unless you are a refugee from Mt. Olympus — you must display a bit of aggressiveness. The worst the guy can do is tell you to get lost, and that, after all, is not the end of the world. The one point I would most strongly emphasize, and one you should really take to heart, has to do with your attitude. Remember, you are approaching a total stranger, asking him to initiate you into the most personal and intimate relationship of your life up to this point. It is not the same as asking a "trick" to go home and have a mutual suckee-fuckee with you. You are asking *his permission to submit yourself to him*. You do not tell him you are considering a trial experience —

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that if he gives you the right answers, you might go along with him. You may be thinking this, and it may in fact be the action you plan to take, but you don't say it in so many words. If the guy has anything on the ball, he already knows it. But he is the Top, and the decision must appear to be his. In some ways, your attitude in approaching him for the scene should be much the same you would display in asking your boss for a raise. Naturally, if you put a little bedroom (or dungeon) in your tone, it couldn't hurt. You might also drop a couple of "sir's" into your dialogue; he'd have to be pretty dense not to pick up on that!

Because you are inexperienced, you really are not qualified to make very many conditions other than the broad categories. For instance, you may indicate your aversion to fistfucking or heavy pain, or whatever frightens or turns you off. Although you may have jacked off to elaborate fantasies for years, you really do not know how any of these realities are going to affect you. You have never been placed in prolonged bondage, where the choice of remaining or letting yourself loose was not your own. You do not know how it is going to feel if you are really subjected to a whipping, or any of the other acts this man is likely to perform on your body. If you trust him enough to go into the scene at all, you must do so with the attitude that he is going to determine exactly where the action will take you, and this attitude should be communicated to him.

If you are fearful or anxious regarding the precise things about to be done to you, this is only natural. Your prospective Top is aware of it; he's been there before, exactly where you are at this moment. If he takes you on, he is as eager as you to have a good scene, a good time, and he knows that if he freaks you out, it isn't going to work. However, if you go into the scene assuming the attitude with which many people approach the dentist's chair — ready to overreact to any hint of discomfort — you are going to fuck it up for yourself and for him. This is the worst problem for beginners, and it is the reason why many good Tops do not want to be bothered with them. This is also the reason your quarry may slough you off unless you convince him you are sincere and willing to submit.

Once you have come to a mutual agreement with your prospective Top, it is time to discuss limits. This should preferably be done before you arrive at the locale of action

— in the bar where you met, in the car on the way home, on the phone if this is a scheduled thing. If necessary, you do it just before things get started, but you do it concisely. You do not rattle on, relating your full life history. You say what you have to say, and you shut up! You might describe some of your fantasies, if there is an appropriate time and the Top seems interested. It will give him some insight into your motivations and areas of turn-on. However, you should not expect that he is necessarily going to try to make each and every dream come true. He is, after all, going into this with his own expectations of pleasure, and with his own particular set of skills and favorite activities.

As I mentioned in the last chapter, this has become an "age of specialization," for SM'ers as well as everyone else. You will find most Tops have certain scenes where they are at their best, and certain things they particularly like to do. If possible, simply let him do it; you will probably have a much better time than by attempting to get him into your fantasies, which may be totally unrealistic anyway. It is really important that your Top know in advance of any physical limitations: a bad back, a tennis elbow, a serious allergy, asthma or other respiratory difficulties, peptic ulcers, residual problems from surgery — in short, anything he should know to avoid doing you an accidental injury.

To summarize: your attitude should be one of submission — not only in your verbal expression, but within your own mind. It is this condition, this mental frame of reference, an M has to develop in order to enjoy the sessions he gets into. It is an emotional set extremely difficult to describe, although experienced guys will know exactly what I mean. You have to accept your physical and emotional surrender to another guy, for however long you are together. If you are sufficiently intrigued to go with him, you must bring your mental processes to the point of admitting to yourself that you are accepting his Mastery. This may go against everything you normally do and think in your regular day-to-day life, but for these few moments of sexual exchange you are accepting a condition you have previously only dreamed about. To actually experience it, you must enter into it emotionally as well as physically.

In order to achieve this mental state, many guys take some kind of drug — the most common being MDA or half a tab of acid. (See chapter on drugs if you do not know

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what these are.) Although I really do not recommend the use of any drug, I know that taking them in the initial session(s) has eased the rite of passage for many. If the M does it, so be it. If the Top does it, pick up your jockstrap and run. A spaced out or drunken Top is dangerous, and this is one of the few conditions that should make you break it off. Of course, a drunken M is a pain in the ass, too. He's apt to fall asleep, or do some other stupid thing to ruin the scene.

Okay, you've had your little discussion of limits and physical disabilities, and you're standing at the door to your Top's playroom (blackroom, dungeon, bedroom, hall closet . . . whatever), and he tells you to strip. He makes no move to take off his own clothes. You do not question; you don't hesitate. You may blush if girlish modesty affects you, but you do as he tells you. You take off your clothes, and you fold them neatly, or hang them where he indicates. You finish stripping, and you stand quietly in front of him, preferably with your gaze on the floor. You do nothing else until he tells you to do it, and from this moment on you keep your mouth shut except to answer his specific questions, or to allow your Master to make whatever use he desires of your oral orifice.

This is the more or less classic opening—like the king's gambit in chess. Not every Top will begin the same way, nor am I suggesting he should. I use it merely as illustration of attitude, not a specific game plan. In any event, from this point on you are under your Top's control, and if you accept this condition you will probably be led into an interesting scene. Exactly what is going to happen to you is up to the guy you are with; I will go into the many possibilities and variations in due course. The one thing you are almost certainly going to do, however, is to suck cock, and you will be expected to do a proper job of it. While certainly not a specifically SM activity, it is important and universal enough to merit a few comments.

Much has been written on this subject. Some dissertations make a lot of sense; others simply display the poor technique of the writer—either in doing or telling. In an SM scene, cocksucking is done with a slightly different twist, in that the bottom is supposed to be doing his best to please the Top, even at the cost of his own discomfort, and without expecting reciprocation. There is also a good

possibility of your hands being restricted, and you will have to work strictly with your lips and tongue. Sometimes a Top will require you to open his fly and get his cock out—again without the use of hands. In other cases, he may already have it out and have been manipulating it himself before allowing you the privilege of touching it. (And it is a privilege; don't forget to accept it as such.) In such a case, watch how he does it, which parts get his particular attention. It can give you a cue as to the way he likes to be manipulated . . . not a bad suggestion in any C/S situation, since the way a man handles his cock in a JO context is often the way he likes to have it sucked. Although it is unlikely your Top is going to have been whanging himself with great abandon before you get your chance, you can still note how he strokes himself, how much attention he pays to the head and/or shaft, deep strokes or shallow, etc.

If you are not already a competent cocksucker, I suggest you learn. Practice with a soft dildo if the real thing isn't readily available. Learn to take the whole length down your throat. The gag reflex can be overcome with practice, the trick being to swallow at the right moment, to breathe before your throat is blocked, and to hold the cockhead in the grip of your hals until you need to take another breath. I absolutely refuse to accept any excuse for an M's failure to learn this, and if he comes to me several times without showing an improvement he can expect trouble. In an early session, I may let him have the use of his hands, but this is strictly a concession to the learning process. A good M must learn this one skill early on, and respond correctly in the sense of its being second nature.

I notice in the widely touted *Joy of Gay Sex*, by Silverstein and White (Simon and Schuster 1977), the "tunnel technique" is suggested if you have trouble taking the whole thing; i.e., holding the crown in your mouth while jacking it off in the middle. Well, this may do for a vanilla fluff, but it won't pass muster with any Top who knows what good cocksucking can be. (It also presupposes that the cocksucker has the use of his hands.) The good S & W also suggest that if the cock is uncircumcised it is a good practice to slide the foreskin back, with your hands before going completely down on it. Outrageous! If you are privileged to suck a cock with a full, thick foreskin, you worship it! You lick it, caress it with your lips and tongue,

maybe nibble at it gently before you slide your tongue up inside the fold, running the tip around the cockhead, all the while pulling the foreskin downward with your lips to emphasize the enclosed sensation. Only after doing this until you feel the satisfied response from your Top . . . only then do you let the full length slide down your throat, making no deliberate effort to pull back the foreskin at any time. It will probably slide back on its own, but pulling it back is completely unnecessary; and if you do it at all sharply it causes your Top a stab of pain, for which he will probably, with full justification, punish you severely.

This reminds me of my visit to Rome a few years back, where I stayed with an older American gentleman who always had an apartment full of street kids. On one occasion a couple of them put on a show for me. An extremely handsome, exceptionally well-endowed *guardia* got his magnificent uncut cock sucked by a pretty little ragamuffin, who apparently made his living by this questionable technique. The kid fastened his lips about the head, and violently jacked off the shaft, never taking more than two or three inches into his mouth. As I sat there watching in mounting horror, it was all I could do to keep from getting up, shoving him out of the way, and giving him a graphic illustration of how it should have been done. Finally, when this amateur manipulation was completed, I could see that fabulous shaft expanding and contracting in the throes of orgasm, after which the kid spat the cream out in a handkerchief. Preposterous waste! Later, during my stay, I had the opportunity to enlighten the policeman on several points, including the finer ones of cocksucking, and he expressed his gratitude for the graphic illustration. But the Romans, I found, were quite consistent in this backward technique. Unfortunately there was no way to institute a proper program of public education. They will, I fear, remain forever inept in this particular art. (If there should ever be a change for the better, I would be more than pleased to see it demonstrated.)

The next most common, almost universal, component of an SM session is bondage: if not throughout the entire scene, it will generally be done for at least part of the time. In my opinion it should be—especially with a beginner—done early in the session. I say this, because being bound is one of the most exciting sensations the guy can have,

especially if he has fantasized greatly before ever trying it. Done properly, there is no pain involved, and the M can therefore accept it more easily as a fulfillment of his preconceptions than almost anything else that may happen to him. In fact, it is one of the few activities where the reality can exactly match the imagined details. It's a good starting point, since it is also the symbolic act of complete submission for one man to permit another to bind him. For this reason, he should be restrained in a way that renders him so completely helpless that he can not free himself by his own efforts. (I trust you will excuse my switching here, from "speaking to the M" to making suggestions for the Top. I'll keep going back and forth, since various components apply more properly to one than the other.)

A good Top should accomplish an initial bondage without striking terror into the novice heart. Depending on the subject, this can be done with the soothing talk one might expect from a cowboy saddling a young bronc for the first time. If this isn't his style, he should handle it in some other equally unthreatening way. He may accomplish it all fairly quickly, but he should never appear to be in a hurry. The Top's attitude through this initiation process has to evoke a sense of confidence and reassurance, and at the same time allow the beginner to accept his (for him) unusual role of subservience. There will always be the exception — the kid who wants it so badly he is not freaked-out no matter what is done to him; but these are few and far between. The average beginner is quite apprehensive while the bonds are being placed upon him; but if he is hot to go, he is also finding it extremely exciting.

After the Black Pipe raid, I spoke to one of the 21 guys arrested, who told me: "You know, I was scared shitless when that pig hauled my hands behind my back and put the cuffs on me, but can you believe I got a hard-on all the same?" It is an interesting study in human psychology, peculiar to SM, that many positive/negatives are firmly coupled: fear/arousal, pain/pleasure, humiliation/satisfaction, punishment/reward. Acceptance of the various combinations is the key to understanding and enjoying the SM experience that you have been fantasizing.

I know it isn't easy, and there really isn't any way to tell you how to reach this state of mental equilibrium on the first experience. It will become second nature after you

have been involved in a few sessions. I can only describe the appropriate M attitude as one of acceptance, relaxation, and if possible a turning off of the intellectual process to allow your body to respond without any conscious process or cerebral command. You have, in effect, given your body to this man for time you are going to be together. You should be allowing him to use it while you float along with him. Because it is such a difficult condition to achieve the first time out, it is one of the few occasions when I do not object strongly to the use of drugs by the M.

Because I am concerned here in trying to explain the proper attitude on the part of the beginning M, I will leave a full discussion of bondage for a later, more appropriate chapter. How it is done should not really be the M's concern at this point, and I am presupposing his submission to a Top with at least a rudimentary knowledge of the subject. Suffice it to say: the restraints should be fairly comfortable; I would certainly avoid any extremely esoteric or highly stretched position that puts excessive strain on the M's body. Whether to use leather wrist and ankle restraints, rope, or metal cuffs will depend on the way the Top perceives the situation, availability of equipment, etc.

I have a good friend who has been working with newcomers for a long time, and really specializes in it. He likes young, inexperienced guys, and to the best of my knowledge has never had a really longterm (over a year or two) relationship. He claims that immediately putting the guy into suspension is the most exciting thing you can do, and he tells me he has never had one freak out on him. He uses padded leather cuffs on the wrists and ankles, plus a leather belt around the waist. He attaches the wrists first to hanging chains, then lifts one foot at a time, attaching them to another pair of chains. The M is completely suspended at this point, belly down, and beginning to feel some strain in his arms and shoulders as a final pair of chains is attached to rings on either side of the belt. This takes most of the weight off his extremities, and allows the guy to soar without any particular stress.

There is considerable debate over the use of a blindfold in these early stages. It can sometimes help the M to gain control over his own thought processes if all extraneous visual stimuli are eliminated. It tends to place him into his own world, somewhat detached from the litespace of the

Top. In a sense it is a little akin to the situation in a shrink's office, where the patient is placed on a couch looking at the ceiling while he speaks to his therapist. It creates a certain detachment, sometimes permitting an easier, less inhibited response. He is, in effect, speaking into a void instead of staring into his interrogator's eyes. But there is also some danger, in that the person can become disassociated. There is also the potential problem of vertigo, especially if using amyl. In my own experience, I have had guys respond very well to a blindfold, and found them able to relax much more quickly. I have had others simply freak. If a blindfold is used, it is well to ask, "Are you okay," at fairly frequent intervals, until certain he has adjusted to it.

If you are in this position, say: suspended, blindfolded, and beginning to feel a little nauseated, let your Top know right away. He should understand and take proper steps to remedy the situation. Don't panic, and try not to break the rapport. Always remember: *the scene is a mutual experience*. The Top is trying to break you in, and is feeling his way in ascertaining the limits which you may not be experienced enough to state. He isn't out to do you any harm, and he is anxious as you are to have everything work. Remembering this, if he does something you think you aren't going to like, don't respond with an immediate protest. Let him do it. You may find you like it, or at worst you will probably not find it as terrible as you first imagined. (Think of all the foods you didn't like as a kid, until you finally tried them as an adult.) If you respond in a real "cry baby" fashion, you will probably turn your Top off, and he may become disgusted enough to boot you out before you discover whether your fantasies can ever become reality.

Perhaps we should consider fantasies for a moment, since it is often at this point that conflict between the real and the imagined becomes critical. The worst problem I have found with a beginner is his having jacked off for years to some highly structured fantasy situation. This mental picture has become so detailed and real for him, he is almost unable to relate to anything else. He has also imagined it all without the negatives, not realizing how strained certain bondage positions can be, or how a belt across the ass or a whip against the back can hurt. All the various components of the fantasy are warm and wonderful; the reality is never going to match it. The novice should

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accept this, and at the same time try to conjure up the same emotional feeling he has had during a JO session, while submitting himself to his first Top.

On the other side of the coin, the Top who is aware of these pre-conditions is sometimes well advised to orient a good portion of his scene about the M's genitals—assuming the M is restrained so that he cannot touch them himself. I suggest this because the beginner's background experience has been focused on a highly genital-oriented fantasy. There has been a conditioning process wherein the genital manipulation has gone along with every moment of his heretofore highest sexual experience. I have even gone so far as to tie the M's hands in front of him, and threaten him with mayhem if he makes himself cum. But I have allowed him to manipulate himself during the early stages of his first session. I find this has worked particularly well with a blindfolded subject, because I know he is conjuring up the same visual images that have become the central focus of his JO fantasies. In other words, I attempt to make positive use of the exact psychological factors that often cause the worst problems. It also gives the M a greater sense of my being on his side, despite his expectation and receipt of a certain degree of abuse.

Another longstanding debate is whether or not the S should ever suck the M's cock. I feel that this is properly up to the individual Top, but if there is ever a time to do it, the first session with a novice is probably it. For the same reason I suggest genital stimulation, sucking his dick can often help him along. It may also surprise him enough to shock him out of any beginning mental paralysis. I more or less consider it a last resort, but it is something to consider. Whether a Top will want to do this in a subsequent session is quite another matter. He no longer has the excuse of doing it to quiet a beginner's fears. I suggest: if it's something you feel an urge to do, do it! It isn't hard to think up some reason to discipline the M later for enticing you, tempting you, or somehow making it necessary for you to perform this "unmasterly" function. After all, this is an hedonistic pastime; there is no reason to miss any of the possible pleasures. If your M has a big juicy one you can't keep your hands (or mouth) off, you can always punish him later for having a bigger piece of meat than his Master.

It is important for the Top to keep in mind just how

serious an occasion this first session is for the novice. For a popular, busy S, the scene may be just one more in a seemingly endless series — nothing exceptional, nothing noteworthy. Maybe the beginner is exceptionally attractive, maybe not. He may be turning out to be more or less of a dud, or he may be so inhibited that the scene is not going anyplace but down. Regardless, the Top should recognize the responsibility he has assumed when he agreed to train a beginner. Whereas the S may not remember much about this exchange a year or two from now, whatever he does to this kid is going to be engraved on his memory as a milestone in his sexual history.

Where the session is to go after the initial bondage and a little C/S action will vary so greatly from scene to scene, and from one Top to another, I hesitate to make any suggestions beyond broad categories. Maybe a light whipping session, or some moderate tit and/or ball work would be in order. Hot wax is sometimes a good activity, since it seems very dramatic, but involves only minimal pain. I think anything heavy is best reserved for a later session. Most of these activities are covered in the chapter on Basic Specialties.

Just for illustrative purposes, let's take a look inside the head of a typical novice and see how some of these initial experiences might be perceived by him:

The idea of being tied up and being forced to submit to another guy had been something I thought about a great deal. I used to look at the other men working out in the gym every evening, and wonder what it would be like if this one or that one were to take me in hand and literally show me the ropes. I tricked a lot, and it was always easy to get someone, because I had a good, trim body, and I was never afraid to approach the guy I wanted in a bar. I was dark haired, and sort of medium height, five foot nine, and weighed around 150 pounds. Working out as regularly as I did had given me good definition, although I was always reticent to run around shirtless, or to otherwise make a big display. I wouldn't say my face was my fortune, but it didn't crack any mirrors; and I had a decent sized dick that worked as it was supposed to work, unfortunately without a foreskin.

When I had sex with another guy, I loved to get fucked, and for a long time this satisfied my urgings. Still,

whenever I went to bed alone I would have this wonderful head trip . . . being bound, and getting worked over by a big bruiser who would completely dominate me and force me to service him. I pictured him as a guy over six feet, with big arms and hands, a chest and belly with good heavy definition, sort of dark brown curly hair, both on his head and chest, and a long tapering torso with a substantial set of dark red genitals at the base. I usually pictured him as uncut and thick, although I quickly went into a phase of imagery where it really didn't matter . . . the big heavy tool all hard and wound around with veins that stood out in stark relief against the tight stretched skin.

I always imagined this Master had tied my hands behind me, so I would lie on the bed on my back, the left arm in the proper position, the right working gently on my own dick. I usually had a bottle of amyl and a jar of lubricant beside the bed, and as time went on I acquired a few pieces of equipment: cock and ball toys, mostly: harnesses and ball stretchers, which I used alternately, or sometimes in combination. I also got a couple of sets of tit clamps, and finally a slave collar to which I attached a chain, running it down, under the mattress, so it came up at the foot of the bed and attached to a set of leather ankle restraints.

With all of this, I established almost a routine, where I would fasten myself down by neck and ankles, stretch my balls out tightly with a leather harness, grease up my dick, take a hit of poppers, and lie back to picture my Master working me over with a belt while I stroked myself slowly to a climax. I got so I could hold off for a long time, making the session last over half an hour, then a full hour. I would sometimes cum, but not completely enough to turn me off, then work it up and cum again. My record was four times, although that only happened once. My J.O. scene became so satisfying, I would sometimes go out tricking, going either to my place or the other guy's; but after I came home or my trick left, I would work myself up for a solo scene, and go through my full fantasy trip all over again.

Because I was always afraid the other guy would think I was degenerate or deranged, I seldom tried to get into any kind of bondage or SM stuff with them. On the few occasions when I got up the nerve to ask, the other guy responded just the way I was afraid he would. Only once did I get a positive reaction, and that guy wanted me to do

it to him, which was exactly what I didn't want. Finally, and quite by accident (because I was afraid of the leatherbars) I ran into the right guy.

I had been forced to leave my car for repair over night, and couldn't get a loaner. So I left the car and took a bus to work on Thursday morning, planning to return home the same way. I was a surveyor's assistant at the time, so wore workclothes and carried a hard hat as I sat on the bus stop, planning to go first to the gym, then home. A guy in a sharp, four wheel drive Ramcharger pulled up and offered me a ride. He was a man I had seen on a couple of construction projects — a supervisor of some kind — around 40, with a little bit of a beer belly beginning to show on an otherwise muscular build. He had a large, black mustache that was curled and pointed on the ends, or I might not have recognized him without the yellow hard hat he always wore on the job. Because I more or less knew him, I accepted his offer and got into the truck.

The one outward concession I had made to my SM interests was to wear the clump of keys I always had to carry on a clip, hanging from my right hip. The big guy — Alex, he reminded me as his big paw swallowed my hand — made some small talk for several minutes, and finally asked, "Do those keys mean anything?"

I could feel myself blush under the tan, but he had made me feel comfortable enough . . . and somehow a little turned on, that I sort of mumbled, "Er . . . well, they might." I surprised myself, saying even this much, but it had provided the clue Alex needed. With very little persuasion, he convinced me that I should forego the gym for this one night, and stop by his place for a beer. He lived not quite as far as I did, so he would have let me off there anyway.

His place was an old Victorian style house on a side-street. It was fairly well tended, and I could see that Alex had gone through phases of restoring one part, then another, during the years he had owned it. He lived alone, except for a large, rather surly German shepard named Ayatollah. "Keeps the burglars out," Alex explained, letting the dog into the back yard.

Sitting in his rear living room — den, really — sipping a can of cold beer, Alex and I discussed his various projects around the house, and talked some about the jobs on which we had both been working. There was definitely a

building sense of sexuality between us, and I was still trying to make up my mind whether I wanted to get into anything with this guy, who was really not the kind of man I usually made it with. Maybe the reason I've never gotten what I wanted, I thought.

We were into our second beer, when Alex finally broke the ice. "You never told me whether those keys really mean you're an M, or not," he remarked softly.

I'm sure I really blushed this time; I felt the blood rush to my head and pound against my temples for a moment. I could even feel a trickle along my spine . . . the old hackles rising, as I replied quite honestly, "I really don't know."

"You want to find out?" he asked evenly.

Now my heart felt it was trying to rip through my chest, and my palms began to sweat. But at the same time I could feel a stir in my crotch, a warmth extending upward into my belly. I took another swig of beer before I said, "I guess I do." Without realizing it, I added action to my words by looking down at the floor, because I was unable to meet his gaze. I don't know whether it was the beer, or just that I felt I had gotten to know him in the few minutes we had spent talking, but Alex had assumed a more imposing — and more handsome — aspect to me. He had very light gray eyes . . . reminded me of an eagle, and his sun-baked features were pleasantly symmetrical, with high cheekbones and a long straight nose, fairly full lips, and a set of large, white teeth. His hair had receded a bit, but it was curly and almost black, except for a tinge of gray at the temples.

"You want to take a shower?" he asked unexpectedly.

I wondered for a moment if this might be his ploy to get my clothes off, but discarded the thought almost immediately. Although he had been a little hesitant in his approach to me in the beginning, we had both more or less acknowledged an imminent interaction. I wanted to use the bathroom, anyway; more than a shower, I really needed a good douche if I was going to get fucked, something I fully expected was going to be a part of whatever was to follow. I didn't know how to ask about this, but the problem was solved as soon as I saw the bathroom. He had a metal douche hose attached to the shower head. After escorting me to the door, Alex told me to "Go ahead; make yourself at home." I thought he might be going to come in with me, but he turned away, leaving the door partway open.

I showered and cleaned myself out, glancing a couple of times at the door, because I have always been reluctant to have someone see me sitting on the toilet. But Alex had left me completely alone. Finished, I wrapped a towel around my waist and padded back to the den on bare feet. "It's all yours," I said, as I entered the room, then stopped in my tracks as I saw into the passageway beyond. Alex had opened the door in the side of the room, which I had barely noticed before. Through the opening I could see a second, darkened room, with walls painted a dull black. There was a muted thump of music, one of those electronic rock pieces they sometimes play in the baths. I could see a glint of some metal objects, and there was a length of chain hanging a couple of feet inside the doorway.

Alex made no move toward the bathroom. Instead, he stood up from his leather easy chair and walked up to me. He was still wearing his jeans and black work boots, a wide leather belt and blue workshirt with sleeves rolled up past his elbows. I thought he had worn a T-shirt underneath when he picked me up, but he must have taken it off while I was out of the room. Without saying anything, he gently but firmly encircled me with his powerful arms and pressed his lips against mine. I could feel the stubble on his chin and cheeks as he kissed me, then tasted the tobacco and beer on his breath as his tongue forced my mouth fully open. His arms tightened hard around my upper body, and his demanding tongue drove deeper inside. I don't know if he consciously loosened the towel, but when he finally released his grip my only covering dropped in a soggy mass about my feet, and my prick shot up straight in front of me as soon as the pressure of his body allowed it the freedom to move.

Alex took a step back, looked me over like a buyer at a cattle sale, nodded approvingly, and inclined his head toward the open door. "Okay, kid, let's go into my playroom." He took hold of my dick and led me into his blackroom.

When we got inside, he stood me with my back to the wall, gripping my shoulders as he maneuvered me into the position he wanted. I was standing more or less at attention, with my arms down my sides, looking at him and wondering what he was going to tell me. "Just stay put," he said at length, and took a step backward to pull the door shut. This cut off the light from the den, and left us with

only the amber glow of his wall lamps. The music seemed louder, more engulfing, and somehow the whole aspect of the scene had changed from day to night.

He questioned me, then, for a few minutes. Did I have any physical problems, he asked. Had I ever had surgery. Did I like grass and amyl, and finally, had anyone ever tied me up before. Except for the question regarding grass and amyl, I answered "no" to everything, but the last question had made my cock take a fresh leap toward the ceiling. I was also back to the pounding heart, this time feeling it echoed in my temples and on either side of my neck. My throat was as dry and "cottony" as if I had smoked several joints, and I knew I would have had to go to the bathroom if I hadn't just douched myself so completely. In short, I was scared as badly as I ever remember being scared, but I was also the most turned on. At this moment, either emotion could have taken hold of me. If he had simply unbuttoned his jeans and hauled out his dick, I would have dropped to my knees and sucked it. If he had hauled back as if to hit me, I would have bolted and run from the room.

Somehow, Alex seemed to sense my state. He stood in front of me, still fully dressed, slowly stroking my shoulders and upper arms. He pulled me against him, and muttered things like, "Just take it easy, now, kid. We're going to do the things you've been dreaming about for years." I felt myself melting into him, my naked body against the hard buttons on his shirt, the big brass buckle on his belt. My bare feet touched the dusty toes of his steel reinforced safety boots, and I was made more aware than ever of my complete nakedness, contrasted to his being clothed. It gave me a sense of being a prisoner, although he had only suggested restraining me. As he held me, I became aware of his odor, a dusky, kind of dark aroma — sweat, with maybe a little scent of machine oil, the faint trace of the soap he had apparently used to wash his hands and arms. I knew my mind was not very focused, and I was wondering if he had used another bathroom, maybe to shower, maybe to sponge-bath his upper body. Then I felt him take hold of my wrists, pull my arms together behind my back, and hold them there with one great hand while the other reached for something hanging on the wall behind me. Within a few seconds, he had encircled one of my wrists with a steel restraint, paused a

moment as if testing my response, then moved my other wrist into position, securing it to the first.

When he let go and backed away from me, I can hardly describe the sensations that coursed through my body, to say nothing of my mind. I was still apprehensive, but not nearly as terrified now that I was actually cuffed and helpless. It was as if the uncertainty of an impending decision had finally been made, and I was committed. He started to play with my nipples before I had time for any cognizant thought, which brought me back to such a state of arousal I was afraid I was going to cum. As it was, I could feel my erection straining upward, as if my cock wanted to reach the center of my belly. I groaned and half closed my eyes as his pressure increased, and he started pulling downward on my tits. As the pressure grew almost unbearable, I realized he was silently commanding me to kneel, and without asking permission I went down onto my knees.

My face was almost touching his fly as he let go of me and stood upright. "Get it out," he said softly. "And don't let me feel any teeth."

Unfastening the buttons, I did use my teeth, then worked with my tongue to free the partially hardened mass projecting down his left pants leg. I could feel the moisture of sweat on his crinkly hairs, smell the deep, heady aroma of his crotch. He's purposely not washed it, I thought, and the realization only made me work the harder to break it free. I finally felt it give, sensed the frictional grasp again, holding it against the light moisture of his thigh, moved it another short distance, aware he was getting harder the more I worked on him. It was an impossible task, now, as the fully erected mass poked sideways along his upper leg, firmly trapped beneath the sweaty denim. He must have taken pity on me, because I could feel him unfasten his belt, fold back the flaps of his fly. With a single scooping motion of his big hand, he hefted the entire bulk of his genitals free, allowing his balls to fall loose, to hang in uneven position beneath the steely projection of his dick.

He was uncut, but so hard the foreskin had retracted better than halfway from the head. The entire crown was wet with the dew of early arousal. The genital odor was stronger, but I found it more appealing than I ever had before. I went down on the head, sliding my tongue around the crown until I felt his hand against the back of my head.

With a single, unhurried thrust he drove me down on it. The whole mass slid into my throat, choking me, bringing tears to my eyes. All the while he was commanding me to take it, not to resist. He was almost crooning: "That's it, man, that's it. Ah, good . . . take it . . . take it all; swallow it. Love it; make love to it. Come on, punk, swallow that dick!"

I sucked cock, then, for at least fifteen minutes, working harder to please him than I had ever done for anyone else. Phlegm was running off my chin, making a puddle on the rubber sheeting that covered the floor. My jaw ached, and my back was starting to feel the strain of being pulled forward without the use of my hands to balance me. I had just about reached the limit of endurance, when he pulled free of my grasp, took hold of my shoulders and raised me back to my feet. He took me in his arms again, but I could feel his hands working almost immediately to fasten a padlock onto my handcuffs, securing these to a chain that hung from the ceiling behind me. Once I was locked onto this, he crossed the room and took a fresh can of beer from a portable cooler. He popped it open, took a deep swig, then held it to my lips, pouring the cold fluid down my throat until it, too, gushed over my chin and sloshed onto the floor to mingle with the rest of the effluvium I had dribbled before. I could also feel the cold liquid running down my chest and stomach, over my cock and balls.

As he took the empty can away, I stared into his bird-of-prey-eyes. He regarded me silently for a moment. "If you keep looking at me," he said, "I'm going to blindfold you."

I looked down at the floor, not because I feared the blindfold, but because I wanted to obey him . . . knew I had better obey him. For just a moment, then, I felt another stab of panic. I was helpless, chained and naked, and I hardly knew this man. What was he going to do next? As I cast my gaze downward, I could see that I had lost my erection. My cock hung outward, arching down in lessening tumescence. As if responding to my thoughts, Alex took hold of my dick in one hand, my balls in the other. "This isn't very hard," he muttered. "Aren't you happy?" Without waiting for an answer, he gave my balls a light squeeze, twisting them half around while his fingers kneaded the flesh of my dick. I started to get hard again, which must have assured him I was okay.

He let go of me and went to the shelf where he had a

jumble of leather and metal devices. He came back with several small leather harnesses in his hand. "Ever see things like these before?" he asked.

One of the items he held up was a duplicate of my favorite ball stretcher. "I have one of those," I replied, inclining my head toward the item in question.

"And you wear it to jack off, thinking about getting your ass whipped, don't you," he countered. He grabbed my balls, again, forcing them down in the sac as he began fitting the harness around my scrotum. He exerted a little greater pressure. "I asked you a question, punk!"

"Yes, sir, I do," I muttered.

He grunted something I couldn't hear, because he was bent down, working to snap the harness around my balls. When he stood up, my nuts were firmly stretched, and my cock, which had been bounced around on the tops of his hands, was fully erect again. However, I made the mistake of looking him straight in the eye as his head came level with mine. Without another word, he took a piece of leather from the wall behind me, and snapped it around my head. For a moment I lost my balance, but his hands steadied me. I could feel his boot knock my feet wider apart. This lowered my body just a bit so that the chain attached to my cuffs became taut and helped to orient me.

I now had a feeling of even greater helplessness, a greater sense of being completely naked. He pressed a double barrel inhaler into my nostrils, and I took a long hit of amyl. Again I felt dizzy for just a moment, but the clouds of vapor made me float. I was suddenly in my own world, and as he continued to work on me, playing with my nipples and my cock, I began to see colors that weren't there, and found I was able to picture my old fantasy Master . . . could feel him using me as Alex began to make a more extensive exploration of my body. He whipped me lightly with his belt, then with something heavier — a paddle of some kind, used just against my ass. He had turned me several times, never quickly, but just enough to make me unsure of the direction I was facing. Finally, I felt his fingers playing against my asshole, lubricated digits slipping into me, loosening me up. For a moment I was afraid he was going to fist me — something I had never been turned on to, but instead he inserted some kind of electrical vibrator. This was driving me wild, as the object

pulsed inside my body and his hands stroked the areas where his belt and paddle had warmed the skin. Finally, he slipped the vibrator out of me, and substituted his cock.

He held me against his groin, my bound hands grazing the top of his pubic hair, while he slipped his rod inside my body, completely out, and reentered, repeating this several times. Finally, he plunged in all the way and started giving me a series of deep, hard thrusts as he held me firmly against him with one hand; his other was lubricated and working on my cock. He pounded his body hard against me, making me slip away from him, then rush to meet his thrusts until I was on the verge, and tried to warn him. "I'm cumming . . . cumming," I groaned, but at the same time I felt him increase his motions and penetrate to an even deeper point within my body. I let loose without concern, knowing he was giving me the same. Still unable to see, I sagged backward against his solid body, knowing I had finally come as close as I was ever likely to, to the fantasy of my curly haired bruiser.

CHAPTER THREE—The Flexibility of Roles

Within the SM context, no subject is more confusing to so many people than the perceived requirement that the participant assume the role of Top or bottom. In truth, while we all have our preferences, most of us tend to flow with the tides of time and circumstance. Although I had been increasingly aware of this for some time, the results of my survey, done in connection with this book, went far beyond my expectations. (Figures are in the last chapter.) The new openness, with a great many guys showing their M colors in bars and other gathering places, is immediately evident to anyone who has been around the scene since/during the last decade. Ten or twelve years ago, a great many bottom men were reluctant to hang their keys on the right, and if they did so they were sometimes subjected to a type or degree of scorn they were not ready or able to handle. Whereas you still see a lot more left-side signals than are really justified, the wearers, in many instances, would be equally within their rights to wear their keys on either side.

Many guys who give the outward signals of the Top, really are Top in most of their exchanges—not necessarily by

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choice, but as a result of circumstances. Exclusive Tops and bottoms do exist, but they are becoming less the norm as increasing numbers of new people come into the scene and sample the pleasures to be derived from dabbling in the experiences of either side. I would also have expected to find a greater number of men who were S in one context and M in another — for instance, the Master in a whipping and bondage scene, but bottom in fistfucking, but it turns out if the guy likes to give it in one situation, he is likely to enjoy receiving the same type of action in another.

In drafting the questionnaire to acquire the final chapter statistics, I fully expected to find a great many practicing Tops having strong M fantasies. This was true, but I also found the reverse — many guys who were practicing M's, displaying strong power needs. Nor was there any great consistency to the patterns. The individual differences were enormous, reaffirming my long-stated contention: predicting the behavior of any individual on the basis of a "class average" is an extremely dubious business.

In this same context, most philosophers who seek to explain the division of society into "those born to be Masters and those born to be slaves" are ignoring (or wrote prior to) the emergence of our great consumer class. The values created by this continuously growing phenomenon seem to have affected our group as thoroughly as every other. The result is simply a very large number of people in the middle of the Master-slave spectrum. Other than seeking to explain it on the basis of "twice the range of activities, twice the potential for enjoyment," I frankly admit I have no answer. Perhaps it results from a great many new people in the scene who haven't made up their minds one way or the other. Maybe the large numbers of younger guys in the scene have created more of a dilettante attitude. Or it may be the combination of all the above.

Recognizing these facts as real, we are forced to accept them as a parameter in our discussion on roles; but let's put them in the background for a moment as I try to help you explore the condition and meaning of a man's being S or being M. Enlarging upon my remarks in the first chapter, let me delve a little more thoroughly into the standard definitions and pre-conceptions relating to these two terms. Although "sadist" and "masochist" are quite commonly explored separately, I have never found a satisfac-

tory, standard definition for the sum of the two parts . . . not even an adequate academic definition, and certainly none which implies the proper range and limits for our form of sexual exchange.

First, we have Noah's definitions. Webster's Third International Dictionary states: *sadism* — (*Comte Donatien Alphonse Francois de Sade, (died) 1814. Fr. soldier and pervert + ism.*) 1.a. *The infliction of pain upon a love object as a means of obtaining sexual release — compare Masochism, b. The satisfaction of outwardly directed destructive impulses as a source of libidinal gratification. 2 a. A delight in physical or mental cruelty, b. excessive cruelty.*

For the M, Noah is more verbose: *masochism* — (*Leopold von Sacher-Masoch (died) 1895 Ger. novelist + ism.* 1.a. *a tendency to direct aggressive or destructive impulses against one's own ego in order to reduce the anxiety attendant on anticipated inevitable punishment or to gain positive gratification through identification with a loved one who was formerly a source of pain, b. a tendency to assume a role of submissiveness and apparently to enjoy humiliation as the outcome of feelings of worthlessness, c. a tendency to gain or to increase sexual gratification through the acceptance of physical abuse or humiliation — compare ALGOLAGNIA d. a tendency to take pleasure in physical or mental suffering inflicted by oneself or by another or in the practice of extreme self-denial or self-punishment: a taste for suffering (there's a broad streak of puritan masochism . . . in our character — K.S. Davis) 2. the practice of masochistic tendencies (it was a form of masochism . . . to condemn oneself needlessly to the tantrums of a capricious climate — Jean Stafford.)*

I was amused to note that the S is branded a pervert, the M is not, presumably a result of the "religious martyr" tradition. Because their love of pain and self-mortification is cloaked in the mysteries of the Church, even Noah would never dare call them perverts. If pressed, I wonder how he might have defined the monks who often flagellated these penitents, back in the good old days. Algolagnia, incidentally, is defined as: *the finding of sexual pleasure in inflicting or suffering pain.* This, I suppose, applies to the switch-hitter, which is to say most of us, and comes as close as any to an academic term for SM.

Thus, according to Webster, the S inflicts pain and humiliation for his sexual gratification, and the M accepts them in the corresponding circumstances. We might note that these definitions apply equally to heterosexual, homosexual, and all intermediate situations. But how closely does it narrow the boundaries of our particular arena?

In the broadest sense, and depending upon the individual emotional sets of the participants, it can apply to any human interaction, wherein one person assumes a dominance over another. If you consider it (symbolically) degrading to kneel in front of another guy and suck his cock — with or without the trappings of bondage or other aspects of SM — then you and your partner have assumed a posture of sadist to masochist. Likewise, the one who does the fucking is making his partner the "punk," at least in the parlance of street gang or prison. Even Noah has been unable to place a hard and fast definition on the essentials of human interaction, such that they apply equally to each person, in each conceivable situation.

But in a purely man-to-man sexual relationship, it should not be beyond our ability to make some fundamental observations. More important than the actual activities, it is the underlying relationship between the partners which qualifies an exchange as SM. For instance, a B&D (bondage and discipline) scene is, almost by definition, SM. The only circumstances I can imagine where it would not qualify might be an actual punishment situation, with no (at least no overt) sexual overtones. A brutal cop, for instance, might handcuff his suspect and proceed to beat him up, possibly commanding his victim to stand straight or assume some humiliating posture while being struck with fists, booted feet, or billy club. In such an exchange you might stretch a point and say we have the rudiments of B&D, but lack the elements of sexuality as noted in Noah's definitions. Of course, if either cop or victim goes through the encounter with a roaring hard-on . . . ?

I think this points up the weakness in the assumption made by some who have written on this subject, postulating only two conditions to qualify an exchange as being SM: 1.) sexuality; i.e., sexual stimulation on the part of both (or all) partners; 2.) dominance on the part of one or more partners over the other(s). There is, for instance, a definite dominance-submission component in almost any

sexual encounter . . . even heterosexual intercourse in the missionary position. Classically, the missionary lies on top and bangs his wife (who may also be a missionary, I hasten to add, lest I be dubbed a sexist). The old missionary is certainly dominating; his wife is submitting. And, if virginity is to be assumed in their initial encounter, we may presume a certain degree of pain-giving/receiving is present during these early stages. Is this SM?

Since few if any of us are missionaries, I think we might more fruitfully turn our attention elsewhere. During the past few years there has been a tremendous increase in the popularity of the FF (fistfucking) scene. In the minds of many, especially those who are not involved in either SM or FF, the two are integral. In my opinion, they are not . . . except in the very narrowest sense of our definitions. An FF scene is sexual, and it manifests at least the physical elements of dominance-submission. FF may take place in the course of an SM exchange; but so might kissing, sucking, fucking, and any number of other sexual activities. On the other hand, two guys might get it on atop a comfortable bed, with no trappings of bondage or dominance more delineated than a regular vanilla fuck session. At the appropriate moment, the host pulls out his can of Crisco, and the fisting proceeds as a purely sensual, mutual exchange — no more SM than our pair of missionaries.

If we take B&D (bondage & discipline) to be the basic SM scene, we see the dominant role clearly defined from the submissive. Consider for a moment the little vignette in the last chapter. These roles were clearly defined, but the Top went to great lengths not to frighten or upset the M. Such a degree of caution is normally not the case with a pair of guys who are both experienced, and I do not mean the little story to be a model for any advanced interaction. Often, the ability of the Top to instill a modicum of anxiety into his M is the pivot around which the rest of the scene revolves. It is often very exciting for the bottom not to know precisely what is going to happen to him, and to be constantly pushed to the very limits of his endurance. Remember my favorite quote from Oscar Wilde: *It was like feasting with panthers. The thrill was half the excitement.*

It is the expectation of the unexpected that keeps the M on his toes, and adds the necessary spice to his scene. By the same token, this higher level of tension displayed by

the bottom provides the excitement and motivation for the Top to do his best. Whether the M's anxiety stems merely from his uncertainty over the placement or strength of the next lash, or whether he is left in the dark as to the content of an entire impending phase of activity, this mental condition maintains his essential tension. The only thing he should know for certain is that his Top is not going to maim him or do any serious injury. With this assurance, he should be able to submit and enjoy the scene.

The above, I admit, is somewhat idealized, and implies a genuine bondage scene, as opposed to a session wherein there may not be bondage, or where the M knows that as soon as he says "stop" or "let me loose" the S will comply. It is here we have to delineate the "rights of the M." Too often a scene is aborted because the M refuses to leave the Top alone to do his thing as best he can. "Sir, will you do this?" or "Sir, will you do that?" gets very disconcerting for the man who is supposedly in charge, and to whom the other has supposedly submitted. Yet, there are some very successful scenes in which the M really does control the action, or at least shares in the decisions as he and his Top "work together" to combine their ideas and turn the whole process into a joint endeavor. Such is obviously not the classic dominance-submissive fantasy-come-true of the great masturbatory imagination. In fact, I do not think it is too outrageous to suggest that for many people, their truest (and purest) SM experiences come, not in an actual scene with another guy, but rather within their own minds . . . existing only with the JO fantasies. Or, if nothing more, the JO fantasy has been the first SM experience for most men, with all the rest becoming real only at a later time.

Onanism. Alone and in private, it is possible to experience through mental imagery many thrilling circumstances that are never actually going to occur. This is true, of course, for people of all sexual persuasions. As a possibly interesting aside, I am reminded of a conversation I had with a born-again type minister a couple of years ago. This worthy young man (30-35, I would guess) had attended several public forums where I had been present as an observer for the gay element in the district. During a social moment after a meeting, the minister approached me and drew me into a conversation where he attempted to point out the biblical prohibitions against homosexuality. When

he ran out of breath, I asked him about his own sexual status. He replied: "I am as yet unmarried, but I have never had sexual relations with either a man or a woman. I am saving myself for the woman I will eventually marry." While the smug smile was still on his face after this pompous display of arrogant superiority, I reminded him of Genesis 38: 9 & 10, where the Lord slew Onan for spilling his seed upon the ground. The barb must have struck a vital nerve, because he turned very red and abruptly spotted an acquaintance across the room, excused himself and withdrew, leaving me to drink my coffee in peace. The terrible hypocrisy regarding masturbation has engrained inordinate guilt in many people—mercifully less so within our community. In my survey only three men lined off the section on JO fantasies as non-applicable.

Because of the very exotic nature of SM, our fantasies will often range into areas that are physically possible; that do occur with others every day, but which we either fear to try, or have tried and know we cannot endure in reality. There is also a tendency for a man who acts out almost exclusively in one role—and who may be emotionally incapable of performing adequately in the opposite—to have elaborate fantasies about this "character opposite." The only outlet for him is the JO scene.

I think it is probably most common for the active Top to fantasize in private about being an M. To a lesser extent the "exclusive" M may jack off to images of assuming the dominant role, but more often than not he is going to dream of a deeper degree of punishment or abuse than he is physically or emotionally capable of taking. Then, outnumbering them all, there is a group of guys who want (or think they want) some heavy SM action, but know they are never actually going to do it. They live in small towns with no opportunities for acting out their desires; they are married men or men with business, professional or social obligations that preclude willingness to take a risk; they are too shy or guilt-ridden to approach another man; they have come to recognize their true interests at an age they perceive as beyond the reasonably active or desirable period of their lives; they perceive themselves as physically unattractive or otherwise lacking the ability to attract a partner. The catalogue of reasons is probably as infinite as the number of men who have lived the experience, and will live

it in the future. But these are SM oriented men, who act out their fantasies alone, exclusively within their own minds.

Some purists will deny that this dream group is part of our community. If we were to define ourselves as "activists only," this would be partially true — but only partially. Many of this JO group have elaborate arrays of equipment, read and collect our literature, and probably drink at our bars or join in social activities available in their areas. Some will have had at least a minimal physical experience. Using the Kinsey methodology as precedent, there is ample justification for including this JO group. In his earliest work, Kinsey defined the homosexual population by including men who had "at least one homosexual experience." This meant that he was presupposing a basic sexual orientation on the basis of a single act, because he knew how strong these urges had to be in order to surface, against all the social pressures. He also had to be aware of the many men who would deny any homosexual interests, despite their strong drives in that direction. In other words, a fair percentage of his statistic had to be based on an assumption of mental/emotional orientation — not purely on physical acting out.

Thus, following the old adage "he also serves who only stands and waits," I feel we have to include the exclusive, or near exclusive JO artist as a legitimate part of our SM community. The exotic content of not only the fantasies but the JO scenes themselves will rival the heaviest action ever to occur between two or more participants.

I know, from my experience in mail order, a good deal of the equipment sold for SM purposes is going to be used in a JO context. All types of cock and ball harnesses, tit clamps, dildos, gags and hoods, even wrist and ankle restraints, are going to become props for this game of self-bondage and humiliation. The fantasies may come largely from the fertile brain of the practitioner, but I also know how much is contributed by stories in books, and drawings or photos in magazines. Interestingly enough, this may seem to presume an M role on the part of the onanist, and I think that a majority of fantasies probably are M. For the guy who does his head trip on being Top, it is more difficult to achieve a solo fantasy; but it can be done, and certainly is. The realm of imagination is limited only by the talent of the dreamer, unlike a reality situation, where

physical partners determine the limits of one's action.

Although the practice of jacking-off would seem to be relatively hazard-free, I would estimate that at least as many emergency room cases are generated by these games as by the foibles of the "true activists." Unable to obtain properly designed materials, or unwilling to face the "embarrassment" of acquiring them, people have been known to use all manner of inadequate and dangerous substitutes. If I had a buck for every finger ring the emergency interns have cut off someone's dick because he got it on and couldn't get it off, I could retire and spend all my time doing these things instead of writing about them. We have many instances of objects lodged in the penile canal or anus; and also have an unfortunate number of deaths, many the result of strangulation, because a guy has hanged himself by accident in the course of a heavy JO trip. In the past, I have avoided doing a number on electricity, because I was afraid to encourage anyone to try it and either electrocute himself or fry his balls. Of course, most of these accidents are logged in the coroner's files as suicide, either because the medical examiner did not understand the circumstances, or preferred to ignore them. Take for example the excerpts from a couple of letters I received, and published with photo illustrations in one of my early *Treasures of SM*:

... my greatest range of experiences are solitary. I have, on occasion, done all of the following, although not necessarily in this sequence. Note also that this spans the time from 11 until the present — 28, and includes seven years of gay experiences as well. Here follows the tale:

I started, I think, by wrapping a ¼-inch Venetian blind cord around my cock and balls, consecutive turns increasing the tension on the skin of my sac. Higher turns went around my cock only, up to the tip, then many more turns were added up and down until all that could be seen was a mass of cord. There was 55 or 60 feet of cord, so it made quite a bulge. I could not masturbate at these times, but generally came off by moving about, bumping the cord with my thighs.

Twice, when time permitted, I went to the basement and, with the same cord, tied one end around my cock and balls, trailing the end through my legs, up over my head, around a pipe near the ceiling, and back down in front of

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me. I stood on a chair, made a loop at foot height, then placed both feet in it and tightened it. I then, in effect, sat down, raising my feet from the chair and moving it out of the way. An interesting feeling, swinging by my cock and feet, plus the friction up the groove of my ass. Recovery was effected by returning the chair and straightening the legs, or by pulling at the cock rope until my shoulders were on the floor. I could then, by maintaining a grip on that rope, slip it around my shoulder and thence off my cock. I might note that apart from a slightly abraded ass-crack, I suffered no ill effects. I was, however, young and not very heavy.

I have introduced all manner of things into my ass. I believe it started with one or two marbles, then three or four, then up to a dozen. I had also a steel ball about one inch in diameter which I first just pushed in. Then, for effect, put it in the freezer for a half hour before pushing it in. I also tried boiling it for five to ten minutes before pushing it in. Ice cubes were fair game also, but the sharp edges and points sometimes hurt until they melted off. I was using soda pop bottles regularly, basically sitting on them until (I assumed) the bones prevented further entry. It was at that time I discovered lubrication, and with that found the pop bottles would go much farther in. I would masturbate during entry, and ejaculation meant removal. I have had a vibrator (1½ by 12 inches) almost all the way in (say 11 inches). I have introduced a trailer hitch ball (1 inch diameter, plus flange, shaft and bolt) all the way in, and I have also held it at the entrance until I came, masturbating.

I have clamped, tied, stretched, pulled, and restricted my balls in every way I can think of. I took a photo of myself (Polaroid, via mirror) in a position similar to the one shown in one of your books, nuts tied to a doorknob and leaning out backwards. I have tied a bucket to my nuts and filled it slowly with water. What a feeling! This after seeing a drawing of a cowboy pouring water into a boot tied to another's nuts.

Once I stretched a rubber bumper from a pin-ball machine around my sac! I had to cut it off, as I could not get a grip on it; it was too tight. I have clamped my sac in a large metal vise bolted to a table. In this case, the nuts hung in the middle; immobility was the point. Later, I found it

amusing to put the vise on a chair, clamp myself in and tighten until the handle was vertical, then push the end up into my ass and move the vise further onto the chair so the handle would not drop down. Masturbation followed.

After I read *Leather Ad*, Vol. 1, I had to try to impale myself. This is technically not impossible, but requires a measure of imagination and/or self-control. I did it by fixing a broomstick in the aforementioned vise on the floor. Then, by placing a few books beside it, it was possible to raise then lower myself onto it. By kicking the books out of range, a measure of satisfaction was obtained; however, escape merely meant leaning over and upsetting the vise.

At one point in my life I experimented with electricity. Two D cells provide a charge you can feel, provided the contact points are good and fairly close together — large bolt up the ass and a wire down the cock, for instance. I also played with a telephone supply battery, which had variable voltages up to 45 V. I eventually worked up to the full 45 V across the points above. Ejaculation was almost instantaneous.

Another mania I have is "private exhibition." I love to strip naked in the woods, leaving my clothes scattered in enough places to make it difficult to find them again. I then climb a tree, or enter an abandoned barn or house, or just wander across fields. Once I hung upside-down by my knees from a tree branch, within sound of some kids playing. As I masturbated, the possibility of discovery made it all the more exciting. Shooting down past my own face had its own thrill, as well.

My tits have been used quite a bit in the past few years. I normally use a set of matched, spring-type clothes pins, and recently found that wrapping elastic bands around the business end gives a more painful pinch. Pulling on my tits is erotic, as well. Just a few weeks ago I decided to pierce one. I used a hypodermic needle. With two clothes pins on one tit, the pain of penetration was minimal. I was so excited by the time it was through, I could hardly control myself. However, once it was in place, I couldn't even feel it. I slipped a clean wire through it, and removed the needle, hoping to form a loop with the wire. But it was too stiff and wouldn't bend properly. Eventually I removed it, too.

I also have a choke chain and two small locks, along

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with three sizes of snap-rings as used for loose leaf binders. The largest of these fits nicely over cock and balls. The medium is excellent around the balls, and the smallest goes around the cock, just under the head. (I'm circumcised.) The choke chain is then fitted on my ankles, where it leaves about five inches between. The center link is locked to one of the above rings — which one being dependent upon my mood. Unless it is the smaller, I then masturbate to completion. I can see many other possibilities for choke chains, and plan to get a few more, as well as some additional locks.

I think this will perhaps give you an idea that if I can imagine a situation, and can think of a way into *and* a way out of it, I will do it. I don't know why this is, possibly because I see these situations as challenges to my skill and ingenuity.

As you can see, the JO behavior is limited only by the bounds of physical possibility and the imagination of the masturbator. I would add a word of caution, however, since my correspondent did just about everything I warn people not to do. Before attempting any of his acrobatics, I suggest you study the appropriate sections in the pages to come, and note the dangers I try to point out when these activities are performed in a scene. Still, I think it would be difficult to deny that this man was engaged in some form of SM. The following example is from a man who relies more heavily on fantasy in the course of his exercises, or at least ties these more pointedly into his descriptions:

... so, I'll attempt to describe some of my thoughts and fantasies that I go through while I'm jacking off. Many of these seem so real as I visualize them, I've written them down as if they really happened. Sometimes, of course, I'm looking at a picture of a guy who fits the description I'm thinking about.

I really get my rocks off for tall, muscular, blond, Scandinavian or SS types — either that, or the opposite: really dark (Italian, Greek, Spanish type men) who wear big, dirty engineer boots and smoke big cigars. Unfortunately, there aren't very many handsome or tough-looking guys who fit that description. My fantasies and my own drawings usually have one or more of these guys beating me up, crucifying me (with spikes through the hands and feet), whipping me with 20-foot black bull whips or chains, sticking nails

and tacks all over my body with their fists or with hammers, stomping me with their boots, running over me (staked out, spreadeagle, with heavy hawsers) with big motorcycles, jeeps or trucks, pissing on my face, etc. On this last point, I imagine myself in a scene where my only function is to be chained kneeling to the floor or ground, hands tied behind me, and be pissed on by all Masters of a gang, motorcycle club, etc., and even by their slaves, in various ways — e.g., with one boot on my chest or face. I imagine myself being forced to eat all the ashes from the cigars being smoked by the Masters, maybe being forced to keep their boots clean by licking them (if scene is taking place in a field, for instance). I see myself being used as a living example of various lowly utilitarian objects, such as ashtrays, spittoons, mats for dirty boots, rags, brooms, punching bags, pin cushions, targets, wedges (to get a bike or jeep out of the mud), etc.

I keep myself bound at all times, with just enough latitude so I can get my hand onto my cock, although tying myself so I can't touch it is sometimes a prelude to a wilder sensation later. I do this in such a way as to leave the maximum portion of my body available to my imaginary Master. I like to visualize myself being lifted above the ground. Besides crosses of various types, I like the idea of large wooden wheels with wood spokes and steel rims, beams, ceiling hangings, stone wall chainings, etc. One detail, for example, is balancing my slave's body on a foot-high beam with nails in it, with my face close to the Master's face or hands, to be convenient for use as an ashtray (in the mouth), ready to receive his slaps or for my whole body to be accessible as a hassock or boot rest.

Another scene I imagine is being a slave, bound with ropes to a round beam over a wood fire, rotated as if on a spit until the ropes burn through and . . . In general, I picture myself as enduring the heaviest pain and humiliation, while my Master enjoys the greatest comfort and pleasure.

There are other fantasies, such as being climbed on with boots, spurs, belts and jackets with nails and studs, while I'm tied to a cross or beam, etc. Many times I bind myself down tightly and think of these things, and if my mental projections are not interrupted I am able to come without ever having to actually touch my cock.

I can only leave it to the reader to decide for himself

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whether or not he wishes to include JO artists such as these as a part of the SM community. I rather think they should be, but since it is no more than an academic matter, you are free and welcome to your own opinion.

The majority of us would prefer to do our thing(s) with another guy. Thus, the man who is to become an active SM participant will graduate from the purely JO scene, and progress into his first interaction.

To define an M. For many people, especially those not involved in SM themselves, there is a tendency to confuse an M with a slave. The two are decidedly not the same, although the one may become the other. At times many M's pretend, play at being slaves during the course of a scene. But a slave is a personality of an entirely different, and rare, quality. I think this was a difference most of our politico-ethical philosophers were unable to perceive in their treatises on slaves in our society. I will develop my ideas on this subject at greater length in the chapter on Masters and slaves. Here, we are concerned with the M.

Whereas slavery (real slavery or the mental brientation that makes a man a voluntary slave) is a permanent condition, sexual masochism is a transitory state. The man who allows you to bind him, and grovels at your feet tonight, may well become Master to someone else next week. He may actually leave your blackroom on Monday morning with your welts still glowing on his ass, travel directly to an office building where he takes his seat (perhaps painfully) behind a desk, and assume a position of control and domination over his subordinates. In other words, the man who acts out as an M in a sexual context may not be a submissive person in any other aspect of his existence — business, social, or within his family circle. Understanding this very important distinction right from the beginning will greatly facilitate your further comprehension of your own and other guys' behavior, needs, and drives.

The reason I consider SM to be the ultimate catharsis, in the full sense of a psychiatric unburdening, is the opportunity it allows for role playing. In life, we are frequently cast into our socio-economic state by forces beyond our control and end up behaving in the manner prescribed by these circumstances. In the blackroom, we act out exactly the emotions, and attempt to fulfill the fantasies, that so-

ciety will not permit us to experience—this behavior being considered inappropriate, even illegal. For both Top and bottom, the sexual exchange is an unleashing of these otherwise hidden, suppressed desires—lusts, if you will.

In trying to analyze the components which go to make up the composite human being we refer to as an "M," we must acknowledge a second dichotomy, producing two very diverse types of bottom (neither of which is necessarily a slave). On the one hand we have the guy who wants sex right now, and goes to a bar or answers an ad to get it. He is seeking a one night stand, or at most a limited series of scenes with the same Top. Perhaps only vaguely, in the depths of his subconscious, is he looking for anything more. This is the standard, garden variety bottom. Let's call him "Type A." He may have a vivid, tightly organized set of sexual fantasies he would like to have fulfilled, or he may be so experienced and versatile that any of several situations will satisfy him. . . or at least sate him for the moment. We'll come back to him a bit further on.

Our Type B masochist really wants to be mastered, possibly enslaved, but certainly made completely subject to the will of his Master. He has (or perceives himself as having) the emotional capability for a long-term, total involvement. He is also apt to be the less satisfied of the two types—not because of his particular psychological set, but because he has searched for a long time without finding the man or the situation he really wants. After a while, his condition may appear hopeless, and he may react to this appearance of chronic failure by becoming despondent, even suicidal. He is unwilling to compromise, and if he goes for any great length of time in this condition his own fantasies may become so intricate and so firmly entrenched that no one will ever be able to fulfill them. If he's lucky, sometime in the early stages of his search he will find a Master with whom he is able to form a long-term relationship—even to playing at a slave status, something he really can never be, because he still retains too strong an ego (concept of self), preventing him from taking that final step toward a total submission.

This "Type B" M is a very special personality, and he tends to have a more consistent psychological profile with his fellows than our Type A. Remembering how dangerous it is to generalize when discussing human behavior and

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patterns of emotion, still, generally speaking, Type B is more likely to be non-aggressive in his everyday life, submissive in most social, business or professional situations, and emotionally incapable—in his early stages—of even brief or isolated periods of assuming the Master's role in a sexual encounter. In this sense, he is in a halfway position between the Type A and the slave — unable to move in either direction, and very unhappy unless he is able to find an adequate counterpart. These are often the guys we think of as "heavy bottoms," and who are classified in my survey results as being among the total M's.

Our Type A bottom is less troubled by his environment — as long as he lives in an area where sexual contacts are available and relatively easy to find. Because there are so many men in this category, there is a tremendously diverse assortment of personalities. The most successful are probably fairly aggressive in seeking a partner, and may manifest this aggressiveness in other aspects of their lives. In fact, some may be so self-assertive in other social situations that the need to be an M is a subconscious manifestation of a need to be punished, or at least a perceived need to reverse the everyday mode during the hours of sexual play. Of course, there are almost as many reasons for wanting to be M as there are men seeking the role. I would venture to say that most are motivated by a complex of drives, some conscious, some not. Let me try to enumerate a few of the most common:

a. The need to be admired. Even if the man is not particularly attractive by others' standards, his self-perception may be such that he visualizes himself as a handsome captive in bondage. The fact that another man desires to put him into this situation only reinforces this perception.

b. The need to submit. If the M is normally aggressive, he may feel that the only way to take a subservient role is to be bound and "forced" into it. By surrendering his physical freedom to the control of another he has placed himself in the situation where "he can't do anything about it."

c. The need to be accepted. The M may not have been particularly successful in his personal or love relationships, and may feel the enveloping arms of whatever his Master uses to bind him are the strongest and most physical evidence of acceptance he can find. It may also have enabled him to enter into a sexual exchange with a man

whom he desires, but sees no other way to attract (not that he is going to submit to this unless he otherwise enjoys the sensation). The fact that he "got" this guy reaffirms his self-perception of attractiveness and desirability.

d. The need to prove his masculinity. Although this motivation is more readily apparent in a man desiring to be a Top, it also holds for a bottom. By placing himself in the position of helplessness and subservience, the M is proving he "can take it like a man." The heavier the punishment he can endure, the more this perception is reinforced.

There are a number of other "needs," all of which a shrink might lump together under the title "the need to be loved." From certain psychiatric viewpoints this may be a legitimate assessment, although I feel the shades of difference are important, determining the more precise course of the M's responses, and thus affect the behavior of the Top. I do not think it is possible to ignore the very important influence the M's fantasies are going to have on any reciprocal scene. Although many a Topman will maintain it is he who determines the action, regardless of the M's desires, this is not necessarily true. But for a moment, let's stick with our examination of the M.

I would like to go a little further in discussing the differences between these two basic types of M, in case my previous remarks may seem superficial, and in need of a little clarification. Naturally, I stick with my overall philosophy: every man is an individual, and there is no "average man," so my general grouping is simply intended as a starting point for an examination of two diverse psychological approaches toward the same physical end, namely the bottom man in an SM scene. To help you understand why you may possess these desires, and achieve pleasure from an activity incomprehensible to so many, you must realize how completely your basic needs, desires, and fears are shared by other people. Although your own particular set of these components may be as individual as your fingerprints, no single component is unique. Neither do I mean to imply that either of the two M types is more desirable or more "noble" than the other.

Within the small "inner circle" of SM people, there is a tendency to put down the weekend practitioner as a dilettante. Still, without this large body of people entering into the game for these limited periods of participation, the

whole scene would soon wither away. Not everyone is able to live in leather, or to maintain a lifestyle where the tools of his trade form the basic furnishings of his home!

I have a little acquaintance whom I shall call Penishead. I'll use him as the horrible example from time to time, to illustrate by his foibles the pitfalls of an SM existence. He has a penchant for doing everything wrong — his most serious *faux pas* being an attempt to perform as a twenty-year-old as he approaches his mid-forties. A classic Type A bottom, he has not been able to mature within these parameters; consequently he lives all his waking hours in bars and baths, or someone else's bedroom (because he doesn't have one of his own). He works at menial jobs, because no one else will hire him, and stays at these only long enough to gain the necessary credits at the Unemployment Office. Fortunately, he is the rare exception. Most M's resolve their sexual needs with the other aspects of their lives. In this respect, the superficiality of their earlier interests have made it easier for them to adapt — to play the game when it is convenient to do so, perhaps playing Top as well as bottom, but to withdraw from time to time without suffering any serious complications.

The Type B man has a more serious problem. For him, the SM experience is of paramount importance. He is emotionally incapable of playing Top, although he may try it from time to time if he has no alternative other than complete abstention. But unless his desire for a permanent, heavy relationship is fulfilled, he will never be satisfied. He, too, may eventually be forced to seek an alternative place to expend his energies, but he always retains his basic desire for something he can never have. It is a difficult path, and one where I can offer little encouragement. I receive letters all the time from people in this and other dilemmas, but when I recognize this particular state of affairs I am at a loss and can only refer the guy to the Sacher-Masoch philosophy: The SM relationship is doomed to failure from the start, because the dynamics of the Top and the bottom become conflicting factors as the bottom demands an ever heavier abuse, and the Top develops a more loving and protective feeling toward his subject. In the end they have to destroy the SM bonds, because their individual requirements can not be reconciled. Thus the M's quest is for a will-o'-the-wisp, unless he is able to rec-

ognize the impossibility of ever fulfilling his physical and emotional fantasies in a single lifelong love match.

The most successful alternatives I have seen did not solve the problem by allowing the men to achieve the sexual release they desired, but by the men sublimating these needs into some other activity, and, as they matured, coming to accept their SM urgings as secondary. A young guy may not wish to acknowledge this condition, but it has become reality for his older soul-mates. A lot of guys establish an asexual relationship with a living partner, delving into SM as the opportunity arises. Otherwise, they may fall back on the JO fantasy — my reason for giving it so much space and including it as a legitimate alternative to actual interaction. Decreased sexual activity with advancing years is certainly not unique to SM; it is almost (statistically) universal within the general population.

A little later, I'm going to examine some facets of M behavior that may seem to contradict some of my more depressing conclusions. But I would remind you that the bulk of active people fall in the 20 to 50 category, the peak years being 30 to 45. These guys are not all dying off at age 45 to 50. Where are they, if not active within our scene? But human personality tends to be very contradictory and individualistic. Enjoy your relationships as they come, and try not to be too obsessed with your distant future. You can't predict it, and if you retain a reasonable degree of mental equilibrium, you'll make it. The differences in people and the uncertainty we face provide the spice for living and interacting with our friends and sex mates. So now, having dissected the M, let's take a quick look at his counterpart.

The Topman. The S, being the exact counterpart of the M, must possess the skills and the qualities of personality necessary to sustain a good scene. Despite the expectations of some of his potential partners, he is not a robot designed by nature to serve the fantasies of the bottom. He must learn how to cope with these often unrealistic expectations, and how to deflect the M's fantasies into the realm of feasibility. He must be a bit of a psychologist; to be really good he should also be a bit of a wizard. But before all else, he must have served an apprenticeship. I know there are successful Tops who claim never to have been bottom. I know of a couple who trained, serving as junior S, under an excellent Master. I suppose you could

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learn the basics by reading about them, if you are exceptionally astute. But as for the rest of you mortals who aspire to play Top, I tell you in all sincerity: To be worth anything, you must know how it feels, and the only way you can properly experience this is to be on the bottom.

Neither am I speaking here to a man who is necessarily an exclusive S. There are very few. At this point in my SM career I must have met over half of the foremost Tops in the Western World. I have yet to hear one deny that he occasionally plays the other side. It is not only a valuable catharsis, a sort of expiation of his sin of pride, but also a very valuable learning experience. I think the greatest danger to a man who works almost exclusively as Top is the tendency to fall into a rut . . . to do the same thing so many times, he bores himself, to say nothing of his M.

As to the type of man who normally functions in this capacity, we have an interesting range of personality, as well as an infinite variety of physical types. To try to draw some general conclusions is difficult, but I would say: as a group, they tend to be older than the M's (also taken as a group), but this is understandable. Most guys go through the M period first, then progress to being Top, if they ever take the step at all. There are also a number of guys functioning as Tops because they have a strong attraction to SM, but for one reason or another are no longer capable of functioning as M's — either for physical reasons, or because their appearance is such that they have difficulty attracting Masters, but far less attracting bottoms. It isn't always purely by choice, then, that a guy takes this role: a truth that many people would prefer to deny.

The second basic skill is using a belt or whip, or whatever tool is going to come into play as a punishment or discipline device. With the specifics to come later, I advance this as a "must" skill for the Top to master. He should also understand much of the material we will cover in the chapter on setting the scene, because the way he causes the M to perceive him is going to depend almost as much on the environment he creates as on the actual performance.

Following this, I would venture to suggest the third basic skill as "creation of the proper self-image." The Top should take the time and care to make himself look as much as he can like the man he knows his M is seeking. We do this more or less as a matter of course when we go

into a bar to cruise. But I have seen some very sloppy appearances when it has been pre-arranged and the M comes a-calling. Sloppy (or raunchy) is okay, if that's the name of your game. Otherwise, the Top should be aware of the effect he is creating. I remember one nice little M telling me about his encounter with a friend to whom I had referred him: "The guy was okay, and he knew what he was doing, all right. But, you know, it bothered me all through the scene. . . he's sort of bald, as you know, but I don't care about that, except he'd apparently scratched himself and had a big scab in the middle of his head the whole time."

Another kid told me, in referring to his previous long-term Top: "It was really hot in the beginning, because he just seemed to be everything I'd ever dreamed about. But as I kept coming back to him, he gradually stopped wearing his leather, and even got to a point where he'd slop out to meet me in house slippers and shorts. I just couldn't turn on to him anymore."

Other specific skills depend on the area of specialty. Regardless of the specific focus of his scene, the Top should be familiar with his equipment, know where it is in his blackroom, and be prepared to use it with an air of assurance. If embarking on a new course, the surest way to know how something is going to work is to use it on yourself, in private, before you try it on someone else.

Having spent a lot of time trying to ascertain the reasons for a man's assumption the M role, I do not wish to leave the reader with the impression that I see men falling into the role of Top purely by default or accident. For the part-time S this may be partly the case; i.e., he performs as Top more or less as a second choice. And using our Type A-Type B dichotomy, again, I'd call this the Type A Top. He would just as soon perform either way, and really may prefer the bottom position. But he is not the man we normally regard as a true Top. He is the "switch hitter," and closely akin to an M performing as Top. I'll conclude this chapter with a little dissertation on that phenomenon.

The Type B Top is that relatively rare, almost endangered species, a man who really achieves a tremendous emotional lift by dominating another man, and has little or no interest in playing the other side. All through his apprenticeship, when he has been tutored by the Tops who came before him, he has eagerly anticipated graduating

into the status of this man who is putting him through his paces. His fantasies have been focused, ever more strongly, on the dominant role. It would be difficult to deny the presence of strong "power needs" in this man, and he may be a dominant personality in all the rest of his day-to-day existence. If circumstances prevent him from fulfilling some of these needs outside the sexual arena, his motivation to perform the S role is going to be all the stronger.

Despite the usual range of personality types to be expected in any given group of men, there is a certain consistency among the majority of Tops I have known. There is a strong aggressive component in their basic personalities, although those who are active and successful in their sex play tend not to manifest these aggressive tendencies as hostility. They have a genuine need to dominate, to be the boss; and as long as they are able to fulfill this need they seem to attain a great degree of emotional stability. There are no statistics available to support or deny my "armchair reflections," but I feel that the level of intelligence among the good, active Tops would be very high.

For those who would like to be Top, but seldom if ever have the opportunity, it is difficult to make an evaluation, because they rarely come to the attention of other people who are active in SM circles. Whereas many frustrated M's can be identified, the unsuccessful Tops tend to be far less visible. I would guess (that's really all I can do) that they are turning their energies into other, asexual directions—perhaps concentrating on business or other financially-oriented goals, or engaging in some type of physical activity. I really do not believe the group to be very large, however—certainly tiny in relation to the M population.

For the successful Top, there is a tremendous thrill in watching the results of his skills and planning come to fruition in the writhing, painfully pleasurable responses of the bottom. He achieves his own pleasure from, and takes pride in, both the interaction in the blackroom and the respect and adoration he obtains as a result of his burgeoning reputation. There is also a social reward, in that Tops all over the Western World seem to be in contact with one another—more so today than a number of years ago, but even in the era of more restricted activity and communication, many were still aware of each other. These men also tend to be the backbone or core of the in-group. Although,

despite the opinion of uninformed outsiders who see us as some kind of social menace, there really is no international organization of our practitioners, this informal network of communication among the foremost Tops is the closest thing to it we have ever achieved.

If I seem to imply that a great deal of the satisfaction derived by a Top is not directly related to sexual (physical) sensation, I do not deny it. If the S chooses to enjoy these physical sensations, he certainly can steer his scene in that direction. Many do, but others go through an entire session without climax, or delay the climax until the very end of several hours of play. Yet, throughout, there is usually a strong sexual arousal and anticipation. The Top's ability to prolong his eventual ejaculation may very well be a function of intellect and his own internal discipline.

This behavior of the classic Top is at very different from the performance of a man who plays the role only part time, or assumes it simply by default because he has turned on to another guy who prevails upon him to act as Master. This latter situation is by far more common, but is often only a marginal SM interaction—for instance a highly dope-oriented fistfucking scene. In so many cases, clubs and baths that started out to be SM gathering places have instead turned into FF parlors or cocksucking grounds. The lack of true SM activity has clouded the definitions in the minds of many people. But, since we have difficulty defining it for ourselves, who can blame them?

The M as Master. I would like to make a few remarks, here, for the benefit of the average, non-classic practitioner who just likes to get it on with another guy in the trappings of SM and leather. He not particularly concerned with role classifications; he simply has a pair of aching balls and a hot dick, and he wants to do it! His basic inclinations are to be bottom, but he knows how hard it is to find a good, qualified Top. So, despite his own strong urgings to submit, this (Type A) M assumes the role of Master.

Poor little upside-down cake,
Your troubles never stop;
Because little upside-down cake,
Your bottom is on your top.

It may, to the uninitiated, seem a terrible contradiction in terms to cast the M as Master, but it is probably one of the most common situations to be found in any survey of

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the SM scene. Regardless of how we cut that upside-down cake, we still have a situation where the M's greatly outnumber the Tops. If we only count as Tops those who are really qualified, the ratio becomes even more lopsided. If a guy is cruising in a leatherbar, his chances of picking up a bottom are always greatest, despite the "colors" shown by either of these potential partners, especially if the guy zeroes in on the young pretties. However it happens, it is a common situation to find two bottoms in a scene, which means one of them is going to play Top.

Beyond the remarks I have already made regarding the skills, etc., that a Top should display, there is not a hell of a lot I can impart by way of sage advice in the area of actual physical performance. But attitude is another thing altogether, and I would like to make a couple of observations to help the guy who finds himself in these circumstances, and who may feel disappointed or inadequate — or both.

Even if your experience as Top is extremely limited, or nil, there is no need to panic at the prospect of assuming the role. Remember the best things that happened to you as an M, and try to translate these into the scene you give this other guy. In many ways, you are in a better position to render the proper degree of punishment than a Top who hasn't been on the receiving end for a long while. Your memories are fresh; you *know* how it feels. Try it, and watch the reaction you produce. If you know the more intricate activities to be beyond you, temper the scene to the areas where you do feel comfortable. Remember, you were attracted to this guy in the first place, or you wouldn't be with him. He has surrendered the S role to you, and thus has left the direction of the scene in your hands. It is up to you to select the precise activities you are going to try. This gives you an advantage you do not normally have.

The real trick is to "psych" yourself into it. Use props if necessary — a mirror, if available. Put on a cock and ball harness, or even a ball stretcher if this is going to excite you. But above all, take it as an opportunity to try something you do not normally have a chance to do. Don't force yourself into specific actions that don't turn you on, or you feel you can't pull off. In most cases, the worst mistake you can make is trying to pretend you are really a Top. Let the other guy know you're an M, but assure him that you are going to make him feel the things you've felt. It will

take the heaviest burden off your shoulders, even if it does remove a bit of mystery from the scene. Once you've tried it, you might find it more enjoyable than you expected. You've probably had some S fantasies; now is the time to try acting them out. The worst you can do is fuck up one session, which happens to the best of us, from time to time.

In trying to assess and describe any one of the different roles, you almost have to "freeze frame" it. The different players change constantly, some sliding from one role to the other, or getting more intensely into a certain specialty for limited periods. There are always new people coming into the scene, and others dropping out. There are fads growing and fading within the SM community, and external pressures exerted upon it by laws or changing social and economic conditions. My growing tendency is to regard the guys I meet and know as SM people first, and as Tops or bottoms only secondarily. If I do not see a particular person for several years, chances are when I run into him again he will not be in the same position *vis-a-vis* his role and specialties. Even his degree of participation, or depth of involvement, will probably have changed. Certainly his perceptions of himself and his fellow players will be different. Nothing is static, and no roles, rules, or requirements are carved in stone. It's all human flesh, which may or may not be weak, but is certainly malleable.

CHAPTER FOUR—Fetish and Fantasy

In the heart of the active practitioner or the JO artist, an admixture of fetish and fantasy must exist. In addition to the tendency to fantasize, which we have already acknowledged, this means that for most SM oriented guys there is a strong, maybe obsessive attraction to a fetish symbol. In light of recent psychiatric theory, this is no longer considered necessarily unhealthy. But in Freud's *Dictionary of Psychoanalysis* we find the following definition:

Fetish, Fetishism — This abnormality, which can be counted as one of the perversions, is, as is well known, based upon the patient, who is almost always male, not recognizing the fact that women have no penis — a fact which is exceedingly distasteful to him because of the evidence it affords of the possibility of being castrated himself. He therefore rejects the perception of his own senses, which showed him that women's genitals lack a penis, and holds fast to the opposite conviction. The rejected perception, however, does not remain entirely without effects, for, in spite of everything, the patient has not the courage to assert that he really saw a penis.

He snatches hold of something else instead — a part of the body or some other object — and attributes to it the role of the penis which he cannot do without. It is usually something that he actually saw at the moment at which he saw the woman's genitals, or it is something which can suitably serve as a symbolic substitute for the penis. Now it would not be right to describe this process which accompanies the formation of a fetish as a split in the ego; it is a compromise formed with the aid of displacement, such as we have been familiar with in dreams.

The reader is then referred to the chapter on *Sexual Object, Unfit Substitutes for*, where the most common (19th Century heterosexual) fetish objects are listed: foot, hair, some inanimate object, fragments of clothing, underwear, etc. Male to male SM behavior, like psychoanalysis itself, has come a long way since the days of Dr. Freud. If the good doctor could be transported through time to view the activities at New York City's *Mineshaft* or San Francisco's *Caldron*, I think he would revise his definition of fetish to include first and foremost the very object itself; i.e., the penis, the fully erected cock, and secondly (for some) the foreskin. For us, these are certainly the primary objects of fetish fascination. However, in classic jargon this is considered a fixation, rather than a fetish; but the reason for making the distinction is to reconcile this fascination with the penis to the rest of Freud's definition. I just want you to make note of this, so you don't think I'm even more ignorant than I really am, in calling a guy's fascination and preoccupation with another guy's cock, a fetish. For our purposes, the classic differentiation is irrelevant.

Narrowing the field to our own specific areas, we find the most common fetishes (i.e., those physical objects that form the central focus of our fantasies, and toward which our heated arousal drives us) to be: boots and leather (clothing or toys), uniforms, piss or (rarely) excrement, bindings of various types (ropes, chains, metal restraints, leather thongs, nylon belts, etc.). However, I would venture to suggest that our fetish attractions go beyond mere physical objects and can include abstractions, in what I would call "situational fetishes." Among these situational fetishes, I would list: bondage (regardless of its physical materials), humiliation, punishment, and possibly the act

of submission itself. All these abstractions, like their physical counterparts, form the central focus of your fantasies or mine—or some other SM guy's—and the fixation on them in these circumstances is the same. In fact, it is the actual use of most fetish items that forms the core of the fantasy for us, not the object itself.

All right, you say, so much for the shrink bullshit! What the hell are you talking about? Freud says it's "abnormal" and calls it a perversion. Are you agreeing with him? Well, far be it from me to contradict the Great Master Shrink. I would merely note that he wrote on the basis of a doctor treating patients, operating largely within the Jewish community of 19th Century Vienna. Genius that he was, I am sure he saw beyond the limits of this restricted field, but I doubt even he would have been able to project far enough into the future to visualize the extent of our present-day leather-SM community, and the formation of our group into a legitimate social component, set within another subculture (the gay community in general).

First, we should try to examine the "anatomy of a fetish." In *Games People Play*, Dr. Eric Berne refers to sexual fetishes as "symptomatic of a confused child," and implies that they are "treated accordingly." Again, I should remind the reader that most psychiatric opinions come from men who are used to dealing with people (patients) who have come to them as a result of being unable to cope with their environments—the definition of mental illness. I do not think it is right or fair to class any group of successfully functioning individuals in the same category. If the games *you* are playing are helping to keep you off the shrink's couch, then for *you* the game is healthy. Only if you fail to satisfy your own needs, or seriously jeopardize another person's right to his own life space (as does a rapist or other sexual criminal) can you honestly be considered perverse or mentally ill. At least, that's the way I see it.

"Abnormal" is another relative term, in that it implies someone is (in some respect) at great variance from the norm. If the norm of your society is to be attracted to pussy instead of cock, then you are — within that society — abnormal. But at this point we have a large enough population of our own people to have formed our own society within the greater one. In a leatherbar on a Saturday night,

Jerry Falwell would be the abnormal one.

I would now like to make a few comments on several of the more popular fetishes, remembering that there are many I do not have time or space to cover, some I would be bound to overlook, anyway, and some of the subjects I do cover would fall into my "situational fetish" category.

Boots and Leather. The look, the smell, the feel of leather—individually or in combination—form the basis of our most universal and widely acknowledged fetish. Molded into a boot, it becomes the very symbol of SM, and hardly any logo or other symbolic device is complete without it. The boot has, for many generations, been a strong symbol of masculinity. (Remember the fight they had in Texas, when the politicians tried to take boots away from police uniforms?) Seeing boots or leather clothing on another guy can be a tremendous turn-on, but wearing them yourself is a sensation that has to be experienced to be fully appreciated. I do not feel there is much involvement with the source in this attraction, since most leather is cowhide. Yet it is not just the appearance; our modern factories churn out all kinds of plastic imitations which don't excite us (unless they are clever enough to fool us).

There is a texture to leather, and a smell, that nothing can imitate, and the true leather-lover can always tell whether it's real or not. A large part of the uniform fetish, which I'll cover in greater detail further on, probably stems from the boots that form a part of most. There is an emphasis, here, on power—probably one of the strong components we sense as being related to the wearing of boots, and to a lesser extent, the wearing of leather in general.

Even those long horsehide coats we see in vintage movies of the Nazi era can be quite a turn-on. I remember one night in a San Francisco bar, watching a little guy in one of these *Wehrmacht* coats wandering around, and being quite attracted to him until I got up close and he whispered: "I would lek to schpink you."

The implements of bondage. The fetish attraction of these items is fairly obvious, and probably more common among M's. The fantasy of having the bonds placed on his body directs many a guy toward this fetish. I have noticed a fairly consistent correlation between interest in one form of bondage device with interest in another, although

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it is not universal. Some guys turn on to ropes, but not to handcuffs, etc. To some extent, I think this is partially a situational fetish, because it is the use of the restraints as much as their physical form that attracts someone.

Humiliation. Strictly a situational fetish, and the heart of many fantasies, humiliation is one of the most popular subjects for the JO artist to imagine, and activists to practice. In a private setting, the Top requires the bottom to perform a series of degrading activities: groveling at his feet, licking his boots, taking his piss. Simply being naked and bound while the S is fully dressed is a condition of humiliation, as is the "dirty talk" sessions so many guys enjoy.

Public humiliation is less common, but sometimes can be even more exciting — if only accomplished within the imagination. I recently had the suggestion made to me that a good public humiliation scene would be to cut a hole in the M's left (front) pants pocket. He is then thumbcuffed with his hand in his pocket, other end fastened around his balls. Taken out in public, he appears only to have his hand in his pocket, but he knows he can't remove it. (I would emphasize, for purposes of definition, it is the fixated idea and the anticipation of these acts, rather than the acts themselves that would constitute the fetish.)

Gloves. This less common fetish can be quite compelling for the guy who turns on to the idea. Gloves cover the hands of the Master, and hence represent the source from which all the bondage is applied or the punishment given. Leather is the most popular material to be visualized, but black nylon or silk may also become associated in some people's minds with a highly charged sexual connotation. This fetish tends to be more individualistic than many others, being less glamorized in stories and pictures; thus it will be manifested only by those who have had actual experience of a gloved hand doing something wonderful.

Nylon. This material, particularly black nylon, may take on various different meanings for different people. More common as a heterosexual fetish (because many women's undergarments are made of it), we still find a number of gay SM guys turned on by the feel and texture. It may be in the form of gloves, various kinds of jockstraps (posing straps, etc.), or other clothing — particularly shirts. Probably more popular as something the fetishist will

wear himself than visualize on someone else, it qualifies for our list, although of secondary importance.

Jockstraps. Good, raunchy, sweaty jockstraps, fresh off the body of some humpy young athlete, are about as high on the list of fetish items as you can get. Used as gags in some scenes, or worn second-hand (or second-crotch), they are strongly attractive to a great many guys. In one gym I used to belong to, the members were supplied only with open cubby holes to leave their things over night. It was almost impossible to leave a jockstrap there one day and find it the next. And not many of these guys were active SM people, although 99 percent of them were gay.

Exhibitionism/voyeurism. Again a situational fetish, both exhibitionism (performing or going naked in public) and voyeurism (watching the exhibitionist) are popular fantasies, with a far smaller number of guys actually acting them out. One of the most common dreams, or nightmares experienced by people of all sexual orientations is the image of oneself naked amidst throngs of fully dressed people. It can be closely affiliated with humiliation, but true exhibitionism is more akin to a stage performance than to being the victim of a ritual put-down. In heterosexual terms, the flasher is an exhibitionist; the peeping Tom is a voyeur. In our terms, the guy who goes into a bar with his ass hanging out the back of his chaps is an exhibitionist; the guy who sits back and watches him is the voyeur. When the guy jacks off to the idea of either, he is fixating on the experience, and making it a fetish, just as the guy who actually does it takes as much or more pleasure in anticipating the act, or thinking back on it.

Incest — father/son. The theme more people have requested me to write about than any other is that of a father and son getting it on in an SM setting. Very few have been privileged to experience this activity, but thousands of guys have thought about in their JO fantasies. One of the most popular novels I ever wrote was *The Long Leather Cord*, an account of a father and his two sons mixing it up in the dungeon and sundry other locales. There are very heavy Freudian overtones to this fetish, or fixation as he would have called it, involving the Oedipal complex, etc. I don't think the psychiatric theory is very important to most of us, but the attraction is compelling for those who share

it. Students of social psychology may recall the theories of matrist and patrist societies, the one creating problems with homosexuality, the other with incest. Interesting that we should combine the two.

The uniform fetish. "Clothing makes the man" is an old sales pitch within the tailoring industry, although I must confess I do not know where the line originated. Within the realm of uniform wearers and worshipers, the ancient maxim takes on a more intense and heightened meaning.

Whereas most men who are into the leather/SM scene have some hang-up, or at least a fetish attraction to boots and leather clothing, there is a fairly large (and growing) segment of our population who get very excited by the sight of a man in a uniform or some other special costume. The obvious include: US Marine, 13-button Navy, military in general, police and Highway Patrol, Nazi SS (black) or SA (brown), period US or British cavalry with high, shiny boots. Most of these project not only the aura of authority, but also the spit and polish endemic to their respective services. However, I would also classify a second group of clothing attractions (fetishes) in this general category.

While recognizing that the basic, subconscious motivation for the attraction is probably different, the end result is the same sort of "hero worship." In this secondary group I would list: cowboys, construction workers with their hard hats, telephone linemen, firemen, motorcyclists. If you are blessed (or afflicted) with this lust, you can probably add significantly to the lists I've given.

I think these latter fixations are interesting enough to deserve a little extra space in addition to our earlier general discussion. (It also leads me to a vignette you may enjoy sharing.) Although the general elements of any fetish apply to an attraction for uniforms, the focus is a little different in that the wearing or worshipping of a uniform implies a need to project or accept authority.

Many guys who wear a uniform will tell you they simply enjoy the feel of it, and think it makes them look good, which is often perfectly true. They are not interested in finding any deeper insight or meaning. In another sense, the wearing of a uniform is narcissistic: the guy is turned on by his own image, or what he imagines that image to be. This is also harmless, and would constitute no more than

a sublimated variation on a JO scene. I don't mean this as a put-down, not in any sense; but we might as well understand what we're doing and why we're doing it, while we go about discussing the pleasure to be derived from it. We should also note that some of these guys are seriously interested in the historical and sociological aspects of uniforms and the organizations they represent.

After talking to a number of men who are very involved in the uniform scene, and who belong to one or more of the clubs devoted to it, I find about the same distribution of sexual tastes (Top vs. bottom) as I would expect within the leather group as a whole. A fair number of guys who are not into SM wear their uniforms much as other non-SM'ers wear leather. Detailed statistics are not available, but I do know many uniform guys who engage in SM activities, and many more guys who fixate (fantasize) on the uniform. This also fringes on the subject of military discipline, but that is covered in its own section.

The cowboy. To some guys, the image of the Old West is the ultimate turn-on . . . the ten-gallon Stetson, the stained and worn brown leather chaps, and faded dusty jeans, with pointed-collar shirt and sharp toe, high-heel boots. Inside these trappings we perceive the lean, wind-lashed face, tanned brown as saddle leather, a hard trim body, and a dangling set of genitals down the left thigh. The perfect cowboy should be stoic and reticent in speech, tough and able to take it or dish it out . . . in short, a man's man, who loves his horse and his fellow wranglers, but disdains women or anything soft and frilly. The fantasy is almost universal, although not necessarily everyone's first choice. But who'd be picky, if such a hunk were to turn up at your favorite leatherbar, or better yet on your doorstep?

Because of the tendency to reject brown leather, we see fewer guys trying to assume this image than might otherwise be the case. However, if you have the guts and the looks to pull it off, I'm sure you would not be lacking in takers. Perhaps another deterrent to the wearing of cowboy gear is the number of "Urban Cowboy" detractors, who tend to laugh at the cowboy who has to arrive at the bar in a car, bus, or taxi, and who has never had more than a hard cock between his legs — wouldn't know how to get onto a horse, much less ride it. Yet most of us wear what is

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basically motorcycle gear, and only a few would be able to handle themselves on a Harley (or even a Yamaha). If you want to be a cowboy . . .

I can't resist the temptation to add a postscript to this chapter: a vignette which many of my regular readers have asked for after I alluded to it in one of my bi-monthly Newsletters, but never described in detail. It sounds almost too good to be true, but it is one of the few nonfictional sex epics ever to flow from my pen . . . typewriter. In fact, the reason I have never told it before is because it was too much akin to one of my greatest "success stories." (I haven't been called the Horatio Alger of SM for nothing.)

Every August, if feasible, I take a trip from Los Angeles to Santa Fe, New Mexico, to spend a couple of weeks in an orgy of opera, mountain air, and green chili cuisine. I usually drive there in my van with a couple of friends.

On this occasion, one of my companions left from Santa Fe on a business trip, going on to New York. The other was called home early, on a family emergency. This left me to make the return drive alone. Being subject only to my own whims, instead of the usual three-way consensus, I drove to Flagstaff, Arizona, then south on the main highway, cutting off just before Phoenix. At dusk, I made that magnificent drive along a secondary road to Wickenburg, where I stopped for dinner. I had intended to find a motel for the night, but I wasn't particularly tired, having had a very comfortable drive with the stereo providing great music while the air conditioner kept the desert heat out of the van. I decided to go on a little farther, with Blythe (on the California-Arizona border) as my projected goal.

The resulting drive was another relaxing, almost sensual experience. The air was just the right temperature to drive with the windows open. The traffic was light, and the dry breeze carried that certain scent one finds only in the American southwest desert. I had been listening to a series of Mozart horn and woodwind concertos, so I was mellow as a three-joint high. Just outside Blythe, I saw a large rest area, with a number of big rigs pulled up along the roadside. There were a few other vehicles in the parking area, but all were dark, as were the eighteen-wheelers. I assumed all the occupants were asleep, since it was close to midnight. (Overnight sleeping in your car is legal in Arizona rest stops.) As I parked my van off to the side,

away from the other vehicles, I saw the silhouette of a slender guy in cowboy garb, standing on the steps in front of the men's room. By the time I had locked the van and looked up again, he was gone.

I went into the john, which was one of those fairly new concrete and native wood structures, clean and well maintained, with electric lights, proper plumbing and an overpowering smell of disinfectant. Standing at the urinal, there was no way to miss the gaping glory hole into the first stall. Through this, I could see quite a healthy cock being manipulated above a field of faded blue denim. As I stood there draining myself, there was a brief blur of motion, after which a marvelously hooded cockhead tried to squeeze itself through the hole—an aperture I would have considered wholly adequate to accommodate any modest to average endowment. In this instance, it was several centimeters too small for passage of the proffered pecker.

At this point, I had no way to know exactly what was attached to the other end of this stanchion, but everything I had seen thus far had been encouraging enough to justify my further exploration. Shaking off the final drops, and stuffing everything back into my Levi's, I moved around to the door of the booth, which I found unlocked. I was about to push it open, when I realized that the other booth was also occupied. I had the door open just enough to catch a glimpse of the guy inside, who appeared to be the same man I had spotted in the entrance a few minutes before. Now, I have to admit that I was in a bit of a quandary. I'm not much for tearooms, anyway, because the action is so unsatisfactory—hurried, cramped, and always with the anticipation of intrusion. It is also a favorite place for police entrapment, although the location and hour seemed to mitigate against the latter possibility. Still, the circumstances were not quite right, so I merely exchanged glances with the occupant of the booth and withdrew.

Returning to the van, I opened the side doors, took a frosty can of beer from the cooler, and propped myself against the front bumper to watch. A few moments later my quarry emerged, and I had my first really good look at him. The jeans and plaid shirt I had already observed inside were filled with a trim, firm-looking body. He had black curly hair, peeking out from the sides of a black, low-brimmed cowboy hat. His boots were the standard pointed

toe variety, with thick high heels, all rather scarred and scuffed. Except for a small black mustache, he was clean shaven, with high cheekbones and wide mouth with moderately narrow lips. In all he was as close to the porno flick fantasy as one could ever hope to encounter in real life.

As he sauntered toward the van, I greeted him and offered him a beer. "Sure," he replied. "I just want to check on my friend." With this, he continued toward a dusty black pickup, with a double horse trailer attached behind. You can imagine my thoughts as I watched him check the hitch and reach inside to adjust something. When I saw him start back toward the van, I moved to the side, where the doors stood open to the night air. With a rolling gait, he came around to accept the beer and sit on the carpeted floor beside me, our legs dangling out.

"The boss'd kill me if anything happened to those horses," he said. "They're on the way to a show in California." With this, he dropped his hand across my thigh. "Great night, isn't it?" he added.

It certainly was! I had already shifted the suitcases and miscellaneous gear to the far back of the van, so when we slid inside there was plenty of room to move around. By his motions, I had picked up from the start that what he really wanted was to get fucked, and from here it was not very difficult to persuade him that having his hands tied behind his back would only serve to heighten the pleasure. Because I had parked at the end of the paved area, some distance from the nearest car, and with the right side of my van toward the vacant ground beyond the building, we left the doors open to the warm breeze and went at it. He had been a little apprehensive about the rope, but when he was completely stripped and lying on the carpet, I reached under him, between his legs, and felt a reassuringly firm projection. I rubbed the double length of belt across his ass, testing his reaction. Either he wanted it, or didn't know exactly what I intended, because he only moaned and rocked a little from side to side. When I started a light whipping, he hissed and groaned more loudly, so I paused long enough to fumble a leather "pecker gag" out of my traveling kit, and forced the latex portion between his lips. Again, he gave a suggestion of resistance, but he was so hot it lasted only a couple of minutes. I assured myself that his cock was still pressed hard and moist against the

carpet when I spread his legs and roped his feet to rings set on either side of the compartment.

When his ass was glowing with a satisfying warmth, I left off long enough to work my way around him, then sat on the floor at his head. I slipped my legs under his shoulders, lifting his chest until I was able to reach under and pinch his nipples. I removed his gag, and let him suck a bit while I returned to my tit work. The warmth, the confined space, and his bobbing head almost made me cum, but I managed to hold off and finally resumed my former position, warming his ass again before slipping inside for a glorious ride. He was such a hot man, he tried to thrash around while he was getting fucked, and I had to wrap my arms tightly around his chest in order not to be bucked off that tight little ass.

Later, when I untied his feet, he slipped out the door, his hands still roped behind him. Naked, he knelt on the ground within the semi-enclosure of the doors. "I could use a little more beer . . . sir," he whispered.

"Do you want it warm or cold?" I asked him.

He hesitated a minute, maybe not completely sure of my meaning. "Well," he said slowly, "I guess I'd like it cold for drinking; then, if you'd untie my hands so I could play with myself, I might try it hot."

I held the can to his lips, still not quite sure this was really happening, and wishing there were some way to postpone the impending conclusion. When he'd drained the contents, I tossed the can aside and stood over him. His hands were still tied as I sprinkled the first drops of piss across his chest. He groaned, but said nothing as I gave him a little more, this time on the chin. He flicked out with his tongue and looked up at me.

"You still want your hands loose?" I asked.

"Ah, later, I guess," he whispered, and I gave him the rest, part of which he took in his open mouth, but allowed to slosh over his chin without swallowing it. He was obviously a beginner at this particular phase, so I didn't put any further demands on him.

When I'd finished, he remained on his knees as I leaned over him to slip the knot off his wrists. Immediately, his hands surrounded my dick and he kissed it before climbing stiffly to his feet. He began playing with his own glorious cock, which was obviously just on the verge of explo-

sion; and at this point I have to admit I forgot about roles and simply indulged myself.

When he finally pulled on his clothes, he stood with me for a while, as reluctant to leave as I was to have him go. It was now about 2:00 AM. "Well," he said finally, "I guess I'd better drive on in to Blythe and see if I can still get a room."

"I'm going the same way," I told him.

He grinned, inclining his head toward the lights in the valley below us. "You want to?" he asked. "The place I usually stay will probably still have room."

"I'll follow you in," I told him. Watching him saunter back to his truck, I knew my cowboy fetish was forever strengthened and reinforced.

CHAPTER FIVE—Masters and Slaves

The Master-slave relationship is the ideal, the reality around which all other SM play is imitation. Yet t very few men ever truly experience the reality in either role, and not many people of any sexual persuasion ever understand it to any great degree. There is a depth of commitment on both sides so uncompromising, it is impossible for an outsider to empathize. I would say that easily 99% of the "slave wants Master" ads in the personal columns should more properly read "M wants Top," because it is a rare individual who can accept the full and total bondage—physical, emotional, social, professional, financial, devotional.

SM, in our context, relates to historical slavery only in the sense that the condition of slavery is a fantasy for many guys. Like any other fantasy, the imagination tends to blunt the unpleasant or undesired aspects, while emphasizing those that appeal to the dreamer—in this case, sexual factors. Out of the very large population of M's, there are a few who are also slaves, or would-be slaves, or potential slaves. Since I am going to use these three categories in the following discussion, let me define them.

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Slaves are men currently in voluntary, total bondage to a specific Master; or have been in this condition, through no fault of their own have been removed from their active slave status, and wish above all else to return to it.

Would-be slaves are aware of their psychological inclinations, but have not yet experienced the actual conditions, hence have never qualified as slaves, and may or may not be capable of sustaining the conditions. But until they are permitted their opportunity to try it, they are attempting to find Masters to accept and train them.

Potential slaves are those who have the psychological disposition to become slaves, but have yet to recognize this component within their basic personalities.

Being a slave has nothing whatever to do with race, nationality, religion, age, gender, or socio-economic status. Unlike the ordinary masochist, the slave is not seeking a temporary dominance-submission situation; he wants considerably more than a one-night stand, or even a prolonged sexual relationship — even one with an exchange of love and affection. All of this may be part of the Master-slave situation, and probably should be. But the submission of the slave is far more complete. Whereas an M leads his own life and determines his own destiny outside the actual area of physical interaction, the slave does not. Every decision in the slave's life, every facet of his existence, is controlled by his Master. If he is permitted (or required) to work at a job outside the Master's direct control, he does so only at the Master's bidding and under the conditions specified by the Master. Body and soul, he belongs to the man to whom he has bound himself.

If such a condition is incomprehensible to you, don't be disturbed by your lack of empathy. It simply means that you are one of the very large group of men who are not psychologically set to be slaves. I do not say you are necessarily one of a majority, because there are some who would tell you that most humans are, indeed, cut out to be subservient . . . are potential slaves, within our earlier definition. While not quite ready to accept this, I do take an agnostic position: It may be true, but there is no way to prove or disprove it. Certainly the world is filled with followers, while leaders are fairly rare. How directly the condition of follower relates to the status of slave is a philosophical question I leave to you.

Needless to say, there are more slaves than Masters, hence the number of men with unrequited, fantasized desires. And because, as I have already noted, fantasy tends to dull the unpleasant while emphasizing the positive perceptions, a great many of these daydreamers would find themselves emotionally incapable of actually living the life of a slave. I might add here that I have also heard supposedly knowledgeable people state: Not all masochists are slaves, nor are all slaves masochists. I have no quarrel with the first part of this statement, and have said as much; as to the second, let me note that we are discussing all these relationships in a sexual context, and are not concerned with the celibate, psychological slave, or the symbolic slave, who may well enjoy an asexual relationship with his Master. Nor are we concerned with the "wage slave," or the devoted child chained by guilt and love to his aged parents. Within our point of reference, slavery certainly implies a heavy sexual bond, and in this case any slave must be very much a masochist; in fact, he must be the epitome of a masochist. Whether the nonsexual slave is a masochist or not is grist for another mill.

There have been many (far too many) lists compiled, purporting to be "rules for the slave" or "the slave's code of conduct." Generally, I do not like them very much, because there are so many possible variations between one relationship and another. It is impossible to state a single set of conditions to apply equally well to each. Some have been done with a tongue-in-cheek attitude, and when read outside our in-group become perfect targets for ridicule. Still, I feel compelled to provide one, since it will help clarify the depth of commitment expected of a true slave. Let's call this a tentative credo for the slave, remembering that each Master has the prerogative to modify it:

1. i am a slave, and as such i surrender myself completely to my Master, and to his love for me.
2. Because my body is now my Master's property, it is no longer my right to protest any use He chooses to make of it. Rather, it is an honor if He deigns to touch me at all.
3. It is my duty to obey any and all commands given me by my Master, and to do this without question.
4. i shall speak only when my Master gives me permis-

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sion to speak, and any question i have regarding His commands or the specifications of my assigned duties are to be made in private, never in front of other people.

5. i acknowledge my inferiority to my Master.

6. In all personal activities, i surrender all decisions to my Master:

- a) i shall wear only the clothing my Master permits me to wear, or go naked if He so requires.
- b) my bodily functions are controlled completely by my Master; even the times when i may go to the bathroom are as specified by Him.
- c) If i am to be permitted to work, i shall work only for my Master, and surrender to Him all proceeds from my labors.
- d) i shall address my Master as "Sir" or "Master" or by whatever title He chooses to specify.
- e) i shall keep my body in the specified state of cleanliness, outside or otherwise, according to my Master's expressed desires.
- f) i shall accept whatever punishments my Master may decree without complaint or protest.
- g) At all times, i will stand in a respectful posture in my Master's presence, and will sit or lie down only with His consent. At no time will i presume to sit on a piece of furniture without my Master's express permission.
- h) my very thoughts will be only to love and serve my Master and to make Him proud of me. i will never carry feelings of anger or resentment toward Him, and if such a thought should involuntarily cross my consciousness i shall immediately confess these feelings to Him and submit to whatever punishment He deems appropriate.

7. i recognize my duty to keep my body in a proper, healthy condition for my Master's use and pleasure.

8. i will reside in whatever domicile is commanded and provided by my Master.

9. i will eat only those foods provided by my Master, when and where He specifies that i may eat them.

10. i will never drink alcohol or take drugs without my Master's specific permission.

11. i will at all times be available for my Master's use, or the use of whomever He shall command me to serve. At

the same time, i shall do my best never to be an encumbrance upon Him, or to make Him uncomfortable by my presence.

12. i will submit willingly to whatever additional rules my Master may wish to impose, either now, or at a later date.

There is, of course, a Master's counterpart to this credo, and we'll get to that shortly. I have deliberately left out a number of specifics commonly found in such lists because the individual Master should supply them, not someone outside this very intimate one-on-one relationship. Nor have I necessarily listed the ideas in their order of importance. The very most telling point, and one the slave can seldom not promise, since he probably does it without understanding how or why, is: *The slave must subordinate his own ego so completely that he actually becomes an emotional component of his Master.* If a man is unable to do this, he can not function as a slave. He can be an M, a subservient, a servant; but he is not a slave.

How many of these Master-slave relationships actually exist is difficult to estimate, since they are usually very carefully concealed from anyone not closely acquainted with the men involved. Perhaps for most people the word "slave" immediately conjures up images of chained and battered Africans dragged from their homelands and transported to the New World, to be beaten and abused and forced to labor beyond the limits of endurance. Regardless how true or exaggerated this historical stereotype may be, I can't imagine anyone in his right mind seriously wanting to revert to this period. As with many other historical evils, the fantasy will exclude the reality and the horror. We focus only on the parts we find stimulating, or titillating. The same barrier of time and/or space makes it possible to look on other atrocities in a very different light from the people who had to endure them: Nazi Germany, Vietnam, Czarist Russia, Inquisitionist Spain, Borgian Italy, various Latin American settings. Such are often the bases for many of our best and most exciting stories.

So it is with many M's who visualize themselves as total slaves, and jack off to the fantasy. In an SM scene, they pretend to be slaves, and the Top will often take up the challenge and play the Master—perhaps fulfilling a part of

his own fantasy. Because many Tops do think of themselves as Masters, and do act out the part in the course of a scene, many people writing about their encounters (myself included) will refer to them as "Masters" in these particular contexts. Strictly speaking, it is incorrect to do so, if we are to recognize the same dichotomy between a true Master and a Top, or S, as we do between an M and a slave. I feel, however, that the line is more finely drawn in regard to Topmen, since many very competent men perform the Top role so exclusively, or so nearly exclusively, as to function almost as a Master. In fact, they think of themselves as Masters. In a sense, there is a dual standard, somewhat akin to the old het ideal of men being free to have unlimited affairs with different women, while the woman is expected to live a monogamous existence. Whereas a slave is generally not accorded that ultimate lowly status unless he is pledged to serve a specific Master, it is conceivable in our thought processes to accord Master status to a man who tops many different men, but who personally "owns" no single slave. I don't know that this is necessarily right or proper, but it seems to be reality. It only goes to prove, I suppose, that we are conditioned by our culture to an extent that we tend to transfer the norms of the greater society into the nuances of our own sub-group. I would like to hold forth on this theme for a moment, before trying to explore the inner working of the Master.

In the United States, as in most western countries, we are very concerned with the rights of the individual. Unfortunately, one of the rights which is never mentioned — hence, in the minds of many people is not a right at all — is the "right to be a slave." And to those for whom the concept is non-empathetic; i.e., to those who cannot, in their wildest flights of imagination, conceive of ever entering into such a voluntary state, an individual's need to be a slave is incomprehensible. A further difficulty that blocks a person's easy access to this desired status is the lack of sexuality we find in many of our political, religious, and corporate leaders. Men who possess the ferocious power needs that drive them to achieve these high leadership positions are often men who have sublimated their sexual energies into other channels. They may bang their wives or mistresses (or same-sex lovers) from time to time, but they are generally not the type of men a very sexual guy would

call "hot" . . . possessing that elusive quality that makes even a physically unattractive man a desirable sex object.

Unfortunately, our written laws and much of the unwritten code of social mores are determined by just this type of man — and more recently woman. Adding support by their numbers are hordes of uptight, mostly middle-class people, who for a variety of reasons are emotionally asexual. These are the voters who put the politicians in office, the herds of consumers who support the corporations, and flocks of parishioners who support the religious zealots who tell them their sexual abstinence is going to assure them a harp and a cloud. Because of the complexity of our social structure, it is no longer necessary for a person to function as a sexual being in order to survive. Yet the innate lusts are still there, expended and/or rechanneled only in those who have either achieved mightily within our socio-economic world, or who have found a legitimately sexual outlet for the energies that are properly sexual. In the rest of humanity, these unrequited sexual needs can become bitter pills of envy . . . envy of anyone who seems to be enjoying a sexual existence.

But envy is unacceptable, so it becomes guilt, but people can't live with that, either, so it eventually becomes "morality" . . . not the person's own morality, because he hasn't done anything "wrong" (only had a few fantasies he's never had the courage or opportunity to act out); the concern becomes the "morality" of anybody who does act out the fantasies—you and me . . . or any other overtly sexual person. Not only do these highly sexual people pose a threat to the asexual herd, but their behavior threatens to undermine the "moral pillars" on which their leaders have established their right to lead. Bad enough that the heterosexual divorce rate is enormous, that men and women live together in unmarried bliss, that kids start fucking in grammar school. While these problems are somehow beyond their control, they can manifest some degree of understanding for them. But the concept of a man's wishing voluntarily to become a slave is so far beyond their comprehension that the entire herd ("wad," as Trevanian would call them) turns *en masse* to revile the poor, naked, willing slave (and his Master), pointing with the accusing finger of righteous, outraged morality, to say: "That condition simply can not exist. It is impossible for a

human being willingly to be a slave. He has to have been put upon, brainwashed, coerced, or somehow forced to assume this status." Even within our own community, there are many who cannot understand this need, because they have never shared the fantasy, and have never bothered to explore it with a person who has.

Yet the condition does exist in a great many men, and, harking back to my opening postulation of three general classes of slave, I further speculate that we have a handful of men who are actually slaves—men who have found the right Master and circumstances to live this lifestyle. To the outsider his status may often appear to connote failure—failure to achieve on his own, hence his retreat from the world, etc. Nothing could be further from the truth, except that the slave's own basic masochism may cause him to reinforce the perception as an additional element of humiliation. But it is wrong to think he has accepted this status because he has been unable to function successfully in society, or even that the structure of society has failed him. The true slave enters into this condition because it is the only possible resolution of his needs. Finding and accepting a Master is the ultimate success. If the relationship is right, there will be a bond of love and dedication between the two that will exceed the outsider's ability to perceive or understand.

Love within such a situation is a nebulous and highly individual condition. The Master's love may be expressed with a kiss, or with a whip; a compliment or a seemingly harsh rebuke. He understands what he is saying, and so does his slave, however it may appear to the onlooker. The Master-slave condition, like any SM relationship, is so personal that only the participants fully understand. The commitment cannot be anything less than total.

The Master. In my attempt to explain and clarify my conception of a slave, I have of necessity done a partial number on his counterpart, his Master. Now I will try to order these thoughts into a more consistent pattern.

The Master's role is physically easier, since he can determine exactly what, where, and when any activity—sexual or otherwise—is going to take place. But his responsibilities are far heavier than those of the slave. He must be prepared to assume all aspects of "care and training." And he must do this without recourse to the tongue-in-

cheek nonsense of those who have attempted to exploit the fantasy by publishing ridiculous collections of outlandish rules and regulations. For the Master there are no rules except those agreed to by his slave and himself. There are only a few basic parameters that he can not ignore: he may not, for instance, kill his slave, even if the slave should ask to be killed. He has assumed the responsibility for his slave's well being, physical and emotional. He is no longer dealing with an M, as such, and is no longer bound by the generally accepted concept of limits. His slave (if he is a proper slave) is not going to tell him, for instance, that his punishment is too heavy, or that the provided housing, diet, or clothing is inadequate. He must be able to see and correct his errors before they destroy the relationship.

The Master has, in a sense, accepted the responsibility of a father and a lover; he must not only provide for the financial and physical needs of the household, but also set the atmosphere in which he and his slave are going to coexist. In the very beginning, his motivation may have been lust and physical attraction, but this must very quickly enlarge to encompass a serious emotional involvement. Whether he ever says it in so many words or not, he must love his slave, and the slave — even without verbal assurance — must be made aware of this love. In discussing this with the few men I have known whom I would consider true Masters, I have noticed a great diversity in the way they are willing to express these feelings, but a complete universality in their agreement that the feelings must exist. As one of these men once said to me: "The old pledge of the marriage contract, before feminists came along and had it changed, were completely applicable to a Master-slave situation. The slave (bride) promised to love, honor, and obey. The Master (groom) promised to love, honor, and care for. That's exactly how a Master and slave are bound to one another, and that's exactly what each has to do if they are going to stay together."

Thus, the Master's credo might read something like this:

1. I am a Master, and I accept this slave into my loving care and protection.
2. I will provide the physical and emotional necessities of life for my slave, and he will know my love as I choose for

him to know it.

3. I will use my slave's body as I wish, such usage to be limited only by my responsibility not to damage either his physical or mental being.

4. I shall establish a clearly understood set of rules for my slave, and I shall enforce his obedience in a firm but reasonable manner. These rules will be for his protection as well as his discipline, and will—to the best of my ability—foresee every eventuality and control even the most minute aspect of his behavior.

5. Within the self-imposed limitations established above, I undertake to train and discipline my slave in a manner calculated to guide him toward a perfection of obedient submission that I know he can never achieve. In doing so, it will be my goal to reward his efforts by dispensing the punishment he requires and deserves.

6. I shall endeavor to provide for my slave's necessities of life, even in the event that I should die or otherwise be rendered incapable of caring for him.

The Master's credo, like the slave's, is admittedly idealistic and simplistic. It is also considerably looser than the slave's, which is as it should be. The Master's responsibilities are fewer in number, but considerably larger in scope. He is accepting a human life into his keeping. He must cherish and nourish it, but what enormous pleasure both he and his slave can derive from these responsibilities!

A number of people have asked me about the legal status of a Master-slave relationship, some even proposing drafts of legal contracts to be executed between the participants. I have discussed these points with several attorney friends, and we have concluded that the question of voluntary slavery—while a potentially interesting point at law—has never been adjudicated. In fact, the 14th Amendment has not (as far as we have been able to ascertain) been tested in a such a manner as to require a higher court—certainly not the Supreme Court—to make an interpretation, so we can only assess the scope of the Constitution in the light of our own logic and understanding.

Going a step lower in the hierarchy of law, we find a number of statutes in most states, passed during the frenzy of emancipation during and following the Civil War. Most of these statutes, likewise, have not been tested in a

case involving voluntary servitude. And if they have been tested, the decisions were made in the 19th or early 20th Centuries, in social climates which may no longer prevail. In effect, we would be starting in a fairly clear legal field.

I am going to skip any discussion of the slave-status implied by a man's entering into a marriage contract (where he binds himself to support the wife and kids), or the wage-slave status of a "corporation man." We are considering the situation of the sex slave, where the legal problems present different and more pointed areas of interest.

For openers, as long as the situation of Master-slave remained constant and mutually agreeable, there would be no need for a written agreement. The authorities would be unlikely to know or care, except insofar as the participants might be in violation of local laws regulating morality and sexual practices. In the case of a written contract, the condition of voluntary servitude would be carefully spelled out, but would actually be meaningless. Such a contract would be more binding on the Master than on the slave, because the moment the slave found himself unwilling to fulfill the conditions of the contract, the Master would be compelled by the Constitution to emancipate him, or find himself in violation of the law. On the other hand, if the Master wished to terminate the contract while the slave did not, the Master might well find himself still obliged to care for the slave — at least to provide food and housing and minimal clothing. Legalities aside, of course, the Master's threat of emancipation might be the ultimate weapon to enforce his wishes.

There are, of course, certain rights you cannot waive. If you hire a man to kill you, and he does exactly as you direct, this in no way protects him from prosecution. It is possible that a higher court might hold a similar condition to exist in the matter of slavery; in fact, I would expect this, simply because the judge would be afraid to rule otherwise when the case implied an SM relationship.

All this brings to mind the time Penishead decided to become a slave, because he saw it as an easy trip — never having to work again, being taken care of for the rest of his life, plus getting all the sex and drugs he could ever want. (He'd picked a rich doper as Master.) Unfortunately, the first time the guy told him to do the laundry it shattered the aura of pampered pet, and Penishead departed. It does

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take a modicum of intelligence on either side to pull it off. Let me try to give you a little fantasy trip—if nothing else, a chance to let your emotions respond to a little verbal stimulation, while your intellect prepares itself for our further explorations into the world of sexual interaction.

Red had been a familiar figure in the bars and generally within the SM community for several years. There was no denying his physical attractiveness, which had led me to take him into my home and blackroom for a series of long, very hot sessions during the early days of our acquaintance, but, apart from a few conversations while attending runs or other private gatherings, I was never very close to him otherwise. He was an M in every respect, however, even to his seeming inability to make the important choices in his life without coming to another person for advice and guidance. At first I chalked this up to his being basically a flake, since he never seemed to succeed in holding a job or making any real progress financially or socially. For this reason, I only became close to him after the catastrophe, when he came to me for help and when he described the many facets of his ill-fated relationship. Based on his statements, plus my own occasional observations, I have pieced his story together as best I could.

When Red first started coming to the leatherbars he was actually only nineteen, but had phony I.D. to show he was twenty-one. He was a Marine, stationed at Camp Pendleton, who came into Los Angeles every weekend he was able to get away. At this early stage in his life he was fresh faced, with strawberry blond hair, cut to a short, regulation length. He had a milky white complexion that turned red, rather than tanning, when exposed to the sun. In a whipping scene, every stroke showed clearly against the velvet smoothness one finds only on a truly youthful skin. And did he love to get whipped! I wondered how he explained the marks when he returned to the barracks, but this consideration never seemed to deter him. He loved the scourge, and he loved to get fucked. And he was always hot to go, a fact which almost proved disastrous for him several times when he picked the wrong partner.

At the end of his original three-year hitch he decided against re-enlistment, because, although completely happy in the tight structure and discipline of the Corps, he really did not want the responsibilities of promotion, and,

as a secondary consideration, he was almost certain to be shipped out of Southern California, where he wished to remain. Thus, barely twenty-one, he found himself free of all restrictions, young, attractive, and already well connected within the leather/SM community. He had few material desires, and the series of unskilled, dead-end jobs he held for the next couple of years were sufficient for his needs. Although he dabbled with dope, he never fell into the trap of the heavy or even regular user. He worked out regularly at a gym, maintaining his tight little body top condition. His one secret craving, as I discovered much later, was to be forcibly kidnapped and mastered. This had been a JO fantasy for years, and as time went on it became almost an obsession — something he wanted desperately, but did not know how to obtain.

Convinced, finally, that it was never going to happen by chance, he set out to arrange it. He ran a couple of ads, giving his phone number rather than an address, stating his general physical attributes and his wish to be kidnapped. His phone rang constantly, but most of the callers were such obvious duds, he never bothered to follow up on them. The first few he tried were unprepared to carry out a genuine bondage situation, or to enforce their demands. Red eventually had a couple of fairly good scenes out of it, but they all fell short of the mastery he really wanted. Nor were any of his contacts imaginative enough to pull off the kidnapping. One of the guys he met through the ads, however, provided the answer. He referred Red to a friend, another bottom, who had served a Master for several years. They had remained on friendly terms after the breakup, and this former slave paved the way for the initial meeting. Because he had, of course, intimate knowledge of the Master in question, he was able to reassure Red on the score of the Top's mental and physical attributes, or I doubt he would have gone through with the arrangements. The Master, on the other hand, was equally assured regarding his potential slave's qualities of mind and body. Red was instructed, via the intermediary, to "sit back and wait." He would be contacted and given instructions.

A neatly hand-printed card arrived in the mail a few days later. It read:

you will report promptly at 9:00 PM, next Friday to the corner of Melrose Avenue and Martel Street. In the vi-

cinity of that corner you will find a blue van, license — — — —, parked at the curb. The side door will be unlocked. you are to get in and lock the door behind you. you will find a hood and pair of handcuffs on the floor. you will strip completely, put on the hood, being sure not to dislodge the blindfold portions. you will then lie on the floor, on your stomach, at which time you will lock the handcuffs onto your wrists, securing them behind your back. If you obey, you will be rewarded; if you fail, you will not be contacted again.

Red had two days to make up his mind. The prospect was exciting, but the potential danger was there as well. The fact that the former slave had reassured him was not enough to quiet his fears, but in the end this was the factor persuading him to take the chance. A few minutes before the appointed hour, he drove his own car to the area and parked it in an unlimited time zone. He found the van a few spaces from the corner, on Martel, the side street. The vehicles all around the area were obviously deserted. The van was draped on all the windows, as well as across the space behind the front seats. He glanced around to see if anyone was watching, but there was no one on the street, nor any lurking figure hiding in the shadows around the small, neatly maintained houses. On exactly the stroke of nine, he opened the side door and entered the van.

Once inside, he locked the door and sat down on the carpeted floor. It was just light enough to see the outline of the hood and glint of steel from the handcuffs. Slowly, he removed his clothes and took time to fold them and stack them neatly on the floor beside the rear doors. Naked and trembling from excitement and fear, he slipped the hood over his head, adjusted the gag into his mouth, and tied the thongs to secure it behind his head. As he lay down on the floor, he reached under him to adjust his cock and balls, unhappy to discover they had shriveled up despite the swell of excited anticipation he now felt through the rest of his body. He stretched his cock a couple of times, but it failed to respond. In total blackness now, he felt for the cuffs, brought them behind his back and fastened one about his left wrist. So far, he had obeyed his instructions completely, but setting the second cuff would be total commitment. It took him several minutes to gather the courage, but in the end he did. As the ratchets clicked

about his right wrist, he experienced the sense of total surrender, and finally felt a stirring of response in his cock.

He lay alone in the darkness for a long time. He toyed with the idea of wrestling the door open and stumbling out into the street, but the certainty of all that would follow was worse than his fear of the unknown, and he remained where he was. Finally, he heard the front door open, and felt the weight of a man climbing into the driver's seat. The engine started, and the van moved away from the curb. Red could feel the vehicle moving through traffic, stopping many times before the wheels hit the concrete pavement of a freeway. There had been so many turns along the way, he had no idea which direction they were headed. The vibration of speed and the rush of wind past the metal sides were the only contact he had with the world beyond his narrow confines. He could not even know if the driver had bothered to part the curtains at some point to check he was there, and the thought crossed his mind that he could have been tricked into entering a vehicle belonging to someone who had no knowledge of the arrangements, and who would eventually discover his unwanted passenger only at some distant point in time and space.

Finally, the van slowed, turned, and began to bounce over an uneven dirt road, and Red's excitement built as this seemed to indicate their arrival at some final destination. When the vehicle came to a stop, he lay still, almost holding his breath, trying to hear his unseen mentor. His mouth was very dry by now, almost glued to the leather gag. His arms were aching, and his left hand was numb from the pressure of the cuffs. He felt the motion as the driver got out, closing the door firmly behind him. The thrill of expectation rushed through Red's loins. He was a total prisoner, bound and blinded by the leather hood, brought to some unknown location and in the power of a man he knew only on the basis of a somewhat sketchy description. It was as total a commitment as he had ever made.

The door slid open. A warm rush of air passed across his skin as a pair of powerful hands grasped his upper arms and pulled him toward the opening. For a moment his upper body was suspended over emptiness, as his captor held him halfway out the door. Then a firm, deep voice ordered him to place his feet onto the ground.

He stood on a rough sandy surface, cool to the soles of

his feet. He swayed momentarily as his body oriented itself to the upright position, held still in the grip of his unseen mentor. The man led him a few yards across the uneven surface, still holding his arms — apparently walking backward in front of Red, pulling him forward. They stopped, and the man removed the lower portion of the captive's hood, exposing his mouth and nose, but leaving the eyes and ears covered. Red heard the snap as a tab was pulled on an aluminum can, and a second later the rim was pressed to his lips. He drank greedily, draining the entire can of beer, slopping some down the front of his body before it was taken away. He was standing alone, then, and unaided, aware of an unusual warmth to the air. From this he assumed they had driven into the desert. There were no discernible sounds, although he thought he detected traffic noises far in the distance, and an occasional scuffling as his captor moved around him. A pair of hands began moving over his body, exploring every plane and surface of his being, testing the moisture under his arms, the firmness of his buttocks, finally the suspended softness of his genitals. He could feel himself responding, but knew he must be disappointingly soft.

Gradually, the hand tightened its grip, pressing down on his flesh until it hurt him, the pain reflecting into the sides of his belly and making him groan in pain, starting to double over. The hand released him, and without warning he was suddenly encircled by the man's arms, naked flesh against his own chest, leather covered legs pressed against his own nakedness, held tightly — so tightly he could barely breathe, until the man's lips touched his. A heavy odor of tobacco assailed his senses, and the tongue parted his teeth, possessing him, warming him, and somehow telling him he was safe in this disoriented captivity.

The man talked to him, then, emphasizing Red's complete inability to direct his destiny, referring to his total captivity, to his helplessness. He moved Red a few steps forward, used a leather thong to secure his cock and balls and tied this off to a weathered wooden upright. He kept talking, always in a soft modulated tone, going into a description of how he enjoyed using his slaves, hinting at the pleasure he would take from his captive's pain and attempts to escape it. The pressure of the rawhide around Red's balls become tighter as the ex-Marine responded to

the expected punishment, and his cock filled out within its enclosure. Finally, the tip of his dick touched the wooden surface, making him draw back at the unexpected contact. His Master laughed and struck him solidly across the ass with a wide leather belt.

The session lasted for several hours, with Red taking as hard a whipping as he had ever endured, then being forced to kneel on the gritty surface while his captor instructed him in the fine points of sucking his particular way. Each time the slave failed to perform exactly as he was instructed, the tip of a riding crop snapped across his back, reminding him to pay attention, to do exactly as he was told. At one point he was commanded to sit on a wooden surface, impaled as he lowered his weight onto a large latex plug that filled his ass and held him in place by force of its wide flange. With his hands still cuffed behind him—reset now to alleviate his previous numbness—and his body anchored by the plug up his ass, Red was pierced through either nipple, and finally through the frenum, the skin just below and behind his cockhead. His Master said very little through all this, just gave him frequent hits of amy and set his needles through the defenseless flesh. His only remark regarded Red's lack of a foreskin, forcing the more painful but less satisfactory piercing on his cock. Finally, the needles set in the three points were connected by a cord and gradually tightened, forcing Red's body to hunch over. The intense pain subsided, leaving only an afterglow of lesser sensation, punctuated with a sharp stab of agony if he tried to straighten up or shift position.

He was suddenly alone, aware of his Master's presence only by the faint odor of smoke as the man must have stood back and admired his handiwork. Red was still hooded, still cuffed, naked and secured to the board by a butt plug wedged tightly in his asshole. His cock and his nipples were sewn together, and he was in some unknown place, completely at the mercy of a man he had never seen. A gust of warm air passed over his body, and he shivered; but the warmth swelled higher in his groin. For the first time in years, possibly for the first time in his life, he felt a sense of total satisfaction. He had been thoroughly mastered, and he *had* been kidnapped. His body ached from the strain of his position and from the welts left by the man's belt across his back and ass.

"Are you happy?" asked his captor.

It had been a completely unexpected and almost incongruous question; it took Red a moment to gather his thoughts and respond. "Yes," he finally managed. "Yes, Sir. I really am happy," he repeated, realizing how true this was, how completely and uniquely true.

"I've decided that you please me," said the disembodied voice, "and I'm going to keep you."

Red was momentarily dumbfounded, not completely sure of his Master's meaning. It had not been a question, however, and he realized that his answer to the first query had in effect been the reason for his not having to respond to this one. He said nothing, merely let his head hang forward, wondering exactly what his captor intended.

"I take it you have no particularly pressing business," continued his Master. "Your job is inconsequential, and there is nothing in your apartment you are going to need. I will see that it is stored for you."

Red tried to sit up, restrained by the fierce pain in his nipples and on the underside of his cock. But the pain was unaccountably warm, and his dick was as hard and full as it had ever been in his life. "Yes, Sir," he whispered, and with those words he bound himself to his new life . . . sight unseen. He knew only vaguely what his new Master looked like, and had no idea of where he lived, or the conditions to prevail in his captivity . . . or slavery. Yet he somehow felt secure with this man, respected him, and sensed a degree of satisfaction in having pleased him.

Within a month, he loved him. Don, his new Master, was a man in his early forties, tall and well built, although certainly not pretty. His features were large and rugged, his skin wrinkled from long hours in the sun. He was a wealthy man, with acres of desert property under cultivation and various financial holdings in other areas of the state. He had an apartment in the city, but his real home was in the forested area above Mojave. It was here that Red took up residence, and served his Master. Because Don was away from the house almost every day, and due to the somewhat conservative attitude of their closest neighbors, Red wore work shirt and Levi's during the daylight hours, as he performed his chores around the house. At night, however, when his Master was home, he remained in bondage, naked except for his harness or shackles, and he did his

best to please the man he had accepted before ever even seeing him. Never in his life had he been so completely satisfied and at peace with himself. The forest, with its semi-desert brush and twisted California oaks, mingled with pine and stands of transplanted aspens, contributed to his idyllic sense of euphoria. Mostly, it was Don's calm, firm mastery that made everything combine to produce Red's response. He had become a slave, and he had found the status exactly suited to his needs.

Don had generated a number of "discreet inquiries" before sending his note of instructions. He had been aware of Red's background and he knew the younger man was — to all outward appearances — exactly the type of slave material he wanted. Thus the relationship had the necessary components to nurture it from the start. It had not come about completely by accident.

I saw Red once during this period, when he came into The One Way with his Master. They made no great display, although Red was wearing a narrow band of studded leather across his throat, and he stood respectfully behind and to Don's left side. When I spoke to him, he answered politely, and introduced me to Don, whom I had seen a few times before, but only now connected with the bits and pieces of the story which had come to my attention. We talked for half an hour or so, during which time Red brought us a couple of drinks, but otherwise stood silent and respectful.

"I hope everything keeps going as well as it has for you guys," I told them in parting, and Don asked me to think about spending a weekend with them when I had the time. I took the phone number of their mountain home, and left, unaware that I was seeing Don for the last time. I remember being very pleased that Red finally seemed to have found the relationship he had been seeking.

Although I thought several times to call and take them up on the invitation to spend a weekend, I just never got around to it. But I did think about them from time to time, and almost envied them their seemingly uncomplicated relationship. About four months after our encounter in the bar, I received a phone call late one evening from Red. He asked if he could come up and talk to me. From the tone and pitch of his voice, I knew something was wrong, but he obviously did not want to discuss it on the telephone. I told

him to come ahead, and this is basically the story he told:

"Last Saturday night, Don came home late in the afternoon, and we had an early dinner. He liked to do that on weekends, so that I would have time to get in shape for whatever he wanted to do with me. I knew he'd planned to have someone else come up, because the guard station on the private road had called just before he came home to verify his instructions to let the guy in. I never knew if he was inviting another Master to help work me over, or if he had another slave coming up. Usually, if the guy wasn't invited for dinner, it was a bottom, so I was kind of looking forward to it. I always liked to have a second slave, because Don enjoyed it even more than working with another Top. Of course, he never told me ahead of time. I was just expected to take things as they came, and that was fine with me. I was never disappointed, no matter what he did.

"So I got dinner ready, at least had everything under way when he arrived, and we had a couple of drinks together. He never put me into bondage until later, because he said it looked ridiculous to have me clanking around the kitchen, having to call him because I couldn't reach the shelves to get things down, or put something away. I was naked, though, and I was wearing his harness around my cock and balls, just to remind me who I belonged to. Anyway, after dinner he told me to get myself cleaned up. That meant I was supposed to shower and douche real good, and to report to him when I was ready. I was really hot to go by the time I finished, and wondering who was going to show up. The house was good sized, as I guess you know, but it didn't have a basement. Don had converted one of the back bedrooms into a dungeon, so that was where we usually got it on.

"He took me back there, and he acted a little mysterious. He was up to something, I knew, and whoever he had coming up was involved in it. I couldn't figure it out at the time, but I discovered later that he had planned to ring me. It was something he'd never done to anyone before — a permanent gold ring, a Prince Albert piercing, and he had a friend coming to help him. It was sort of his way to put his mark on me, and I guess to do it as a symbol of love and possession. But like I said, I didn't know that when he first took me back to the dungeon room, only that something was up because of the way he handled me. He was a very

warm guy, really, anyway; but tonight he was especially affectionate, kissing me several times and running his hands over me a lot more than usual when he fastened leather bands onto my wrists and ankles. Usually, he used metal restraints. I knew he really preferred them, and he usually fastened me down to a rack or against one of the verticals — the cross or the post. Instead, he put the restraints on me, but I wasn't attached to anything.

"When the doorbell rang, he told me to go answer it, and to bring his guest back there to him. So I headed for the front door, naked except for my leather cuffs and ankle bands, the harness on my cock and balls, the collar around my neck. It was pitch black outside, of course, and there wasn't much light in the front hall or on the porch. Answering the door in this condition shouldn't have made any difference, and there was no reason to expect anyone, other than the guy he'd invited, to be there.

"So I opened the door, expecting to do my proper slave's 'welcome to my Master's house' number, and suddenly I'm staring at two big bruisers in prison blues. One of them's holding a piece of water pipe, and the other one's pointing a butcher knife at me. For about ten seconds, no one moved — I guess they were as surprised to see me as I was to see them. I knew right away what their story was, because there was the old women's prison in the valley that they'd converted into a men's minimum security facility. They were always having escaped inmates, and the whole area was up in arms about it. Both guys were in their twenties, one of them a dirty blond with a broken tooth in the front of his mouth, the other a kinda swarthy Mexican with a little thin mustache and a Fu Manchu goatee. Finally the blond guy poked his piece of pipe into my gut, and shoved me back. They both crowded in and pulled the door shut.

"'Looks like we got us a slave boy, Ramon,' he said. 'What's your story, kid? You got a Master or a Mistress back there?'

"I was still speechless. It was like the floor had dropped out from under me, and when my mind started to unfreeze the first thing I could think of was trying to alert Don. But Ramon moved up to me fast and stuck the point of his knife under my chin. 'You keep your fuckin' mouth shut,' he whispered.

"'Who else is in the house?' asked the blond.

"My . . . my friend's back there,' I said, nodding toward the rear of the house.

"The blond—Bruce was his name—got behind me and took the thin slave collar off my neck. Using this, he attached my wrist bands together. 'Nice of them to provide the cuffs,' he sneered. 'Now let's head back to your Master,' he added, shoving me in the center of my back.

"So I stumbled back into the dungeon room, the two assholes right behind me. Don was standing across the rack from us as we came in, and I could see the smile of greeting fade as he saw the two escaped inmates behind me. 'I'm . . . I'm sorry . . . ' was all I managed to stammer before Ramon ran around the flat, leather covered table, brandishing his knife. But Don wasn't a Master for nothing. He grabbed a bunch of chains off the wall and slammed the Mex across the head with them. Ramon went down, and his knife skittered across the surface of the rack. Unfortunately, it landed at my feet, and Bruce was quick enough to grab it and held it against my throat. 'Okay, big man,' he said. 'Just back off or I'll gut your kid, here.'

"Don dropped the chain, and sagged back against the wall. Ramon struggled up off the floor, blood running down the side of his face. He said something in Spanish; the only word I recognized was 'puto,' but he slugged Don in the belly with both hands, pushing him up against the wall as my Master tried to catch his breath. Don started to grapple with him again, but Bruce yelled that he'd kill me, and Don stopped. Ramon spun him around so he was facing the wall and pulled his hands together behind his back. He used another set of leather restraints on Don's wrists, fastening them together with a padlock, then used a double-headed clip to secure a ceiling chain around his neck. 'That oughta hold *puto grande*,' he said.

" 'Yeah,' Bruce agreed, 'and little *puto*, here, ain't gonna give us any trouble neither.'

"There was an evil grin on Ramon's lips as he looked back at us. 'No, but maybe he can give us something else,' he said slyly. 'I bet he's used to takin' it up the ass, and I ain't had no pussy in a couple'a years.'

" 'Keep your fuckin' hands off him!' Don shouted.

"Ramon spun around and landed another blow to the gut, and Bruce laughed. 'It ain't our *hands* you gotta worry

about, faggot,' he snarled. He grabbed at the crotch of his pants with one hand, and shoved me down on the rack with the other, bending me over the end of it. Then he untied my hands and, taking hold of my wrists he shoved my arms across the surface, where Ramon quickly snapped them to the sides, using the "C" clamps that were already in place. My feet were still on the floor, but my upper body was stretched across the leather-covered table. I could see Don still fighting to get his breathing back to normal, glaring at the pair of intruders. But they were ignoring him, now, concentrating their attention on me. Bruce already had his pants off, and was working his cock up to a full erection. It was a big one, circumcised, with a bulbous head that gleamed in the dull blackroom lights as he dipped his hand into an open jar of lube, and worked the grease down the length of his shaft.

"Ramon was looking at the collection of toys hanging on the walls, and my heart sank as I saw him pick out the biggest, heaviest cat. Don had never used it on me, and had once joked that it was the ultimate punishment—one I'd only feel when he was sure I'd grown into it.

"Let me warm it up for you first,' said Ramon, moving around to my end of the rack.

"Bruce stood back, still stroking his dick, and Ramon ran his fingers along the knotted leather strands. 'Don't take too long,' Bruce said. 'That ass looks nice and tight.'

"It's gonna be nice and hot, too,' Ramon assured him. He drew back his arm and let me have the cat at full force, all across my ass and lower back. I screamed in pain, and twisted my lower body. He let me have it again, this time over my upper back and shoulders, one strand hitting me on the side of the neck. After that, he stayed mostly on my ass, both of them making remarks about leather-faggots liking to be whipped, and how my nice hot skin was going to feel when they got into the saddle. Tears were streaming down my face, and I could hardly see. I must have been sweating heavily, too, because the salt stung my eyes when I tried to look up at Don, still secured against the wall to my left. I couldn't see the two convicts, except as blurry shapes in the mirror just in front of me. The whipping must have been turning both of them on, because I could see that Bruce had stripped completely, and Ramon seemed to be using his free hand to work at his own crotch.

"Abruptly, the whipping stopped, and Bruce fell on top of me. His cock pressed against my asshole, not quite on center, sending a fresh wave of pain through my body. I knew I had to be bleeding from the cat, and as his body pressed against me the hairs further irritated the cuts and welts. Finally, he found the mark and shoved into me, started pumping and yelling like a bronc rider in a rodeo. Ramon came up to the end of the rack, playing with his long slim cock, sort of waddling because his pants were down around his ankles. He stretched himself across the rack, lying on his side, shoving his cock in my face. There was a strong, raunchy odor as he grabbed the back of my head and forced me down on his dick. 'Come on, faggot,' he muttered, 'come on, make it feel good.'

"His cock really tore at my mouth and throat, because I was so dry I had no spit to ease his passage. That didn't seem to bother him, and he ground my face into his groin while Bruce continued to hammer away at my ass, sliding his fat rod in and almost all the way out, before ramming it all the way into me again.

"I guess it was a rape scene some guys might dream about, and I could feel my own balls responding to the physical demands, but I was so scared I couldn't think about anything except how we might both come out of this. Suddenly, in the middle of this double rape, like a noise far in the distance, I heard the doorbell again. Bruce stopped abruptly, and Ramon yanked his cock from my lips.

"'Who's that?' Bruce demanded.

"'It's a friend of mine,' Don told him. 'You'd better let him in, or he'll probably call the cops.'

"As Ramon rolled off the rack, I was able to see Don for the first time in about fifteen or twenty minutes. He had a peculiar expression on his face, flicking his eyes at me, then at Bruce. I didn't know just what he was trying to tell me, and it really didn't matter, because Bruce grabbed me by a handful of hair, and forced me back onto my feet as soon as Ramon unsnapped my wrists.

"'You stay here with the big faggot,' said Bruce. 'I'll take little *puto* here to answer the door. Toss me your knife.'

"With the point of Ramon's butcher knife against my back, but with my hands free, the big blond guided me toward the front door. 'Just let him in as if everything's normal . . . hah! Normal, shit, as if anything about you queers

is normal.' My back and ass hurt like hell, and I was so stiff from the pain I could hardly stand even the touch of his blade against me. I was also angry by now, not feeling the fear like I had before, because I was so pissed I just wanted to kill both these bastards and kick their corpses into the cesspool. His running comments made me all the madder, because he'd just put me through a scene Don would never have done, and here he was calling us 'queer.'

"The doorbell rang again just as we got there, and I pulled the heavy oak portal open. A small, middle-aged guy in Levi jacket and pants stood there, smiling at me. 'Hi,' he said, 'I'm Jenks.' He stepped in before he got a good look at Bruce, who promptly slammed the door shut and threatened the newcomer with his knife. He told Jenks to 'shut up, and get moving,' and all three of us headed back toward the dungeon.

"Jenks and I went through first, and I saw right away that Don wasn't chained to the wall anymore. I didn't have time to see more than that, because the moment Bruce came through, Don was on him, making a grab for the knife. I grabbed Jenks and pulled him out of the way as the two big men struggled for a few seconds, and all of a sudden Don let out this terrible, throaty gasp and fell back against the rack. The knife was sticking out of his belly, and Bruce just stood there in shock. I grabbed a piece of two-by-four that Don used as part of a suspension device, and I hit the sonofabitch against the side of his head so hard he never woke up. Jenks went to call an ambulance while I tried to help Don. Ramon was trussed up on the floor. I guess Don had unbuckled the cuffs and gotten his hands free before the doorbell rang, and that was what he had been trying to tell me.

"Anyway, he never made it to the hospital, and I didn't even think about getting dressed before the cops and ambulance arrived. You can imagine the mess they made out of the whole thing — held me in the jail hospital for three days, before the D.A. decided there weren't any charges they could hang on me. I just got out this morning, and I don't know what to do."

As it turned out, Don had taken care of Red in his will and with an insurance policy, so the kid really had nothing to worry about financially. But he honestly had been in love with Don, and he never really got over it. He stayed

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with me, and with some other friends for a while, then drifted back into the bar scene. To all outward appearances he seemed okay, but he was a slave without a Master, and I doubt he is ever going to find the proper partner again.

CHAPTER SIX — The Basic Specialties

A number of people have expressed to me, both in person and in writing, their perception of an SM scene (or relationship) as something dreadfully serious, devoid of humor, with love taking a back seat to a complex of pain giving-receiving lusts. Most of these commentators have, at best, only dabbled on the fringes of leathersex.

I do not see lack of humor as a particularly valid consideration. After all, most sexual interaction occurs in a relatively sober atmosphere, be it gay or otherwise. Jokes, giggling, laughter, horseplay . . . all these take place, if at all, before or after the actual intercourse. If one partner gives vent to these bubbling expressions of humor during an otherwise successful fuck, it is going to be distracting, if not downright insulting, to the other partner. I do not see how an SM exchange is any different. Plenty of humor is expressed in our own literature, in cartoons, comic strips, etc. We tell jokes on ourselves, and by and large have the same ability to laugh at our own shortcomings as any other class of sexual participants.

A much more pointed criticism had to do with the lack of

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love in an SM scene—or more accurately, the lack of love as perceived by the uninitiated. But, in our modern, hurried lives, love takes a back seat to lust in a majority of the sexual interactions among all people, of all sexual persuasions. That's what makes it so wonderful when it does happen! Of course, it is sometimes inconvenient, especially if it interrupts an otherwise smoothly functioning life style. But that, again, is just as apt to happen to a heterosexual or to a "normal" vanilla gay, as it is to us.

Thus, as I describe the basic specialties that most SM people experience and enjoy, remember that love can be lurking around any corner, ready to jump out and grab you when you least expect it. Now, having assured the romantic of the possibility, if not the inevitability of love existing within an SM interchange, let's take a look at some of the activities that make it so much fun, that occupy those busy hands and activate the bound and writhing body. In this chapter I mean to cover only the basics, the skills most Tops acquire early on in their careers, that most M's expect and anticipate, and that are generally done with materials you can find without a great deal of searching.

Bondage. So basic is bondage to the art of SM that a certain amount of discussion was inevitable in the preceding chapters. However, there are still a few points to be covered. It is a rare SM scene that does not involve some form of restraint, so I consider the skill to be absolutely vital, something every Top should know how to do, and do well. Enlarging on my previous comments, I would point out that in one sense, bondage is not a difficult or complicated concept, except that so many guys do it poorly. There are two important and universal rules: 1.) The restraints should be applied in such a way that the M cannot get loose. 2.) The restraints and the position in which they confine the subject should be comfortable enough not to distract from the rest of the action. Simple as it sounds, the number of so-called Tops who fail in either or both respects is discouraging. In order to accomplish a really proper bondage, and to facilitate both conditions, it is a good idea to apply the restraints symmetrically; i.e., the same on the right as on the left. This keeps everything in balance, so to speak, and is more likely to ensure both

"comfort" and an escape-proof binding. Now let's review the most common materials and how best to apply them.

Rope is the most basic bondage material, used since the dawn of history. A wide variety is available, and which type is used rests solely on the discretion of the S. I would suggest, as the cheapest and most practical, plain white cotton clothesline. Plastic is too slippery and may not stay tied. Hemp can irritate the skin and cause an allergic reaction. Nylon is strong, but tends to ravel; it should either be back-braided on the ends before use, or sealed with wax, which requires the pieces to be in the appropriate lengths before the scene, because you can't stop to cut it while doing your number on the M. Clothesline is about the right diameter and malleability. Anything much thinner can cut into the skin, causing pain, a reduction of circulation, and possibly pinching of the nerves (numbness). Rawhide tends to be a bit thin, often with sharp edges, and may cut off circulation, but of course, there is sometimes an undeniable fetish attraction to it, so use your own judgment; just remember to check the M's hands from time to time. A heavier rope than clothesline may be too thick, making it more difficult to tie the guy securely.

If the clothesline you purchased has sizing (starch) in it, you should soak and dry it out before use. The greater the flexibility, the easier it is to handle. With a little practice, you will know ahead of time how long the pieces should be, and can have them ready. Pulling out a knife to cut the rope can sometimes provoke an understandably adverse response from your subject. As a general rule, I should say that 3½ to 4 feet (about a meter) is adequate to secure a pair of wrists or ankles. One good, basic tie is to make a slipknot in the end of the piece; start with this around one wrist, just to anchor it. Wrap the rope around both wrists a couple of times, then bring it around to make a loop between them, cinching down the part already encircling the wrists. This forms a sort of handcuff when you tie it off with a couple of "under and overs."

Because you want to leave the ass free for future use, I suggest the wrists not be bound with the hands extended downward, but rather with the elbows bent to place the hands in an opposed position, overlapping across the small of the back. You can further ensure their remaining out of your way by running the end of the rope up to the

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neck and tying it off with the hands elevated well above the ass. I also suggest placing them wrist-to-wrist, that is with the pulse side of the wrists against each other, since this helps alleviate circulatory problems or pinched nerves. Placing the hands in this position should not raise them high enough to cause much strain, and the area of the back you are covering is the part you don't want to do anything with, anyway, since it is just above the kidneys.

The ankles can be secured in much the same manner, and instead of tying off to the neck, there is a useful and obvious appendage hanging directly above them, just waiting for your anchoring knots. You can probably think of many more exotic forms of bondage than rope, but none is more practical, and for many guys it is the most exciting restraint you can use. For one thing, it tends not to be particularly uncomfortable. An M can be tossed onto his back with his hands tied behind him, and he will not carry on as he would if he had handcuffs biting into his spine. Even leather restraints have metal fastenings, and these can cut or otherwise inconvenience either or both parties, depending on the ensuing action.

Leather restraints are available from any supplier, and come in the usual "wide variety." Their greatest shortcoming is that most of them simply buckle around the wrists, and unless you separate the hands, it is possible for the M to free himself. For the same reason, even if the hands are spread apart, they should probably be secured with padlocks rather than double-headed clips. A lot of guys don't worry about this, because they know their M's won't even try to get loose. That's fine, but the psychological effect is lost if the bottom knows he can free himself. In using any locking device, be sure the key is readily available, in case of emergency. A large "jailer's" key ring is a good device to have, with one each of every key on it.

Some leather restraints are simple loops of belt leather, with long narrow slots cut in them, and a "U"-shaped hasp on the other end. These are intended to be wrapped around the wrist or ankle, the hasp pushed through the slot, then secured with a clip or padlock. Again, I opt for the lock.

I cannot describe all the many variations, but I do recommend the better leather restraints which are made with a flap of leather under the buckle, or are lined with fleece, and will (again) cut down the chances of circulatory

problems. I don't like the foam rubber linings, which wear out quickly and respond adversely to the oil you should occasionally apply to the leather to keep it in good shape.

Handcuffs are the most popular form of metal restraint. They are also the most dangerous, because they can close down on the wrist if not properly "set," and can do permanent damage if left on too tightly for too long. There are many kinds available, from the cheap (\$10) Japanese or Taiwanese models, to the expensive (\$75-\$150) police deluxe (usually Smith & Wesson, or Peerless, or American Handcuff—formerly American Munitions). Some guys like the cheap ones, because they have a simple slide catch to set them. It is faster and easier than the better grade, which have to be set either by inserting the key into the lock and turning it the wrong way, or by a key which has a little nub on top that has to be inserted into a hole in the cuffs. In semi-darkness, it is sometimes more difficult to set these, but once it's done they stay put. The cheapies can loosen up so that the catch slides and allows the cuffs to tighten when you don't want them to.

I have never had a pair of cuffs, of any type, fail me; but I am careful in storing them, and they are always well lubricated (not always by design). I have heard all kinds of horror stories: cuffs that tighten, then won't unlock; locks that refuse to open and need to be cut off; locks that won't stay locked; etc. As a general rule, I would say to buy a fairly good pair of cuffs as soon as your pocketbook can stand it, if you intend to use them with any frequency. I always have a metal cutter and hack saw stashed in my black-room, just in case, although I have never had to use them.

I'll leave a discussion of the more exotic metal restraints for later, and will go on now to examine a few of the other more common forms of bondage. Our leather workers have come up with an enormously wide range of ideas, and most of them copy each other until you can get almost anything from any one of them. A few restraint pieces I especially like are listed below, but they do not by any means cover the entire field:

Neck restraint: This is a leather collar, much like the "whiplash" harness (or cervical collar) people wear when they are suing an insurance company after being rear-ended in their cars. It holds the head in a brace position, and can serve as a restraint as well as a slave collar. I have

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seen them with studs, or just in black leather. With steel "D" rings set at strategic points, it permits the attachment of anchoring chains or leather-cuffed hands.

Neck-wrist restraint: This is a wide leather collar that fastens shut in the front, but has a second buckle in the back to attach a length of belt leather. This second piece lies vertically along the spinal column, hanging freely from the neck. A pair of wrist restraints is attached to this, allowing the hands to be strapped onto it, one above the other. Most models I have seen lack one small, essential element: a lock on the buckles of the wrist restraints. Without this, it is possible for one hand to free the buckle holding the other. If the buckles had small eyelets on the tongues that went through the holes in the leather straps, they would be more secure. However, with a small, muscular M, this device emphasizes the definition of his arms and chest, providing a stimulating spectacle for the Top, while somewhat restricting his access to the upper back.

Wrist-thigh and wrist-ankle restraints. These, as the names imply, are devices for securing the wrists to either the thigh or ankle. They normally consist of a paired set, each having a leather wrist band sewn and/or riveted back-to-back with either the ankle band or the much wider, heavier thigh strap. With the wrists thus attached to the thighs, the M is held in a more or less "attention" posture, while the ankle restraints are used for a scene in which the Top wants his subject to be bent double, perhaps in a standing position, to elevate the ass and leave it completely accessible. This latter position can prove quite a strain on the M, but if it is possible to secure him over a firmly anchored dowel or other horizontal at waist level to take up some of the strain, the M can be kept in his awkward, humiliating posture for much longer.

Wrist-waist restraints. The design of these pieces is the same as the old standard used in mental institutions (frequently called "psycho straps"): simply a pair of wrist restraints attached to either side of a heavy leather waist belt. In selecting one of these, be sure the wrist bands go *under* the belt, and are not merely attached to the sides and stitched in place. It is almost impossible to anchor the wrist straps securely enough to hold a determined escape artist, unless the wrist straps are secured so that his pulling is against the inside of the belt itself, rather than a few

metal rivets or sewn attachments. The advantage of this type of restraint is in having the arms obstructing only the sides of the ribcage, leaving the entire back and chest exposed, as well as the hips and upper thighs (as opposed to a wrist-thigh restraint). It can also evoke images of inmate bondage, since "psycho straps" are (or were) frequently used to subdue unruly prisoners in county jails.

Suspension harnesses. These larger, more expensive pieces can be dangerous if not properly constructed. Select a harness that won't break and drop the M several feet onto the floor, or cause him to do some other injury to himself. The harness, in any case, will have a waist belt, as well as attachments going over the shoulders and between the legs, to attach front and back to the belt. The shoulder straps will normally cross in the back. Beyond these basics, the harnesses will vary. Some are made only for vertical suspension, meaning that the M will be hanging by the shoulder straps only, with his feet pointed toward the floor. (For a cheaper variation of this type of suspension, you might try a parachute harness, found in many "surplus" stores, or from a firm catering to recreational sky divers. They are normally made of nylon webbing.) For horizontal suspension, your leather supplier will usually have a harness with metal rings on either side of the waist.

It is essential that the suspension harness fit snugly at all points, so tightly in fact that it may seem excessive when first putting it on. This is generally true for all leather restraints, which tend to stretch a bit under pressure. In suspension, the tight fit becomes critical, because the full weight of the body is going to emphasize any looseness, with the resultant chafing or cutting that is guaranteed to distract the M. For the same reason, you want to make sure not to twist any of the straps in putting them on. It is also important for all connections to be symmetrical; i.e., if a suspending chain is attached eleven links from the top on one side, it must be eleven links on the other.

For a horizontal suspension, it is necessary to secure the ankles, usually at about the same height as the rest of the body. If you err, it is better to do so by making the feet hang higher, not lower, than the rest. This gives the M more a sense of soaring, and is a more natural position. It also ensures that the legs are taking their share of the

weight. Once he is suspended by the shoulder and waist (usually attached to heavy chains — far more dependable than ropes), and the legs are fastened in place, you have only the arms to worry about. In some instances, the Top prefers to have these extended forward, placing the M in a horizontal, more or less "high dive" posture. The hands can also be secured against the small of the back. In most cases, the M is suspended belly down, unless you are going for some particularly interesting frontal action (such as hot wax). I do not advise the suspension harness for fistfucking, or other extensive anal play. The straps passing through the crotch are going to get in your way, and you may find the M unable to take the strain of suspension long enough for an easy, unhurried action.

You can avoid ever having to lift the M if you attach his shoulder straps first, while he is standing upright. You then pull his legs back, one at a time, and secure them to chains suspended several feet behind him. Remember that his weight will tend to pull downward in the center of his body, so it is better to space the chains for his ankles (and wrists, if these are to be extended forward) so that they are at least a few feet farther than his arms or legs can reach. This way, his weight is in opposition to the suspending pieces at an angle, rather than a straight vertical (unless you want him to sag in the middle like a slaughtered animal being carried back from a safari hunt).

With a very light body build, it is possible to suspend a guy for a limited time by just his wrists and ankles (without using a body harness). I do not recommend this with a husky man, simply due to his body weight causing circulatory problems where the restraints bind his wrists and ankles. The muscle tone of the M will also be a determining factor, since an athletic type will be able to take more abuse. A fatty should definitely go up in a body harness. Large eye screws, set (for sure) into ceiling studs are essential to make sure the subject isn't going to come crashing down. Neither would I ever attach the M by neck or genitals, no matter how confident I was of the suspension. If something should go wrong, I don't want him to hang himself or come tumbling down with his balls still locked to an overhead chain. Padded wrist and ankle restraints are recommended for suspension without a body harness.

Once in suspension, there are a great many possible ac-

tivities. But if your M is new to a suspension scene it is a good idea just to let him hang for a few minutes, while you stroke him, doublecheck his fastenings, or get materials ready for the next stage. Again, don't rush him, and be sure not to say or do anything to make him sense any lack of confidence on your part that he is being held securely and safely. If you don't have confidence in your mechanics, you shouldn't have put him up in the first place.

So far we have been concerned with "free hanging" suspension—probably the most exciting for the M, if not the most common. He experiences a sensation of complete helplessness, while at the same time he seems almost to be flying . . . or soaring. But there are other ways of suspending him, and I'd like just briefly to mention them. These usually involve attaching the M to some kind of vertical object: the wall itself, or a device such as a cross. This type of suspension is frequently less satisfactory, since it limits access to one side of the body. However, these various postures can be "fetish fulfilling," especially if you use a cross. Again, in most of these situations you can avoid having to lift the M if you attach his waist first, having him stand as tall as he can while you do it, then lift his legs one at a time, and secure them in a slightly spread position to raise them off the floor. Although drawings and cartoons often depict an M hanging by wrists and ankles against a dungeon wall, this is not realistic. The use of a waist belt is essential for any long-term situation.

Upside-down suspension involves hanging the M by his ankles; or by use of lace-up boots permanently affixed to a board or other small surface which, in turn, is secured to chains or ropes. It can be quite exciting, and some guys have very elaborate systems of pulleys to permit its being done without a great deal of effort. But remember how unnatural this position is, and be alert to potential problems. Often a novice M will be game to try it, not knowing how the sudden rush of blood into his brain is going to affect him. In any form of upside-down situation, the Top should be prepared to get the guy down quickly if there are problems. If the M is able to take it, a free hanging upside-down suspension can make for a fabulous whipping scene—but fairly short. I prefer not to have a guy in this position for more than fifteen or twenty minutes at a crack, although I know some guys who go for much longer periods of time.

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Crucifixion is a big scene for many M's, and quite naturally reflects the Christian ethic, transposed into the blackroom. For some, the religious aspects are negative, in that the M may feel it is sacrilegious. (Sean, my long-time illustrator, refuses to illustrate stories involving crucifixion for this reason.) Be that as it may, the Romans were using the procedure long before Christians came on to the scene, and if we concentrate on the barbaric aspects of the ritual instead of the religious, it makes it more exciting anyway. (I don't know of any bottoms who fantasize on being Jesus Christ; Saint Sebastian is far more popular.) Note, too, that the Romans generally did not nail the victim to the cross, but tied him in place, leaving him to die of exposure, thirst, and starvation. Neither did they ever hammer the nails through the palms of the hands, which would not have held the body weight. If they nailed, it was through the wrists. Thus, when you tie a guy's wrists to a cross, you are doing it the Roman way.

Although Christian churches generally depict the Latin cross (or Cross of Calvary), the Romans also used the "X" form (or Saint Andrew's). Either of these is appropriately used in a blackroom, as well as a "T"-shaped structure, that is a cross only via the imagination. The "X" is easier to construct, and also tends to be more stable. While lacking the familiar form, it serves its purpose better. The M can be bound to it face in for a good flagellation scene, or face out for some extensive tit work and/or cock and ball torture. It is also easy to secure him around the waist, if you want to have him suspended, because the waist will fall at about the apex of the two cross pieces.

Securing the waist is more difficult with the Latin cross; the wide horizontal allows the arms to be attached at the shoulders, wrists and elbows. Take care in fastening the arm just below the shoulder: this is a major pressure point, and you can cut off circulation. You can also use a waist strap, if you drive a few very heavy nails into the backside of the cross to keep it from slipping down. Remember, always, to bind the M against the front of the cross. Never try to secure his arms across the top of the horizontal.

In making any wooden blackroom appliance, I suggest you select a decent grade of lumber, and that it be thoroughly sanded before use. A coat of varnish will help guard against splinters, and add a more a finished appear-

ance to your handiwork. Although I have seen crosses made of two-by-fours, I prefer four-by-fours, or two-by-sixes, for greater strength and security. With the four-by-fours, you can rout an indentation in each, where the two pieces join, and thus produce a cross with a smooth surface. It should be firmly anchored to studs in ceiling, floor, wall, etc., depending on its position in the room.

Leaving suspension for the moment, I'd like to end my survey of bondage (admittedly omitting a few more exotic considerations, and reserving others for later in the more "advanced" sections), by adding a few words about the emerging interest in bondage as an art form. The idea, it seems, came originally from Japan, although a number of American Masters have worked to perfect it still further. It usually involves the use of white ropes, tied like macrame about the body of the M. It is time-consuming, and quite a lot of work, but it can produce a custom fit network of bindings and it can form a kind of open-work mummification, in that the M is very tightly secured, not completely covered. On a firm, tight body, it can provide an extraordinary sight to inspire the Top to all sorts of highly charged activities. I have seen a number of publications with pictures to illustrate the art. (DungeonMaster has a kit available with detailed instructions.) It is definitely an art to be experimented with. The details are up to you.

Cock wrappings. Along with the idea of bondage, many guys experience pleasure by having all or part of the body encased in a tight binding. We see many items in common use, and for sale in the stores catering to an SM clientele. Hoods, especially rubber, are one category. Leather mitts to be laced tightly over the hands are another. But the most popular game is wrapping the genitals.

The most widely used material for cock wrapping is rawhide, the sort of thongs used for boot lacings. It comes in either a natural, light tan, or dyed in various colors—most popularly black. The lacing is usually anchored by being tied, or overlapped, around the base of the cock and balls, then wrapped in successive rings around the scrotum, forcing the balls ever deeper into the sac. When the man doing the wrapping reaches the end of the strand, he simply overlaps the next and keeps on going. When the balls have been fully stretched, he makes a couple of return

loops, on top of the existing coils, and starts the same process on the cock. When this is completed, he can coil his lengths of rawhide around the whole area, eventually producing a large, heavy mass of uncertain shape.

This is only one scenario; another is to spread the balls by an "X" pattern, or to bind the genitals in an upward position, maybe even wrapping the entire midsection of the body in order to enclose them. (One of the other materials we will mention may be better for this than rawhide.)

In the course of wrapping, the M begins to feel a stab of strain up the sides of his viscera. It is a tantalizing and possibly frightening feeling, because it will usually hark back to such an experience as being kicked in the balls during a football game. Bound, and helpless to stop the inevitable increase of pressure, the M watches his prized symbol of manhood slowly enveloped in the endless coils of leather.

Because the bindings are restrictive to the circulatory and neural tracts, they should not be left in place for more than ten or fifteen minutes. But during that time, the sensation is extraordinary. In removing the rawhide, it is not unusual to have the Top stand back and simply pull on the end of the strand. This produces a furious flapping of the genitals as the bindings unwind, and can cause a peak of shooting pleasure-pain for the M.

Although it is most commonly used, rawhide is actually not the best material. It tends to cut into the skin, and can even lacerate the surface. Being narrow, it takes longer to complete the wrappings, thus limiting the time they can be left in place. Some of the more astute suppliers have begun to sell half-inch to full inch-wide strips of garment leather, which really are a lot better. Softer and more pliable, they have more of a caressing effect when wound around sensitive flesh. They will not cut the skin, and it takes fewer laps to complete the enclosure. The removal, of course, is not as dramatic as the many coils of rawhide, but once in place they can remain for a longer period.

Cock wrappings are certainly not limited to these materials. Almost anything that can be wrapped can be used. A popular material is an Ace bandage — the same sort one uses to tape up a sprained wrist or ankle. It is even wider than the leather strips, and can form a fabulously restrictive binding, due to its elastic properties. It also tends to generate a greater sensation of heat than the leather

materials, and the resulting package is still larger and heavier. It can also form a more total wrapping, covering the balls completely, and being wrapped over the cock-head, which is difficult with the thinner leather strips, and impossible with rawhide. Again, your maximum time is fifteen minutes or so. The only "no-no's" that come readily to mind are: wire, which may cause a severe cut; and sticky tape, because you may not be able to get it off quickly enough to prevent damage. Whatever you use, remember you are in effect creating a tourniquet, and that you are playing with your M's most prized possessions.

Flagellation. The second most universal area of expertise in which the Top is expected to be accomplished is that of flagellation, or whipping. Most SM scenes are concerned, at least in part, with the M's receiving some degree of punishment in this form. These skills are not easily described in the written word, and need to be experienced for a full understanding. The Top really should have felt the sensation himself in order to know exactly what he is doing. Each of the many whips, scourges, etc., has different properties and produces different sensations. For this reason, I will limit my discussion, and try merely to pinpoint the most important considerations, as well as to describe the most commonly used devices.

You will start most frequently with a belt, or other wide leather strap. Not only will it come most readily to hand, since you are probably wearing a suitable device around your waist, but it tends to be easier to control the degree of impact and pain. A wide, flat piece of leather will leave less of a mark than a narrow or rounded object, and will not cut the skin unless it catches the M with the edge portion, or unless the Top strikes a very hard blow. Most whipping sessions start gently, gradually building to a crescendo, allowing the bottom to respond to the action as a sensuous pleasure/pain experience. The ass is the most natural place to begin, but a good whipping session will eventually involve the entire body from the neck to the calves, skipping only the area just above the buttocks where the kidneys lie, and the back sides of arms and leg joints.

One of the best positions for the M is to be standing (vertical) in the center of the room, arms secured above his head. This gives the Top access to every part of his body.

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Whipping the front as well as the back can be not only sensuous, but allows the M a brief respite in one area, while the S works on another. A second choice may be to use a whipping post, which fulfills a fantasy image for many guys, and can simulate any number of public punishment scenarios. By securing the M by his wrists, locked onto an eyelet above his head, and by a C/B harness to another eyelet at crotch level, the Top can ensure his remaining exactly in position for whatever punishment may be forthcoming. One point in all these scenes is to arouse the M, and thus expand his limits. The use of any fantasy-fetish is justified, and a heavy session can usually be prolonged and intensified by the Top providing the proper verbal stimulation in addition to his physical exertions. Since the pain can reach a very high level, it is quite common to help the M along with an occasional hit of amyl. A weight-lifter's wide leather belt is a good device to protect the kidney area.

Many bottoms will tell you, "I'm not into heavy pain," but a light whipping will excite almost any of them — except the complete duds. By going through a gradual build-up, with appropriate verbal encouragement, it is frequently possible to carry a less experienced M much further than he ever thought he could go. But even a guy who is capable of sustaining a very severe lashing may be turned off if the Top gets too heavy too soon. Remember one of our basic rules of SM in general: Never, ever, try to rush the scene.

In the use of the more exotic flagellation tools (crops, whips, etc.) the wrist action is important, because many of these items are not intended to be used with the full force of the arm. Their purpose is to sting, and the Top can start by flicking it back and forth across the M's back or ass, with gradual increases in speed rather than force to produce a heightened sensation. This is another skill you are only going to be able to develop through practice. If you don't have a human subject available and willing to act as your practice target, work on an inanimate object. In any event, before using any of these appliances on a bottom for the first time, experiment with it to get the feel. You might also give yourself a couple of trial snaps across the inside of your lower arm to test the degree of sting.

There many good sources for whips and attendant de-

vices. The Pleasure Chest chain carries a wide variety, as do the popular leather suppliers in most major cities. You will also find mail order ads in any of the magazines catering to our community. (I list a few addresses in the last chapter, after the readership statistics.) For catalogs and mail order service, I particularly recommend: David Morgan, P.O. Box 70190, Seattle, WA 98107. Although I am going to break off our discussion here, you will find a number of interesting whipping suggestions in other sections of this book and within the vignettes I will provide to illustrate the various other situations we want to explore.

Clothespins. At the mention of clothespins (the spring-driven variety, not the slip-on, double-legged prong), many Tops turn up their noses and indicate that "those are for kids and beginners." I agree that if you intend to use them only as nipple clamps on a novice who can't stand anything harder, this response is justified. However, I have found them to be much more versatile in the right hands.

The use of these cheap, easily obtainable little devices as beginners' tit clamps continues to be the most common application. I keep a few leather-covered units for just this purpose. They are also useful in a foreskin stretching scene: the M is restrained either horizontally or on his back so as to immobilize his extremities and to keep him from turning away from the Top. Two or more (sometimes as many as can fit) are clamped onto the foreskin. Each clothespin should have been previously drilled and fitted with a lead — leather thong, light chain, whatever — and these leads are now used to draw the clothespins in different directions. Once secured and tightened, the foreskin can be spread out like a parachute. A safe time limit is probably about fifteen minutes, although most M's will not be able to take it for that long a time.

I recently observed (and photographed) a fascinating scene in New York, performed by a friend who has developed an excellent routine. With the M's arms secured only by the hands of the Top's lover, clothespins were set in a close, staggered pattern all over the scrotum, then on the cock except for the head. The pain at this point was intense, and the bottom was responding accordingly. When as much of the genital area as possible was covered, a final six clothespins were set in a row, three to a side,

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along the dividing crease between upper thigh and abdomen. The M was then allowed one hand free and told to take these last six and set them one at a time around the head of his dick. By this time he was at the limit of his endurance, and he was told that as soon as these last six were in place, he could point one at a time to the pins he wanted removed. With his hand quivering, and really on a heavy pleasure/pain trip, the M complied, placing the final six clothespins around the head of his dick, completing the porcupine. He then pointed to one pin after another. As the Top took these off, he reset them in a continuous line along the under edge of the M's pecs, fastening one to each nipple as he came to it, producing a pattern like some barbaric necklace. The sensation was much less intense in the large muscles of the chest, so the M was not aware of the pain gradually building up here, until the bulk of the clothespins had been removed from his genitals. Then he began responding to the pattern on his chest area. When the genital pins had been completely removed, the M was allowed to take the "necklace" off, one piece at a time.

This is only one of many possible scenarios. Used in large numbers, clothespins can be excruciatingly painful, without ever tearing the skin or doing any other actual damage. At Christmas time, there are often miniature plastic clothespins offered for sale, ostensibly to hang cards from a display string. These are very cheap, and they work quite well on an area where the skin is soft and pliable. Being so small, it is possible to use a great many of them. So many mundane office or household items can be converted into interesting blackroom uses, it takes only an imaginative mind and a modicum of shopping time to find all sorts of nifty new games to play.

Hot wax. Another popular and widely practiced art is the use of hot candlewax. In this scene, the M is firmly secured, usually on his back, but sometimes the other way around. He may be blindfolded or not; either way has its advantages, because being able to see may provide a great response as he anticipates the falling material; or, unable to see, he has no way to know where he is going to feel it next. My personal preference is that he be able to watch, because it tends to produce such fabulous anxiety and muscular stretching to avoid the contact.

Black candles make for a very showy scene, with each drop clearly detailed against the skin (or white candles if your subject is black). My friend who did the wonderful clothespin scene was able to find a box of black votive candles (the little stubbies, made to go in glass containers). He used these on an M who was suspended by wrists and ankles, able to move quite a bit from side to side. The votives, after dripping a fair amount of wax onto his skin, were set one by one onto the more level parts of his body. Still lighted, and set in their own wax, they formed little reserves of molten pools around their wicks. Every time the M jerked violently to escape the falling wax from the Top's hand, he spilled some out of the candles affixed to his skin. Five votives were placed on him this way before the scene was finished, but he was then turned over, and the same procedure was followed on his back.

Using hot wax on the more sensitive areas — nipples and genitals — is common in many scenes, and can be done so as to completely encase the cock and balls. The sensation of pain is momentary as the wax impacts, but unless you use beeswax candles, you will not actually cause burns. The regular cheapies you find in the market or novelty stores are usually fine. The more expensive shops sometimes sell candles with metal salts in them (silver and gold colors), and these are best avoided, too.

A scene popular with some Tops involves use of hot wax against the anus, allowing it to build up there, and to run between the legs onto the underside of the balls. This also involves the body area directly above the prostate, and produces a ferocious response in many M's. Of course, the mucous linings are even more sensitive than the nipples or genitals, and result in a higher intensity of pain. It takes a pretty heavy M to stand up to this, so be selective.

TT and C/B torture. You may see these abbreviations in sex ads, meaning "tit torture" or "cock & ball torture," referring to the use of tit clamps or a variety of cock and ball stretchers and harnesses, sometimes with weights attached, sometimes with the genital appliances attached by cord or rawhide thongs to the nipple appliances, thereby producing a combination of sensations. (Either form of "torture" may go beyond these uses covered here as "basic specialties," but all will eventually be revealed.)

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Just a few words on the term "tit" vs. "nipple." Some guys feel strongly that nipple is the only proper term, suggesting that women and cows have tits, whereas men do not. However, we normally take the language as we find it, and "tit" is the most commonly used term. I would say that spelling the word as "tit" differentiates it from "teat," as applied to a woman. And any mid-western farmer will tell you cows don't have "teats," either; they have "teets."

Someone who has been worked on a bit in the past, and who has developed a little physical resistance to the sensations, can be greatly sensitized by rubbing the ends of his nipples with a fine emery board. The action itself produces a fantastic sensation, to say nothing of the increased feeling he has from that point on. Wire brushes or other such abrasives are also used occasionally, but if you try it with a beginner you'll scare the hell out of him.

Setting clamps on the nipples, then manipulating them (twisting or pulling) produces a very erotic pain, and some guys get off more substantially on this than anything else. The clamps may be of many different forms, smooth contacts or toothed, rubber insulated or full strength alligator clamps. Almost anything that can pinch and hang on, has and will be used, depending on the M's ability to take the pain. A stationery or hardware store will offer a wide variety, probably a good deal cheaper than a toy supplier; but the leather specialty shop will have them all assembled and displayed for your convenience. The most popular tit clamps I ever offered for sale were made in Japan, designed to hold material in place while they sewed it up to make sails for boats. They were aluminum with rubber contacts, and got tighter the harder one pulled on them. They are available now in almost every leather shop in the world, and I'm sure the Japanese manufacturer never suspected the potential popularity of his little sewing device.

For the genitals, there is a far wider range of possibilities, and a great many more toys available. You almost have to visit a supplier or send away for mail order catalogues to get an idea of the range. Basically, they do one of two things: They restrict the base of the cock and balls, producing a heightened feeling and helping to maintain an exceptionally hard erection. They stretch the scrotum and/or restrict the balls, sometimes bringing the wearer to the threshold of pain, without the Top doing any more than

placing the harness on him. In the stretching process, they separate and spread the balls. With one of these devices in place, the Top will play any number of games, and these are all part of the "C/B torture" scene.

There are also ball press devices, sometimes made to clamp onto the scrotum above the nuts, forcing them into a deeper distension. Others are actually applied to squeeze the balls, causing not only a high level of pain, but anxiety as the bottom wonders how much pressure his balls can take before they are forever destroyed. One hopes his initial trust in the Top's skill and judgment will be justified by restraint at the appropriate moment.

Unless they really get out of hand, none of these games is particularly dangerous, except that excessive stretching can rupture the small blood vessels, especially those connecting to the testicles, or in the skin of the scrotum. The damage will usually repair itself quickly, in a few days, at most. A serious rupture of blood vessels in the scrotum can cause a permanent blood blister, unsightly but otherwise harmless. (A dermatologist can remove it.)

A novice M often whines, "I have very sensitive balls. I can't take anything touching me there." Bullshit! We all have sensitive balls; it's another case of learning (first) not to mind it, and (subsequently) to enjoy it. The balls can take a lot more punishment than most people realize. Not too long ago a friend of mine lost the ball weight-lifting contest at a club meeting because the metal "D" ring on his ball stretcher broke as he tried to lift 37 pounds. I had a scene in Berlin with a hot little number who swung 15 kilos from his nuts. (He cried a bit, but he loved it and came to no harm.) This sort of scene, needless to say, is straining the limits (to say nothing of the balls), and you do take the chance of hurting yourself. I offer these examples merely as illustrations of the extreme. If you are going to try it, build up gradually to ascertain your limits, and don't dope yourself up so as not to feel the pain. Pain is your best and often your only warning that things are going too far.

Temporary piercings. As opposed to permanent piercings, which we will consider in depth later on, temporary piercings take place during an SM scene and are intended to last only for a short time. Here, the real thrill is the making of the hole; in permanent piercing the hole is incident-

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tal, made only to accommodate the jewelry or whatever is going to be placed through the skin. Normally, the parts to be pierced in a scene are the nipples, the skin of the penis (in any of several places), or (rarely) the scrotum. This activity may more properly lie on the borderline between basic and advanced technique, but I include it here because so many less experienced guys are doing it.

In any of these piercings you need a very sharp needle, the best being medical suture devices or the type of needle used for carotid angiography or arterial catheterization. A second choice is a hypodermic tip, but these are illegal to possess in most jurisdictions, whereas the others often are not. They are preferred over sewing needles, because they are sharper, and they usually come in a sealed container, so the user knows they are sterile. To do any kind of a scene, you need several needles — another advantage with the non-hypodermic variety, since they are generally packed ten to a box. Some sewing needle are also marked "sterile," although I don't trust them as I do the medical varieties. Sail needles are also used sometimes, because of their curved shapes. Regardless what variety is used, it is important that it only be used once and then discarded. Never use the same needle on more than one person. (Hepatitis!) Your hands should be clean; the subject's nipple, or whatever you're going to pierce, should be well doused with alcohol or whatever disinfectant your druggist recommends as being in use by doctors giving inoculations. Once the needle is in place, be careful not to touch the area with contaminated materials, such as hands covered with lubricant taken from a jar next to your FF sling. If you use threads, these should also be sterile, and remember that anything drawn through the opening is going to pull whatever microorganisms it contacts through with it.

Remember that a piercing scene is more a head trip than anything else; the pain is momentary and there is very little other sensation. It's the *idea* of having something stuck through his skin to which the M is responding.

One of the more common scenes starts with the nipple piercings, two needles being set through the base of each in an "X" pattern. A similar "X" can be made through the end of the foreskin (if the M has one), thus infibulating (closing off) the cock. If there is no foreskin, the "X" can be made through the frenum, that portion just behind the

head, on the underside, where there is usually a little excess skin, even in a close circumcision. These three points can then be joined by a heavy thread, monofilament line, or surgical gut, and drawn together to whatever tightness seems to produce the greatest "soaring." The M really has to be into this before it can be successful, and it should come as the high point in a scene, accompanied by a proper sequence of sound, etc. After everything is in place he should be left unmolested for a while, to enjoy the sensation and the thoughts he is bound to conjure up.

More simple, single piercings can also be done, and are very thrilling to a hot, willing M. Bondage is usually an important aspect of a piercing scene, since the feeling of helplessness enhances the sensations and the fantasy. Again, be sure to disinfect the area before you pull the needle out, and immediately afterward. The aftereffects are minimal, as are the chances of infection with these reasonable precautions. And at this point I repeat, throw the used needles away unless you have an autoclave (medical sterilizer); nothing else will do a job I would be willing to trust. Do not use pins, or something else that just happens to be on hand. Use only stainless steel, unplated: plating material can sometimes flake off to produce sharp nubs, or contain a metal that will react with the body fluids.

Ball piercing, where a needle is actually inserted through the testicle, has also been bandied about as legitimate SM practice. For a guy with a strong castration complex, this is a somewhat more painful and highly exciting procedure. In this sense it is, like all temporary piercings, more of a cerebral than a physical experience. There is certainly pain, and sometimes a small amount of blood, but the real trip is mental. Especially if the M is tied down, the action being performed without his being able to stop or direct it, he can do a proper Saint Sebastian in his own mind. I am a bit chicken when it comes to driving a needle through someone's nuts, and I do not recommend it for the beginner. Suffice it to say that it is done, and can be done without damage. I do not think it should be performed very often on the same person, however, and I leave it for you to work your way up the ladder, by which time I hope you will have made contact with others into your scene who will have the experience to guide you first hand.

I recently had a letter posing a question for my column

in *Drummer Magazine*. The guy wanted to know what a classified advertiser meant when he indicated an interest in "tacks." My answer was that I assumed it referred to the practice of nailing a guy's cock and/or scrotum to a board. This is merely another variation on the temporary piercing scene, and an interesting discussion of it is included in *DungeonMaster*, issue 7. (Although this description omits any mention of sterile precautions, I would suggest they be maintained if you decide to try it.) The loose skin of the penis (the foreskin or the collar just back of the head) is literally "nailed" to a board. The DM article has a photo of a needle actually penetrating the head of the dick, itself . . . a bit more painful, but definitely more decisive. As for the use of tacks, I know many packages of carpet tacks are marked "sterile," but you don't know how much they have been handled in the store before you bought them. They are also rather short, and tend to have a wide shaft, thus liable to make a larger hole than you really want.

I won't try to go into technique on this, because the action is fairly obvious and the same cautions would apply as I have already described. Neither am I suggesting that you go right out and try it. It really is a more advanced scene, and something to be done—if it is done at all—as a high point in a good SM interaction.

Water sports. Often indicated as W/S in the sex ads, this refers to a scene involving urine . . . good old-fashioned piss. This is a specific no-no on the statute books in a number of jurisdictions, since some legislators were hep enough to recognize the number of people who had a "morbid interest in excreta." I'm not telling you to do it, merely recounting a few of the scenes that do happen.

Proclaimed by the yellow hankie in the left or right rear pocket, the piss scene is one of the most popular activities, both in one-to-one and in group situations. It occurs in many SM scenes, usually as a part of some other action, and is a form of humiliation. It is even more popular outside an SM setting, as an activity all its own. It involves, quite simply, one (or more) guy(s) urinating on another. The piss may be spilled only on the outside of the body, or into the mouth to be consumed, or into the anus after, before, or during a good hot fuck. Because piss is more or less sterile, there is not a great deal of danger in any of the or-

dinary uses. Beer piss — that is, piss from a person who has consumed a fair quantity of brew — is the most desirable, because it is not as smelly as other types, and because beer tends to make a guy void in larger quantities. The consumption of asparagus or other odor-producing vegetables is generally discouraged prior to a piss scene.

I am often asked how one goes about generating a nice, bright yellow piss. The answer is not very difficult. Take a good daily dose of B vitamins, especially those with a high yeast content. Since I am more or less of a vitamin addict, I had an amusing situation take place a couple of years ago at *Oktoberfest* in Munich, Germany. I was there with the local leather club — about 300 crazy, wonderfully celebrating members and guests in one of the large (read "huge") beer halls. We were all drinking beer, which during this period is served only in one-liter mugs. I finally retreated to the rest room. Standing at the long, metal trough, I produced a bright, golden stream that caused one slightly inebriated Bavarian to gaze at me through bleary eyes and comment on my having released a flood of "Sonnenschein" (sunshine). Unfortunately, in a darkened playroom, the color is not always so obvious.

The first time a guy is stripped, tied down or forced to kneel (or lie) at the feet of his Master, who milks his cock to produce a trickle, then a flood of body-warm piss, he is experiencing one of the high points of his training. The sensation of warm piss across the skin is much the same as water from a shower head, but the knowledge of its source puts it in a category all its own. For the giver there is a real feeling of power and domination. It is common enough to say "piss on you" to someone, but actually to do it. . . .

Organized piss parties are fairly common in the urban baths, and many clubs have "wet nights," where those particularly interested in this form of activity will congregate to fulfill their fantasies while voiding their bladders. Some of these establishments provide bath tubs in their basements, where a real piss lover can lie down and be supplied for as long as he remains there. In a recent conversation with a well known Top, we were joking about the difficulties one faces when cruising in an area where one is recognizable by too many people. "How can I ever find out how it feels to lie down in that bath tub?" he remarked. Well, there are difficulties in every profession, and draw-

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backs to every status. In another recent conversation I asked Penishead (who is one of the great piss takers of all time) if he knew of any particular techniques.

He said, "Not really. A lot of guys dribble before they shoot, and that's kinda fun. But piss is only the beginning of better things to come, and if you're ripped enough. . . ." And with that pronouncement, he continued on . . . just as we shall do, to bigger and better things.

CHAPTER SEVEN—The Anal Specialties

Ass play is a centuries-old tradition, popular long before the ancient Greeks and Persians turned it into an art. It has been common in almost every culture and has consistently crossed any heterosexual-homosexual lines. It is such a natural activity that those societies which were particularly concerned with reproduction and maintaining the size of the tribe were prone to make sodomy a criminal act. In those early days I am sure the main reason for any prohibition rested solely on the fear that excessive anal intercourse, at the expense of regular heterosexual endeavors, would produce fewer babies, hence fewer potential warriors and workers. Of course, there were undoubtedly the same busybodies and emotional eunuchs we find today, always ready to condemn someone else's behavior as immoral. We can thank the Judeo-Christian tradition for compounding this guilt and making it a ritual condemnation, despite many of our modern-day problems stemming from overpopulation rather than the reverse. A good political friend of mine refers to this condition as "mental hernia," and I think he has found an apt term for the malady.

In this chapter I want to discuss not only good old-fashioned sodomy, but also the later derivations: enemas, fist-fucking, scat, and a few others. Whereas none of these is necessarily new, or necessarily an SM component, they do occur often during many SM exchanges. Acknowledging this overlap, it behooves us to take a look at them.

Sodomy. The dictionary definition of sodomy will always be something to the effect: *Unnatural sexual intercourse, especially of one man with another or of a human being with an animal.* A Sodomite is defined as one who practices sodomy, or an inhabitant of Sodom — the city destroyed by fire and brimstone because of its evil ways. That is a lovely fable, worthy of inclusion with a good many other tales of miracle, mystery and authority. (Some might prefer bell, book and candle.) But the Old Testament prohibitions aside, people have been fucking one another in the ass for as long as men have possessed the instrument of penetration, and I'm sure they will continue to do it until we all blow ourselves into a cloud of nuclear dust.

To define sodomy more accurately than the somewhat vague dictionary blurb, it is best to consider how the law regards it. On the statute books of several states, there is no differentiation made between anal and oral intercourse, both being lumped together within the laws dealing with "unnatural acts" or even "bestial acts," and in the latter case would include activities with animals. We have examined cocksucking already, and intercourse with animals is really not part of an SM scene. Because "sodomy" connotes these other activities, I'm going to stop using the term, and refer to our specific act by its more specific name — "fucking" — and dealing with man-to-man sex, that can mean only one thing, since there is only one aperture in the lower regions of the male anatomy.

In the SM scene, fucking the M should emphasize the dominant-submissive relationship. Just going through an act that feels good isn't enough to fulfill the fantasies of either party. If the fucking is done while the M is in bondage, this is a start in the right direction. If his ass has been properly warmed with a belt beforehand, it is even better. In fact, contact by the Top with the hyperelevated temperature of an adequately tanned backside can provide an extra element of stimulation, whereas the abrasive motion

of his groin across the tenderized flesh of the M can likewise stimulate and tantalize. In many scenes, the fucking is an on-and-off thing, occurring several times during the session, without either party cumming as a result. Requiring the M to clean the Top's dick after each of these fuck sessions (orally, of course), will add a further, spicy dimension. It will also encourage your M to come to you with a well-douched gut in future sessions.

The M's position while getting fucked is important, since this can determine just how much pseudo-humiliation is being perceived by either party. It lends a greater excitement if the M is penetrated in some posture where he is slightly uncomfortable and in no way able to determine the duration, depth of penetration, or the rhythm. It can all add up to an acting-out of the rape fantasy . . . his own or his Master's. In essence, the point I am making is to encourage the participants not to throw away the fuck as a part of the entire, integrated scene. Because it can and does occur as a vanilla sex activity, is no reason to ignore it as a highly charge SM act — and properly "showcased" that is exactly what it can be. Then there are the variations.

Although the relationship of Top to bottom would seem to be nowhere more clearly defined than between fucker and fuckee, this is not always the case. This is pointed up in my questionnaire responses, as well as from personal experience. A lot of Tops occasionally like to get fucked, and many bottoms also enjoy riding someone else. And there is the large group in the middle, who swing both ways and take their pleasure from whichever side they can find it. (Remember the old quip about the guy was S only because he had hemorrhoids!) Although I do not suggest it is good practice for the Top to break the role situation by suddenly demanding that his M fuck him, such situations do occur and, when mutually agreeable, work out reasonably well. Remember, we are dealing with individuals, who are more important than the rules. Whatever two guys do together to produce mutual pleasure really isn't anybody else's business. I did a little piece on this in one of my privately published books. We have the situation of an inexperienced punk in involuntary bondage, being introduced to the mysteries of SM by his new Master. (This sort of thing is okay in fiction.) Here's a bit of the action:

His hands were cuffed together and locked onto the col-

lar around his neck. He was effectively immobilized, prone and naked in the dimly lighted blackroom. Tim was still kneeling astride his ass, playing his hands warmly down the captive's back and shoulders, stroking him almost fondly. It was a soothing caress, but at the same time it served to further excite Gene's arousal. Gradually, the hands worked lower, playing about his buttocks, probing gingerly at the cleft between his cheeks. Instinctively, Gene surmised the intention, then, and tensed in nervous anticipation. The idea was not without an element of fascination, but the prospect of being penetrated by Tim's substantial manhood was frightening.

He felt the lubricant being worked inside his asshole, twisting and groaning in protest until he winced and froze in pain as the bloated cock was set in position, pressing easily against the resisting membranes.

"Please," he begged. "Don't do that, Sir. Please! I mean it!" His words were accompanied by a violent trembling, as an almost panicked terror seemed to possess him.

Tim worked for several minutes, easing his fingers into the opening, gently prying the cheeks apart and coating the orifice with additional lubricant. Still, the pleas and protests continued, mounting in their obvious sincerity.

"It's nothing to be afraid of," Tim muttered softly. "The pain's nothing, compared to the rest of the feeling." He stretched himself across the length of the captive's back, sliding his arms around the other's chest, resting his swollen cock within the cleft of the captive's ass.

"Please, Sir," Gene continued. "It's not that I don't want to obey you, but . . . well, I just don't see how anybody could take a . . . another man's cock up his ass."

As the hoarse, throaty whisper trailed off, Tim slowly lifted himself from his prisoner's back. He moved more quickly, then, unsnapping the clips which anchored Gene's feet. With one strong pull on the side, and a single hard twist, he flipped the captive onto his back. He then re-fastened the ankle chains.

He stood regarding his slave for several moments before bending to kneel between the widespread legs. Taking his jar of lubricant, he smeared some of the gel on both Gene's cock and his own, massaging the two rods until both were standing completely rigid. Without warning, he lifted himself above Gene's cock, positioned his anus

against the crown and slowly allowed the prisoner's rod to slip inside him.

Gene moaned and gasped, his head turning from side to side as the exotic sensation all but overwhelmed him. The slick, warm enclosure had brought him almost to a climax, which he now tried to suppress. Tim was all the way down by then, thighs gripping against his sides. Tim moved ever so slightly, sliding only a few millimeters up and down as he stroked his own projecting joint, eyes locked on Gene's face, watching the contortions of ecstasy as his captive tried to keep from cumming. But the effort was futile. In a trembling rush, all the pent-up desire erupted, causing Gene to strain against the bonds while his body convulsed in the throes of this unbelievable discharge. He could feel the flood of jism tug at his balls, catapulted through his cock and into the body of his Master. He could also feel the drops of warmth that fell across the muscle ridges of his belly, when Tim's responding discharge answered his own.

Maybe not the prime example, and certainly not appropriate to every scene, but that's the idea. It's a variation, and it can be interesting. Far more common, and much more likely to be expected, is for the Master to give his bottom a good ass fucking. This happens in many scenes, although there are just as many where it does not—where, in fact, there is no overt sex ending in a climax for anyone. The anally oriented are going to want it to happen, however, and sometimes it comes about in more esoteric ways than by the use of the Master's cock—or the bottom's. This chapter is devoted to an exploration of these various alternatives. Let's start with the most common surrogate for the real thing.

Dildoes. The dildo, or artificial penis, is available in sizes ranging from something slightly larger than a peanut in the shell to monstrous protuberances that would put Tom of Finland's subjects to shame. They are usually made of latex (rubber), but I've also seen them in plastic, leather, soap, wood, ceramic, glass, metal, and ivory. The only safe ones are the softer materials, latex being the first choice of many, with leather a close second. I suggest you not use one without some kind of anchor at the base, and avoid the latex models with wire inside to enhance the

rigidity: it's too easy for it to work its way through the tip and puncture someone's gut. My favorite consists of a set of latex ends that fit onto a plastic vibrator. This allows a great variety in size and shape, with the added eroticism of the simulated electrical pulse. They all have flanges on the bottoms, to prevent their popping loose and sliding completely into the anus: a frightening situation, and if it's ever happened to you, I'm sure you know what I mean.

A number of guys have reported these accidents to me over the years, and those who panic head straight for the emergency clinic and all the attendant embarrassment. This may be necessary, but should it happen to you, react a little more slowly. The object lodged in your ass fit okay going in; there's a good chance it will come out the same way. Neither is it going to do any more harm if it stays there for a while. In the case of a dildo, don't try to turn it around inside you. That's a sure way to tear your guts. A doctor will probably use a speculum (an anal spreader, made of steel and shaped like a long duck bill). If you have one, you can probably extract the object yourself, taking plenty of time and patience. You may also be able to "shit it out," with the help of lots of lubricant. The best way, of course, is to make sure it doesn't happen in the first place. Remember, a dildo with balls is the only way to fly!

Once you have selected a dildo of the proper configuration to insure against accidents, there are many interesting things to do with it. I've already mentioned a couple of applications as training devices—either to teach yourself to take a cock orally, or to open a guy's sphincter for some heavier action. As a pleasure-giving instrument in its own right, it can fill a need in heavy interaction between two guys, as well as in many JO scenes. In addition to the wide range of sizes, they can be had with simulated foreskin, with enclosed vibrators, or with a bent wire and crank to make it "wiggle" inside the anus. Since the prostate lies in a strategic spot, the sensations can be quite wild. There are some Tops who, for one reason or another, do not or cannot fuck their M's, and for them the dildo is sometimes a viable alternative. There is also an inflatable dildo on the market; about the size of a good normal dick, it can be filled with air via a hand pump to become quite large. It sounds like fun, but I have heard several complaints that they over-inflate very easily, and burst inside the body.

I will be referring from time to time to a "butt plug." This is a variation of the dildo; being a hard latex cone, with a smooth, blunt top and rounded edge at the base. Below the base of the cone, the butt plug is attached to a short stem (maybe an inch or so in diameter), which once again flares out to form a flange to prevent its going completely into the rectum. They come in several sizes, and once inserted form a total seal. In addition to forcing the M to retain anything that might have been placed inside him (like a gut full of water), it also creates a sensation of fullness . . . in effect, being plugged. These can also be purchased with battery-operated vibrator. The plain variety can be drilled and reamed out (using a coarse or knotted string) to create a channel from top to bottom. A plastic tube can then be forced through the butt plug, making it possible to close the ass, then do your enema number into an already-sealed gut. The potential games are infinite, as you can see, so I'll leave the rest for you to discover on your own.

It's a good idea not to shove anything up your ass that isn't made for the purpose or widely used by other people with no ill effect. Being inventive, especially if you are trying to take something as big as you can handle, can cause a disaster. This brings another story to mind. In retrospect it may seem humorous, but at the time I'm sure the participants were very far from enjoying it. I'll repeat it as best I can in the words of the friend who related it to me:

I guess you know that Al and I have been going partners, redoing houses out in my neck of the woods. Al's all over that lovey-dovey thing with me, thank God, although he likes to swing on it once in a while. And I've been letting him, 'cause he's looking good these days—or was getting to look good. Anyway, I gave him a key to my house, because the places we're working on are nearer to me than to him, and if I'm not home he can stop by here to clean up or get a beer when he finishes bringing materials up to one of the houses, or whatever he's doing to help me.

So last week, I'd been taking out windows in one place, and replacing them with new ones. It was an old house, and it had the heavy slide-up kind with big sash weights hidden in the walls. It was a hell of a job to get them all out, but I had it done and the old weights were lying in a row in the front hall. Well, Al goes by when I'm not there, to drop off a load of new aluminum frames, and I guess he decides

to have a good JO session. So he takes one of the sash weights, and somehow he manages to shove it up his ass. And you know, those fuckers weigh ten pounds apiece. Well, I guess he does his number with the thing up his ass, and he manages to get it out all right. Afterward, though, he doesn't feel too good, so he heads for my house, only I'm not home. So he goes inside, and I come home to find him almost passed out in the hallway, really feeling sick. He'd turned sort of green, and looked like he was going to die. Scared the shit out of me!

Well, I managed to get him talking, and after a lot of hemming and hawing, he finally admitted what he'd done. His stomach is hurting so badly by then, I suggested the best thing to do would be to give him an enema, just in case some rust or something from the sash weight might still be up there. So we give him a nice warm water enema, and then he's really sick! He starts shitting blood, and he really does pass out for a few minutes. When he comes to all the way, he's really in pain, so I get his pants back on him and we high-tail it for the emergency hospital.

I pull up to the ambulance entrance, and wouldn't you know there'd be two local cops sitting in there, shooting the shit with this big bull-dyke nurse. Well, I go in and I tell her I have an industrial accident in the car.

"What kind of an accident?" she asks me.

"Well, uh . . . anal bleeding," I tell her. And by this time, both cops are flappin' their ears to hear.

"What caused this rectal bleeding?" she demands.

Well, at first I tried to tell her I didn't know, that I wasn't there when it happened, but that I'd just found him and brought him in. Well, she wasn't buying any of that, and in the meantime Al's sitting out in the car, maybe bleeding to death, so I tell her flat out, "He shoved a sash weight up his ass, and he's bleeding from that!" I thought that would stop her, but instead she looks at me real nasty, and the cops have gotten up by now, and are standing in back of her, kinda shit-eating grins on their faces.

"Did he shove it up his ass, or did you shove it up his ass?" she growls at me.

"Look, lady," I finally told her. "The guy's a friend of mine. He went out to a vacant house we're working on and did whatever he did, and then came to me when he felt bad. I wasn't there. I don't know any more than I've told you."

With this, she finally called a couple of attendants, and they went out with a stretcher to collect Al. All this while, the cops are looking at each other, and smiling and winking like they were in the front row at the Old Time Comedy Hour, and Yours Truly is about to sink through the floorboards.

So, they finally got Al into the treatment room, and he almost dies, but he's going to be all right. They had to do a colostomy on him . . . you know, sew up his asshole and cut a hole in his side so he can shit into a bag. It's going to be there for at least six months; then if everything goes okay, they'll put him back together, again.

The points to be made from this real life soap opera are so obvious as to need little clarification. Being in the shoes (or boots) of either protagonist is exactly the type of situation most of us wish to avoid. However, the insertion of "foreign matter" into one's anus is a very popular pastime — again, not strictly an SM game, but one frequently occurring either in an SM session, or in the general context (fantasized SM in a JO game, or a mutual sex play between guys who are SM oriented). There are plenty of things a guy can shove up his ass without hurting himself. Which brings us, quite naturally, to our next topic.

Ass stuffing. Shoving various materials up the old poop-chute is a popular diversion that has intrigued countless people for more years than any of us could imagine. Talking to doctors who have done stints in the emergency clinics during their internships convinces me that Al's unhappy experience with the sash weight was anything but unique. One of the most common objects, and unfortunately one of the worst, is a light bulb. The dangers are so obvious you wonder how anyone could be so stupid, but it happens . . . all, I suppose, in the heat of passion.

High on the popularity list because of their sizes and shapes, benign objects might include: hot dogs, Polish sausages, cucumbers, pickles, bananas, or any other object roughly resembling the penis in contour. All these, assuming they do not have any sharp edges and are not inserted with too much enthusiasm, are fairly safe. Certainly, they have given a lot of people a lot of pleasure. More exotic are the various small, round objects that can be stuffed one after the other. Grapes and cherry tomatoes

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are the most common. I remember Penishead telling me about his tomato stuffing session on a trip to Palm Springs, then laughing as he recalled the way they kept popping out of him and floating to the surface as he swam in a pool. I assumed that they must have been cherry tomatoes, but thinking back on it, recalling the condition of his sphincter, they may well have been the beefsteak variety.

In an SM scene, the very anally oriented will sometimes get into an ass stuffing session, and the use of these series of small objects is the most popular. Some of our toy suppliers sell miniature rubber billiard balls, numbered as they are on a pool table. The game is to see how many the guy can take, and whether they come out in the exact reverse order they went in. The stuffer keeps count, and the stuffee experiences a fantastic sensation of fullness, maybe being punished if the sequence comes out incorrectly. Hard boiled eggs are another popular item, but make sure they are cooled to room temperature. An egg will retain quite a bit of heat in its center after being cooked, and can cause a burn. In fact, one of the reportedly common tortures in the Iranian Vakilabad prison (administered by SAVAK before the Shah's overthrow) was to shove a hot hard boiled egg up a prisoner's ass, then watch him do the "hot egg tango," as the implanted material seared his guts. I imagine the Iranian eggs were unshelled, thus retaining their heat for a longer time. In our ass stuffing, it hardly seems necessary to suggest the eggs be carefully peeled, including the thin membrane between shell and egg. For those unskilled in the culinary arts, I suggest boiling your eggs, starting with the water cold, for about half an hour, using a few drops of distilled (white) vinegar in the water to guard against cracking. When cooked, set them in cold water with ice cubes, which makes them easier to peel.

Ice cubes themselves are another popular ass-stuffer, often alternated with something warm, such as an enema. I suggest soaking the ice cubes in warm water for a few moments to melt down the sharp edges before use, however. I also suspect frequent, long-term use of cold objects to be unhealthy and apt to cause more problems than warm or room temperature items.

Since many of the popular stuffing objects are foods, eating them as they are ejected from the anus is fairly

common. I suppose from a well douched ass they are not especially harmful, certainly no more so than rimming (our next subject), so if the idea turns you on . . . ?

Other than to sound the clarion cry of caution not to use anything capable of tearing the gut, or an object of such size and shape as to be liable to go in and not come out, there isn't much more to say by way of illumination. If you're doing it, you know as much about it as I do, and if you're contemplating it, you'll use whatever comes to hand without my trying to suggest anything more.

Rimming. While we're on the subject, more or less, of eating foreign material extruded by the asshole, let's have a few words about this popular practice. Rimming, of course, is the act of placing one's lips and/or tongue against a guy's anus, and giving him a thorough massage. Since this is something many Masters demand of their slaves, it is more applicable to an SM scene than some of the other subjects we consider in this chapter. I have also seen a number of Tops do it to their M's as preparation for a fuck. Naturally, this is a perfect way to contract any number of dread diseases, but that's the risk you take if you dig the action. (See chapter on drugs and health.)

If you get past the fear of disease and still want to give it a try, let's have a few words of advice from a gentleman to whom I refer, most respectfully, as The Divine Rimmer:

"You go at it gently. Don't attack it, but work your tongue in and out of the crevice, and tease the lips of the anus. Get it good and wet, and keep poking the tip of your tongue into the asshole. You'll gradually feel it loosen up a little bit, and then tighten back. If you don't have your hands tied, you can massage the cheeks of the ass at the same time, maybe reach between the legs and play with his cock and balls. In fact, I like to start with a good blow job, move down to the balls and work them for a while, then get my head between his legs and go for the asshole. If you do a good enough job, you'll have your partner ready for just about anything you want from him. But if you're going to do it, don't just play at it. Really get in there and eat it! After you've been doing it for a few minutes, he'll start getting hot enough that you can really push your face right up there and tongue-fuck him into fits. If you have a beard, or if you haven't shaved recently, you'll probably scratch hell

out of his buns, but he'll love it while it's going on—maybe hate you when he's all scarred up the next day.

"I think the best position is to have the guy on his back with his legs in the air—just like he's getting ready to be fucked. You can really get into it that way, much better than if he's standing or lying on his stomach. Of course, in your kind of scene, you might want to have the M tied down, lying on his back when you sit on his happy face. Whatever way you do it, make sure he has as free access as you can give him."

So that's advice from an expert. Individual techniques vary; it's a specialty for some guys, anathema to others. The ever-present fear of hepatitis deprives us of many would-be aficionados, to say nothing of the terror many guys have of the newer and more horrible gay maladies.

We progress, now, toward the "biggies" of the anal scene: enemas and fistfucking. It is hard to explain the overwhelming number of guys who have gotten into these, except to note that the activities are extensions of the desire to be fucked, and the sensations from either of these activities is even greater. From the standpoint of the bottom, it is easier to understand than for the Top, since it involves a goodly amount of work and effort to do it to someone, with the resulting erotic sensations not being evenly experienced. Just the idea of working over someone's ass is exciting to many of us, however, and makes me think back to the historical accounts of impalement, and how I used to get turned on reading about them. This was a common and widely used punishment among the Mongols, and later the Russian Czars. A man would have a sharp-pointed wooden pole stuffed up his "fundament" (read: "asshole") and be lifted to stand on the tips of his toes, while the pole was anchored securely in the ground. He might have his hands tied behind him, but more often he was left free to try lifting himself off the heavily greased pole. Gradually, his strength would fail and the shaft would penetrate ever deeper into his body. Ideally, he would expire with the pole coming to rest on the inside of his skull, although this was rarely the case. It usually came out, if at all, through the base of the neck. I've done a considerable amount of research on the subject since my younger years, and supplied several vivid descriptions in my, as yet, unpublished novel on Ivan the Terrible. Some

day you may get to read them.

Well, enemas and fistfucking are far less drastic, although some of the attendant fantasies may hark back to this more barbaric time. Before I get into these subjects I want to say a few words about the "dirty, nasty" scene a number of guys find so attractive (their words, not mine.)

Raunch and scat. For many guys, a raunchy, unwashed crotch is a heavy turn-on. The odors that normally repel become, instead, a beacon to draw him on and to inspire him to the height of sexual activity. Many who dig uncircumcised men feel great disappointment if there is not a fair accumulation of smegma under the foreskin. I have also had a couple of fistfuckers (Tops) tell me, "I like a little slime up there, once I get past the first turn." It's all in one's state of mind, another case where conditions normally perceived to be negative become a strong attraction. As part of a deep humiliation session there are a number of bottoms who really like it "raunchy." (What can I tell you?)

Interestingly enough, there are several perfume manufacturers now making products that contain the hormonal scent a male pig exudes to cause a female pig to go into heat. Apparently, this is also supposed to work for humans and make a man irresistible to a woman. Just how this relates to us, or to the "raunch syndrome," is a factor still to be explored in a laboratory. However, frequent visitors to the more popular sex clubs could probably give them an interesting series of evaluations and projections.

As to scat, this is the brown hankie specialty, and one which mercifully few have taken up. It refers to the use of shit as part of the sexual activity. The word comes from the Greek, meaning "manure" or "dung," and is proper terminology outside its vernacular application. An S may shit on his M as an act of ultimate humiliation, even force him to eat the feces. Or shit may be rubbed on the body, to be used as "slime" between the two writhing forms. In questioning those who are into it (I must confess my expertise in this area is somewhat limited), I acquired these few pearls of wisdom. A friend of mine who lectures on SM at college courses given in his area, always takes questions from the audience, and has been known to "salt" the writ-

ten inquiries with a card reading: "What about shit?" His response, of course, is ready and well rehearsed:

"Well, that's certainly putting it in layman's language, isn't it? But there is nothing mysterious about shit. If a man loves me enough, and respects me enough to take anything from my body, then he can take shit as well as anything else. I know from the fact of his doing it, that he is accepting my mastery without reservation or question of any kind. It's an act of complete submission for him, and total domination for me."

Another friend, who occasionally delves into the scat scene, told me: "Sure, shit stinks. There's no way to deny that, but once you get past the smell it isn't all that bad. If you eat it, it tastes just like whatever the guy has eaten, except that it has a burned flavor to it."

I will not go any deeper into the subject. If you want to read more, try some of the RFM publications. I will never forget one of his more classic lines in a novel called *Timmy*: "I could smell the fart, so I knew the shit was coming." Unfortunately, this exquisite prose is now a collector's item, since RFM died in an auto accident in November 1982.

Enemas. The history of enemas is interesting. The ancient Mesopotamians and Egyptians apparently used them, and there are references in ancient Greek and Roman literature. The "clyster of pipes" is mentioned by Shakespeare (*Othello*, Act II), and in *Gulliver's Travels*, Jonathan Swift has his hero punished by being given an enema. During the reigns of Louis XIII through Louis XVI, the French court made extensive use of enemas, especially for ladies of fashion and the male court dandies. It was considered quite proper for a person to take an enema immediately after dinner, and at various times it was a breach of social etiquette not to do it. Flatulence, I suppose, was a problem due to the rich, heavy fat diet. These odors, combined with the others generated by unwashed, highly perfumed bodies, mouths full of decaying teeth, and heavy velvet garments in an age before dry cleaning, probably made for quite an unpleasant atmosphere.

In our own society, the enema syndrome starts for many at a very early age. A kid is given a big shot of warm water up his ass by his mother or a visiting nurse, and discovers

a physical thrill he has never experienced before. For many, the sterile sickroom or hospital setting is so depressing that nothing seems pleasant at the time, yet later fantasies may eliminate the unpleasant details and leave the guy only his memory of the sensual feeling, and possibly the pleasurable sense of humiliation in having his ass bared, a probing finger seeking out his anus, and finally a rectal syringe inserted into him before his gut is pumped full of water. In SM terms, the taking of an enema is a submissive act, whereas giving it is the reverse.

For some, the enema or "douche" is merely a cleansing act, and many guys go through the routine before going out for a scene or for a big night on the town. Especially if he is into getting fisted, it is important to prepare himself in this manner. Not only are most Tops turned off by a gut full of shit, but the chances of coming through any misadventure are much better if the colon is fairly well cleansed beforehand. Even if a guy is not into the FF scene, he may douche in order to ensure he does not have to take a shit at an inconvenient time, or fart at an inappropriate moment. Just plain ass fucking can be undertaken with much more confidence if one knows his lower bowel is empty.

But these are very dull reasons for taking an enema. Those who do it for its own sake have honed the procedures to a very fine art indeed. Even the uninitiated will be familiar with the old-fashioned, one-quart rubber bag, either the kind that doubles as a hot water bottle (with sealable top), or the open bag variety. Usually of red rubber with a hose, clamp-off device, and nozzle, these are fixtures in most households. For true aficionados (sometimes referred to irreverently as "enema queens"), there are many varieties. There are clear plastic containers that hold up to three quarts, and some guys have hooked two or three in tandem, and have also altered the tubes to permit more than one person to share the water as it flows out.

Although some people prefer to use soapy water—generally made with a glycerin or "Castile" soap—a plain water enema is just as effective; better if a guy is going to take them frequently. The soap will tend to remove too much of the natural bacteria in the colon, and thus have an adverse effect on the digestive process. Because the bacteria will normally regenerate very quickly, and can be stimulated by consuming buttermilk or yogurt, it isn't a very serious

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problem. Some of the old Fels Naptha users tell me they have gone through periods of constipation between heavy enema sessions, blaming the soap for carrying out the necessary microorganisms. Of course, the cure for constipation is another enema, if an excuse is necessary, and the prospect did not seem to upset them at all.

Actually, the addition of anything to the enema water is not a good idea, unless you are seeking some specific result. Materials are absorbed by the body even more quickly through the gut than if swallowed. Adding vodka to the douche water, for instance, can get a person drunk almost instantly. (Some guys favor wine enemas.) If you decide to try this, be very careful of the amount you use. Running a fifth of booze up a guy's ass could kill him, especially if he isn't much of a drinker and has not developed a tolerance for alcohol. Drugs, which are difficult enough to control when smoked, swallowed, or shot, can be lethal if given in excessive amounts via an enema, being absorbed almost completely and very fast. This is also the reason for not using salt — of which most of us consume far too much, anyway. Anything with sugar can affect a diabetic much more quickly and severely than if he had eaten or drunk it.

Other than the above dangers, and the normal precautions one should take against inserting anything into the anus that can cut, burn, or tear, ass play with the enema equipment is relatively safe . . . relative, that is, to some of the other things people do. The only problem you are likely to cause with a plain tap-water enema is the loss of some potassium from the system, and this can be replaced quite easily by drinking fruit juices. A salt water (saline) enema, normally made by adding a couple of teaspoons of salt to the quart of water in your enema bag, will have a tendency to dehydrate the body. A soapy enema, if you decide to try it, should be made only with the Castile type of soap I mentioned earlier. These are usually olive oil-based compounds, and are not especially irritating to the gut. You should definitely not use a detergent, dishwashing liquid, or medical soap. Not only are they too harsh and irritating, they will more seriously upset the bacteria balance. They may also contain some materials that can be absorbed by the body and cause unexpected side effects.

Remember, there are generally only two reasons for giving or taking an enema (other than the pleasant feeling).

One is to clean out the bowel, and should thus be a high volume to promote distension and expulsion of water and waste materials. The other is for retentive purposes, and under medical conditions is given in smaller quantities, so as not to stimulate the bowel to expel it. In an enema scene, the object is often to cause the taker to feel the need to expel the material, but prevent him from doing so — either by verbal commands and threats of punishment if he leaks, or by the insertion of a plug to keep the water in.

With the advent of barium enemas, used by radiologists to pack the bowel with a chemical solution that must be retained while x-rays are taken, a great array of wonderful blocking devices have come on the market. Normally referred to as "Bardex tubes," these are a series of different shaped plastic nozzles with several varieties of inflatable rubber bags attached to them. The most common is a plastic rectal nozzle with a slightly enlarged tip . . . shaped, that is, like a small penis. Just behind the "cockhead" is a soft rubber doughnut that can be inflated. When the tube is inserted, the doughnut is empty. After insertion, it is pumped full of air via a rubber hand-bulb. These bulbs usually have a screw-down locking device, to prevent the air's being released until the appropriate moment. Once in place, the gut can be filled with water, and there is no way for it to escape until the plug is removed.

There are also larger inflatable devices, and even one with a pair of air bags, one to expand inside the rectum, one outside, thus ensuring that the tube stays exactly in place, capable of sliding in either direction. In a hospital, these devices are designed for one-time use, and are then thrown away. However, they can be used many times if they are carefully dried off and packed away after the scene is over. The best method is to dust them with unscented talcum powder, and seal them in an air-tight bag once they are thoroughly dry. Although classified as medical supplies, most of these devices are not in the "prescription" category, and can be purchased from surgical supply houses or from any number of toy suppliers.

For more exotic enema sessions there are also the colon tubes, simply rubber hoses that are intended to be inserted into the rectum, or beyond, to carry the enema solution higher into the bowel. These range from rather modest devices, no larger in diameter than the tube on a

regular enema bag, to monsters guaranteed to terrify the beginner. These—"grand colonic" tubes—are intended to really get in there and flood the large intestine. Great care should be taken in using these, because there are a couple of bends to be negotiated, and there is sometimes a tendency for the tube to double back on itself, or to hang up on the inside of the gut. If this happens, you can cause a tear by trying to force it. In any of these insertions, it is better to back off when a tube does not want to go any further.

For purposes of a simple douche; i.e., cleaning out the rectum and lower bowel for a fucking and ass play exchange—anything short of a full FF scene—the products sold to women as pussy cleaners work well for us. Some guys even like the smaller "fountain syringe" better than the straight-through rectal tip. A small amount of fluid (four to six ounces) is enough to stimulate the bowel, and bring out most of the material you want to eliminate. Repeating the douche a couple of times will usually accomplish all you are interested in doing.

For a deeper, more thorough cleansing, or to achieve the sensation of fullness many enema enthusiasts seek, it is possible to get your wish from less esoteric, and more easily obtainable materials. A regular hot water bottle/enema bag holds about a quart, and should be sufficient for most needs. It is possible to cause a faster and more exciting rush of fluid by: filling the bag, sealing it, inserting the tube, releasing the catch, and either standing or sitting on the bag. (If it tends to leak around the plastic screw joint, rub a little vaseline into the threads.) This will cause the water to gush into you. There are also some fairly inexpensive "in line" pumps that can be attached to the tube from the enema bag by cutting the tube in the center and attaching the severed ends to either side of the pump. The pump itself consists of a rubber bulb with a valve inside which prevents the flow of water backward, and pushes it in the desired direction with each squeeze of the hand.

To get the greatest penetration of water, the gut should ideally be lower than the rectum, since gravity will determine the direction your water wants to go. The most effective (and for SM purposes the most appropriate) position is to have the subject on his knees, head touching the floor. He can also be head-down on an inclined board. In a hospital, the nurse will often have her patient lie on his left side,

in a sort of fetal position. This also utilizes the force of gravity, because the gut turns downward when the body is in this position, after the water flows through the rectum.

Colonic irrigation, or the "grand colonic," is probably the ultimate in the enema enthusiast's repertory, but it is also fraught with dangers. A long tube, sometimes 54 inches in length, is used, and water is pumped in from the enema bag, or enema can—maybe a quart at a time, as described in the medical books, but more than this for many users who are doing "recreational enemas." The inflow tube is then shut off, and the outflow is released, draining the liquid into a bucket. A single "Y" tube is normally used for this, or it is possible to insert two tubes, the tip of the smaller pushed into the "eye" (drain hole) of the larger (since the drain hole is usually on the side of the tube, a few millimeters behind the tip). Once inserted, the smaller tube is pulled back slightly to separate it. Just getting the tube in is tricky, as I have noted before, and the instructions for medical personnel make it sound difficult and dangerous, because of the possibility of tearing the colon wall. Undaunted by these considerations, a great many guys get them in, do their things, and get them out without any problems. It would be a good idea to get hold of an anatomy book and study the diagrams of the internal plumbing before doing any of this, so you at least have a fair idea of the configuration you are penetrating.

In the 1920's and '30's there was a vogue for colonics, because people believed it was beneficial to have the gut thoroughly purged from time to time. Consequently, there are still a number of interesting machines to be found—now mostly in the hands of latter-day medical quacks or enema buffs. If used carefully, they are relatively harmless, but always with the potential to cause injury if mis-handled. I remember the time not too long ago when Penis-head came into possession of such a machine, and was giving high colonics to anyone who asked (and who could slip him a few bucks, or a hit or two of dope). He was having guys climb onto his machine, taking large hits of amyl while he pumped their guts full of water. He never seemed to do any damage, except that one of his patrons developed an uncomfortable dysentery, later diagnosed as having been caused by an improperly cleaned colonic tube.

Which brings us to another vital point. Working with

items that are intended for insertion into the ass, an area we perceive as the dirtiest part of the body, a guy is often inclined to forget that the tools of his trade should be just as carefully cleaned after use as they would be for insertion into any other orifice. I can't emphasize too strongly how easy it is for foreign matter to be absorbed through the colon walls. One of Penishead's little *faux pas*, for example, was taking a douche with tap water during a trip through Baja California. He came back with a terrible case of Montezuma's Revenge, and couldn't understand it, since he had been very careful to drink only bottled water.

For further information, there are two fairly good books (a bit pricey because of high printing costs and limited market): *The Complete Enema Guide* (\$6), Arthur Hamilton, Inc., 315 West 4th Street, New York, NY 10014; or *The Enema* (\$12.95), Platinum Press, 9237 West 3rd Street, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. (I try to keep them in stock at my mail order office.) You can get into some very exotic scenes with enemas, and indulge in some extreme dominance-submission situations. Starting with the basics I have given you, plus the additional information available in other specialized publications, it is not difficult to develop your own techniques, rituals tempered to your own tastes. Your fellow enthusiasts, as you encounter them, will also come up with a world of new ideas. I might also refer you to T.A.I.L. (The Total Ass Involvement League) as a source of information and contacts with others who share your interests—enema, FF, etc. They have a quarterly newsletter and publish a membership roster. Write: T.A.I.L., c/o Bob Mack, 1130 Haight St., San Francisco, CA 94117.

To illustrate more graphically the pleasure to be derived from an enema scene, here's an extract from a previously unpublished story, *Oh Bob, Poor Bob*, by a T.A.I.L. member who uses the pen name Klistopher Plummer.

"Come over to the house tonight. Be there at eight o'clock. Oh, and cancel any plans you have for the rest of the weekend. I have a new toy for you."

"Yes, sir!" replied the surprised and delighted Kaz. If Gary had a new toy, it must be very special to have him cancel all his plans.

Kaz had taken the call at work. The first thing he did when he got home was to pull himself a glass of beer from the keg—a nightly ritual—and sip it as he wondered what

the new toy might be. Any toy usually meant some ass play, so he decided he had better clean himself out for it. He took the beer with him into the bathroom, where he stripped and took a shower. Using the diverter, he cleaned himself inside and out at the same time — another investment, like his beer cooler, that had certainly been worth the price. He felt so good afterward, that he had another beer. Then he had an idea. He went back to the bathroom and got out the enema bag. He carefully measured one quart into the container and hung it low. Then he settled on the floor and let it flow into his bowel very slowly. He got up and walked around, getting the feel of the one quart inside him. It felt fine, so good he decided to drive over to Gary's with it in him. After all, Gary had made him hold a two-quart enema for an hour or more many times, and it was only a twenty-minute drive.

He enjoyed the feeling of the cramps as they came and went during the trip across the bridge and into the hills. He arrived at Gary's house feeling fine, if a bit light-headed from the experience. At the door, without so much as "hello," Gary told him to strip right there on the porch, hang his clothes on the pegs and to go into the big bathroom. Kaz immediately regretted taking the small enema at home. The big bathroom always meant a water session, and stripping on the porch meant he wouldn't have any time to get rid of his self-tormenting load. He wasn't supposed to give himself enemas. This was Gary's exclusive right, but Kaz felt that what Gary didn't know wouldn't hurt him.

He went directly to the bathroom and was ordered up on the table, told to lie on his back. Restraining straps were put in place on his arms and legs, leaving Kaz spread-eagled. Gary had built the table to Kaz's dimensions, padded it, then covered it with rubber sheeting. Kaz's limbs touched each corner. He lay there hoping Gary wouldn't notice the water gurgling inside him.

Gary went through the full sterile routine of catheterizing him first, using a number 16 Foley catheter and making sure it was properly set before turning to the enema equipment. He took out a double Bardex, which is really just a large Foley catheter, both having balloons to keep them from slipping out. The double Bardex, however, had a second balloon to be inflated outside the rectum, sealing it

firmly in place next to the sphincter. It took longer to insert the tube, with Kaz strapped to the table, but his legs were spread wide and the tube was well lubricated. The inner balloon was soon in place. Gary inflated both bulbs, the inner one making Kaz moan with delight as it also pressed against his prostate. Now the gland was getting it from inside, as well as out. Gary attached the Bardex to an enema bag that was filled with a carefully measured two quarts of water at 115°F. He attached the Foley to a new bottle of distilled water taken fresh from the refrigerator — temperature 45°F. Gary gave Kaz one quart of the hot water very fast, making it cause cramps — more cramps than he knew, because he was unaware of the one-quart, self-inflicted torment. As soon as the pained expression left Kaz's face, Gary let the cold water fill Kaz's bladder. He knew his M always had at least one glass of beer as soon as he got home, which was why he hadn't wanted any piss to escape before he started.

A new expression came over Kaz's face. It hurt, and yet it felt wonderful! He was naked and helpless, and receiving hot fluid into his ass, cold into his bladder. He was experiencing a fullness that verged on real, exquisite agony. All he could do was lie there, expectantly, as he watched Gary leave the room. *Oh, Kaz . . . lucky Kaz. You're in such pain and feeling so glad! . . .*"

Fistfucking. For some reason, this has become the most popular of the kinky sports practiced by gay men. It is an art unto itself, quite outside the realm normally considered SM. However, because it frequently involves the same people, and because it can and does occur as a part of many SM scenes, I include it here, and will try to give you enough information to make it more understandable to the inexperienced. Historically, there does not appear to be very much available to indicate that fistfucking has been popular over the years. It is mentioned in the *Kama Sutra*, the Hindu book listing many methods of relaxing and caring for the body. Here, it is suggested that the person fast for 24 hours, and undergo a ritual purging. The insertion of the hand is then done as a gentle, internal massage, particularly in the area of the prostate.

The practice has apparently not been widely known beyond Indian society until very recently. Not too many years

ago, I had to lend a print of the film *Erotic Hands* to a lecturer at a meeting of American proctologists, because many of them asserted the impossibility of fistfucking, indicating how unfeasible it was for most men, and disclaiming the possibility of the practice being widespread. So prevalent was this feeling, I became concerned enough to proffer the film in order to ensure their taking it seriously, hoping to have more doctors knowledgeable enough to treat people who got into trouble through the activity.

Basically, fistfucking is not difficult to do, or to understand. The bottom's rectum and colon should be thoroughly cleansed by a series of enemas. The Top's hands should be well washed, the fingernails not only clipped down to the quick, but filed to remove any rough edges. The ass is thoroughly lubricated with Crisco or any of the numerous lubricants available on the market (Lube, Elbow Grease, etc.). The Top works slowly and gently at the anal opening, massaging it and the area around it, finally inserting one or two fingers, working them around until he feels the sphincter begin to relax. He gradually adds another finger, then another, and keeps up his massaging motions until he is able to use all five fingers in a "goose" configuration. By patient and persistent massage and insertion/withdrawal, he eventually is able to work his fingers, then the heel of his hand in past the sphincter.

With an experienced bottom, the relaxation becomes more or less a conditioned reflex to this usage, and the insertion of the hand can be done much more easily and quickly, often with the ass seeming to "suck it in." Only after the hand is securely inserted, and the bottom seems to be accommodating it comfortably, the Top may clench his fist and go for a deeper penetration. He should be guided at all times by the responses of the bottom, and should stop immediately if the bottom tells him to.

The sensation of the guy taking the fist is one of fantastic fullness and penetration, with the neural sensors able to respond only to pressure (not to pain), whereas the Top experiences a tremendous sensation of domination, while his hand (and perhaps his lower arm) are encased in a tight, wondrously warm grasp. Done with care, and with both partners in a reasonably sober condition, the erotic sensations are unequalled in any other context. The physical feelings are so intense as to be almost asexual, in that

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most scenes are carried out with neither partner having an erection. The ejaculation, if any, is going to come later, although the JO sensation with the hand inserted is extraordinary. The act of fistfucking is a different kind of eroticism from anything else, and legitimately falls into the category of "having to be experienced to be appreciated." Tops will sometimes tell you that once the fist (and lower arm) is well inserted, the greatest thrill is to feel the bottom's heart beating within the fantastic, warm moisture.

The dangers, of course, are manifold. All the usual risks involved in ass play are present, including the transmission of bacterial, amoebic, or viral diseases that may be incubating in the gut. There is also a high risk of tearing the intestine, or displacing it (or some other organ) by the pressure of the invading fist. These dangers would be greatly alleviated if the practitioners were less prone to the use of drugs, but this unfortunately has become almost endemic to the fistfucking scene. In fact, a good many aficionados will tell you that the use of drugs is indispensable to the rest of the action, one sensation promoting the other and each necessary for a full appreciation of the total eroticism. While in most SM contexts, I am adamant about the Top remaining "straight," but have less concern about the M, since he is unlikely to do himself or anyone else any harm as a result of being spaced out during the action, this is not true in FF. If the bottom gets too wired to be aware of what is happening to him, he can very well encourage the Top to greater depths than his body can tolerate. It is not uncommon to hear someone boast of taking a fist all the way to the elbow—even beyond. You know that this *has* to be stretching the hell out of something!

Consider for a moment exactly what the fist is entering. The walls of the large intestine (colon) are a bit thicker than the small intestine, but still very thin. Have you ever seen a string of link sausages in an old-fashioned deli? These are commonly made by stuffing the meat mixture into the well-washed intestine of a pig. Ours is just about the same thickness. Granted, in its living condition it is more pliable and elastic than the sausage covering, still, it can only take so much abuse before it rips. Sharp fingernails have probably accounted for more injuries than anything else, but the over-enthusiastic insertion of the fist comes a close second. It's a matter of balancing the erotic

delights against the potential dangers. A tear in the gut can mean peritonitis, resulting from the release of bacteria into the visceral cavity (the same danger faced with a ruptured appendix), and it is often fatal. A torn gut can also result in a colostomy—the hole in the abdominal wall with bag attached to catch the shit. I should note, too, that with all these dire warnings, it is not uncommon for the Top to withdraw his hand with a minute amount of blood and mucus on it, and this is not necessarily cause for alarm. There are many small vessels in the colon, and it is easy to rupture them during the course of a fisting session. If there are large quantities of blood, however, or if it appears very dark, visit the doctor. Removing the hand should also be done slowly, so as not to literally “turn the gut inside out.”

Of course, there are guys who believe that if a little is good, more must be better. Penishead (sorry to mention him so often, but he is very big in these anal games) tells the tale of having a foot stuck up his ass, and getting it caught. With much strain and pounds of lubricant, they managed to get it out before a trip to the emergency hospital became necessary. Although I can understand the erotic fantasy, foot-fucking is carrying things a bit too far. Since the ankle does not have the flexibility of the wrist, inserting the foot beyond the heel is foolhardy and less than this is a waste of time. The Top has relatively little sensation, since the receptors in the foot are far less concentrated than in the hand. Stopping at the heel does not provide the bottom with as great a sensation as a well-placed fist, and there is far less control. Of course, if you are still going to try this, remember to trim the toenails just as carefully as you would the fingers. Any ragged edges of callous must also be pumiced down smooth.

For the guy who reaches the point where one hand is not enough, it is possible to do the penetration with two hands pressed together—either both from the same person, or from a pair of Tops working in tandem. Again, I think this is stretching the limits (to say nothing of the rectal tissues), but it is done, and reportedly is a tremendous trip.

In the SM context, fisting is probably more risky than in a more common, vanilla setting, because the bottom will often be restrained. Unable to move, he is more dependent on the skill and judgment of the Top, who may be doing other things to him, before, during or after the in-

section of the fist. At least the SM scene will usually have better equipment than just a bed or other flat surface. By far the most convenient FF device is the sling, available in many designs. Basically, it is a sheet of heavy leather (although it may be canvas), suspended by chains from the four corners, and equipped with straps to hold the legs in place while the bottom lies on his back, ass at the edge of the surface, open and ready for the fisting. Ideally, the sling should be hung with the chains at an outward angle; i.e., with their upper termini farther apart than the lower ends, attached to the sling. This helps alleviate the tendency for the surface to swing uncontrollably during the action, although some movement is desirable.

Other than the sling, the only important item you need is lubricant. I've already mentioned Crisco or the commercial lubricants normally used, and strongly suggest you stick to them. Vaseline or other petroleum-based products are not as good, because they tend to dry out the skin and mucous linings, and also promote disintegration of any rubber appliances you may want to use. I do know of one guy who insists that baby oil mixed with Crisco is the best, but others would disagree. Dildos are frequently inserted before the actual fisting to loosen up the ass, and being made of latex (usually) they do better with a water-soluble lubricant. K-Y or other brands of medical lubricants are fine for regular fucking, but not so good for fisting, because they do not retain their slickness quite long enough, and are available only in uneconomical small sizes. For guys who like to get a bit exotic there are a number of products with menthol or other mild irritants compounded to give a sensation of heat. I would advise you not try anything stronger: these contain enough extraneous substances, and more can cause an internal inflammation severe enough to require medical attention.

Just a final warning: anyone taking a fist up his ass is riding close to the edge of danger. At any sign of a problem—rectal bleeding, pain in the abdomen, discolored feces, a swelling of the lymph nodes, or any other unusual sensation in the region—go immediately to a doctor and tell him exactly what you've done. Any injuries you might have sustained could develop very quickly into a condition that could kill you. It's the price you have to pay for the thrill you've received. Don't let it be more than you can afford.

Now that I've belabored the horrors, let me give you a little account of a good enema-FF-SM session, contributed for one of my private publications by my friend John Meister of Australia. (John's native language is not English, so bear with us in some of his sentence structure. I did not want to edit him too much.):

"Boris" was a sight to be seen. Well over six feet, built to match, olive skinned, totally bald, a thick moustache and a full black beard. He was impressive as he stood in the door of his blackroom, leather pants, boots and jacket which was open and showed a white T-shirt stretched tightly over his massive chest. The whiteness accentuated not only his complexion, but also all the black of the leathers he was wearing.

"Boris" did not mind his nickname; quite some years ago somebody, seeing him and hearing his rumbling bass voice exclaimed, "My God, Boris Godunoff!" The name had stuck.

Jack Page, as his name really was, had prepared his blackroom for a trick who was due at any moment. An old bottom and protege of his had moved interstate, where he was now regarded as a good Top; his lover was passing through town and it was arranged that he would stop over for his night at Jack's.

His old mate had described him as "28, small, muscular, blond hair, trim beard." That was exactly as Jimmy turned out to be, with an open smile showing good healthy white teeth, dressed in stark contrast to Jack in a business suit.

After a few drinks and general conversation, Jack suggested that he clean up, have a shower and get into things. Jimmy stripped after being shown where to hang his clothes, and the description was correct. He had a muscular build; not an ounce of fat marred the golden tanned body, small round buttocks, short thick cock with a foreskin hanging down from a cleanly shaven crotch. Jack smiled to himself. He should have known. Jimmy's lover was a great one for shaving, a real turn on for him, especially if he had a very hairy victim.

Jack proceeded to give Jimmy a few good enemas, just to clean him out, not for fun as yet; after that a hot shower, and Jimmy appeared smiling with a semi-hard rod from the bathroom. With a hand on his shoulder Jack guided him to the gameroom. Jimmy let out a low whistle when he

saw it. The room looked a cross between a doctor's surgery and a hardware store.

A dental chair, a surgical examination table, fitted with gynecological leg rests; from hooks, latex and rubber enema bags, rubber and plastic tubing in all sorts and sizes and thicknesses. Thick chains hung from the ceiling as did pulleys with ropes; bolts in the floor and a double wardrobe, fitted with shelves containing all sorts of apparatus; it was all too much to take in at once.

Jack produced a strong calico straitjacket, which he placed on Jimmy. The arms tightly crossed in front and the long sleeves tied at the back. "Get your ass on the table." Jimmy did. His legs were now strapped in the braces, his chest and shoulders firmly tied to the table with heavy leather belts; he was immobile.

A hood made of rubber was drawn over his face. It had no shape, but was closed with a zip, then inflated with an air pump to form a black balloon around the head. In the front of the straitjacket, two circles were cut over the pectoral area, allowing tit clamps to be set and attached to rubber ropes hanging from hooks in the ceiling. Pulling the clamps tighter forced the tits out. A ball stretcher was placed with two more ropes stretching the sac. Jack took a set of earphones, laid it on Jimmy's neck, pressing the phones against the black rubber. A switch of the cassette and Jimmy experienced sound as he had never before. In his cocoon it engulfed him totally; nothing else seemed to exist any longer as no sounds from the room could penetrate his artificial world.

He could feel the tension on his tits and balls, but at the same time it could have belonged to another body. He ass was now probed; and slowly but surely a long, thin colonic tube went all the way up. After that a bardex balloon was inserted, both connected with the enema bags, valves released letting a slow but steady flow of water, penetrating high as well as low in the abdomen.

Mozart's arias filled his head. Far, far away he could feel warmth penetrating his body. But still feeling detached from it all he started to dream, to float and was totally oblivious of anything else.

Jack left him there, had a piss, cracked a can of beer and watched TV for a while. The sound had stopped; dead silence was now in the balloon. Slowly, Jimmy became

aware of the enormous pressure in his lower part; his tits and balls started to ache; the bardex balloon felt like a giant's fist embedded in his guts. Suddenly he screamed into the black void. With a small rod, Jack had hit the rubber ropes; vibrations like waves went through the body. Jack could play the ropes like a violin, softly stroking them or giving them hard slaps, creating strong movements, ebbing away as the ropes got back to their original tension. It was not pain that Jimmy experienced, but the wildest sensation ever. His tits and balls stretched, pulsated and tingled just depending on the density of movement. Jack started slapping the ropes with his cane in earnest, never using a pattern, never knowing which rope would be hit next, as Jimmy screamed into the rubber. Tied down as he was he could not even squirm. Only muscle movement was possible for the long minutes that Jack kept up this fiendish torture. For Jimmy it seemed an eternity before he stopped, unstrapped him and let him relieve the load of water.

At a disposal store Jack had picked up a parachute harness. This was now strapped onto Jimmy, then hoisted up. Feet in restraints were also pulled up so that they were now higher than the ass, which was also hoisted. Jimmy just hung there, not fully horizontal, but exposing his ass to the fullest.

After probing the hole and opening it with various sized ass intruders, Jack greased his hand and slowly inserted his fingers. It took a long while before Jack's fist was inside the ass. It had been a struggle. Like anything else on Jack, his hands were huge. During the interim Jimmy, whose hands were left free, had clutched many times at the inhaler and shoved it into his nostrils to get some relief. Now the hand was fully in and he could feel a fist being formed and Jack started to pump him . . . hard force invading him, possessing him, seeming to open his body while he floated in a misty haze of amyl and his own imagined vistas . . . fog shrouded swamps with warm mists rising to engulf him.

The tenuous agony of the hand coming out was as great as the going in, the sensations of stretching hurt, always on the edge of a terrible chasm of pain, but never quite falling into its black morass. Jimmy lay panting, relaxed, catching his breath as his body slowly returned to normal.

Then suddenly he jerked as something freezing cold was shoved up the sorely stretched hole. From his position he could not see what had been inserted, but it was turning his insides to ice. A second and a third were shoved in. Jimmy squirmed and twisted as he felt that cold fire continue. From his vantage point Jack could see the anus contract and loosen in spasms. It amused him. "Come on, lay your eggs. Push them out."

Suddenly the anus opened and the first of three solidly frozen tomatoes followed suit. Jack picked them up and showed them to a startled Jimmy. "Ever laid tomatoes before? Now, I'm going to defrost you." He showed Jimmy a string of heavy steel balls that he had held under the hot water tap. One by one he shoved it up the hole until the whole string had disappeared inside. Two kilos of steel were now up Jimmy's ass.

After a little while Jack lowered Jimmy's body so that his ass was only some six inches off the floor, legs still higher than the rest. "Push the first ball out." Again the ass pulsed before the shiny steel ball appeared, pulling at the rest of the mass inside him. Jimmy gasped and took another hit from the inhaler as Jack seized the chain of steel balls and slowly, one at a time eased them out, allowing them to clank against the floor.

Jack let him down to rest a while, having a beer and a smoke. Jimmy explored the room a bit and was highly impressed. "It would take a month of non-stop activity to find out how everything is used. Wouldn't mind coming down for a longer period," he said, hoping for the invitation that came immediately.

"You're welcome anytime and for whatever period. We'll keep you busy. While I'm at work I have a few friends who are free during the days and will gladly entertain you."

"Thanks very much. I'll look forward to that," Jimmy said appreciatively.

He was especially admiring the peg boards with a huge collection of whips, paddles and cats. Jack explained that he had been collecting for quite a number of years. Every time he went overseas, as a souvenir, he would look for a new whip or quirt. Many of his friends had also added to the collection in the form of presents. Jimmy held a paddle that particularly interested him. The core was wood, between two layers of thick hide, held together with intricate

weaving of thongs through many holes in the sides. Extremely well made and inscribed by burning "The Boris Banger."

"It sure looks like a banger, Jack. I see it's inscribed with your nickname."

"The guy who called me that became a good friend of mine and made it for my fortieth birthday. I can tell you, it's extremely effective. Want to try it?"

Jimmy turned the paddle over in his hand, groaned and glanced up at Jack.

"Well, I'm not sure of the language, but I'd translate it as affirmative."

Jimmy's wrists were put into restraints, attached to a rope in the ceiling, pulled up . . . ankle restraints attached to hooks in the floor so that he stood, legs apart, hands high up, stretched, vulnerable and exposed.

Jack took time choosing a cat. It was one made of green leather. The handle was a work of art, plaited in different colored leathers. Very lightly he started to whip the shoulders and back of Jimmy's legs, repeating the same pattern, but each time increasing the strength of his stroke. Meticulously, he let the cat fall again and again. Sweat started to appear on the body he was whipping. Moans and groans were his reward as was the twisting body. The hits were now quite solid as he concentrated on the shoulders and Jimmy became more vocal. The shoulders turned from a bright pink to red with a few stripes, as Jack laid it down hard. Jimmy yelled.

The same was done to the upper legs. The cat, on the softer flesh, was more painful. The victim swung in his bonds, moaning, groaning, and yelling, depending on the force of the blows. Soon the legs, too, were striped and some welts showed clearly. Jack let his captive swing for a little and looked at the prime target that he had so far left untouched . . . the buttocks.

Nice, round, firm, perfect and close together, an excellent working area for the "Boris Banger." Jimmy had stopped swaying and started to concentrate on the point where he knew he would feel the pain . . . his buttocks, obviously left for the finale.

Jack took no warming up time as he slammed the cat solidly against the tight little ass. Bad luck for Jimmy, as he tried to twist and turn away from the strokes. Jack

stood his ground, feet apart, landing his blows, hitting hard at what should have been the same spot. Now the cat landed on whatever surface presented itself, leaving stripes and welts. Soon Jimmy was screaming, but Jack kept it up for another fifteen or twenty strokes before he stopped and let his subject have a breather.

The solid banger felt heavy but good in Jack's hand. His friend had made a perfect grip in the handle. Tapping gently at the swollen, bruised buttocks, he measured distance before he landed the first of ten with force. Jimmy screamed and his screams became more intensified with each stroke. His whole body felt a mass of white pain that exploded into stars when the Banger slammed onto his ass, screamed uncontrollably as the last, the hardest, fell.

Jack undid the ankles so Jimmy could stand properly and let down the rope a bit so he could twist and contract his body as he wished to find his composure again. Standing in front of Jimmy, Jack undid the wrists and placed the arms on his shoulders. Jimmy encircled the strong neck and held on for a minute while Jack rubbed his back and felt the welts on his buttocks. Slowly he pushed Jimmy a little back from him so he could look into his face, kissed him, and said, "Ready for bed, and some good old fashioned fucking?"

CHAPTER EIGHT— Setting the Scene

Before delving into the increasingly more advanced activities, I think it would behoove us to pause, and take a look at the equipment and facilities we should have . . . or at least consider how to make the best use of our space and our senses. We have already looked at the basic blackroom equipment, but there are some less obvious fixtures deserving a few words. I will try to supply these, plus some suggestions regarding use of the five senses.

I have been using the word "blackroom" almost interchangeably with "dungeon," so perhaps I should clarify these. If a guy has a room where he performs his SM activity, and it is possible to do so, he often paints it a dull (matte) black to emphasize the darkness usually associated with heavy SM behavior; from this we derive the term "blackroom." Sometimes, if the Top is heavily into photography the room will actually be painted a dark maroon or brown, which often photographs blacker than black. "Dungeon" I assume anyone understands, although it usually (in classic terms) referred to a basement, or sub-basement. In our usage it may be the attic, or any other

room devoted exclusively or part time to our activities.

Like any other sexual encounter, SM is a sensual experience. In this it is not unique; but it does tend to be a more intense experience than more vanilla exchanges. A good SM session will probably last longer than a regular suck-fuck (three to four hours being average), and will probably involve more areas of the body—certainly on the M's part, and often for both partners. Ideally, there is a total physical and emotional involvement, in which it is important—if not essential—that mind as well as body be completely oriented toward the activity in this specific space at this particular time. For this complex of reasons, whoever sets the scene (usually the Top) should do everything he can to direct all attention inward, toward the center of action.

It may sound like a contradiction in terms to state that the setting should be comfortable, since the Top is about to do everything he can to create the opposite effect upon his "victim." Well, if you believe that, you've been missing the boat! Whatever pain or other discomfort is about to be dispensed, it must be *this* pain or *this* discomfort upon which the M's full sensual spectrum is focused. He should not, for instance, be responding to a shooting pain down his leg as a result of a misapplied restraint, while the Top is doing a number on his nipples or ass. Likewise, he should not be shivering because the room is cold, while his Master attempts to warm his backside.

There are two main considerations in establishing the setting for your action: First, eliminate the distractions; second, establish the atmosphere in which you wish to operate, and in which you feel your partner will be able to function at his best. This is usually the Top's responsibility because it is ideally happening on his turf. If the M is providing the space, then it's up to him to do it properly.

Since we have five basic senses, it follows that we have five basic considerations: tactile (sense of touch), including temperature and whatever comes into bodily contact; olfactory (sense of smell); auditory (sense of hearing); optical (sight); oral (taste). Let's take the easiest first.

The sense of taste is something controlled almost exclusively by the Top, since it is he who will determine which substances are going into the mouth and onto the tongue. I don't think we need say too much about this, since the alternatives are fairly obvious. I might suggest,

however, that the fastidious housekeeper use some judgment in his cleanup between sessions. Gags and other oral insertables should not be cleaned with a solution that leaves an unpleasant residue. New equipment, especially a leather gag, should be worked over ahead of time to remove whatever the manufacturer may have left on it. Leather dyes can be toxic, anyway, and you should take care your M (or you) does not swallow any appreciable amount of harmful or evil-tasting material.

The sense of smell, which physically contributes to the sense of taste, is a little more of a problem. Some odors are a turn-on to one guy, and the complete opposite to another. The room itself should probably be as odor-free as possible, though I have never found that the faint lingering trace of amyl, grass, or urine seemed to make much difference. Since these are the most common scents in a black-room, guys with any experience more or less expect them and respond positively, if at all. The strong scent of Lysol or incense may be distracting, as will any overpowering odor "hitting you in the face" as you enter the room. Use your own judgment, but you should be aware of the potentials. Probably most important is your own body odor, or lack thereof. Some guys, as we have already noted, are very turned on by an unwashed crotch or asshole; others are not. It helps to know your partner beforehand, but the odds are in your favor if you are at least reasonably clean. Very few guys are turned on to a sour body odor or bad breath. If, as a Top, you are repelled by an M with bad breath or smelly asshole, it is a good idea to have a supply of mouthwash and a douche hose in your bathroom. There is nothing wrong in demanding that your partner use them; it's a good way to start the discipline.

From the negatives, let's go to the positives for a moment. The sense of smell can definitely work in your favor. Most SM guys are conditioned to respond sexually to the smell of leather, some to rubber, each of which has a strong, distinct aroma. Amyl is also a sexual odor for many people, even if they do not actually want to sniff it. Used just as a "room odorizer" (the way the bottle defines it), any of the standard "sniffs," especially if they are a bit rancid, smell like old boots. A lot of guys react positively to this. Consider your partner in making the choice, but be aware of such potential scents as: beer and/or booze,

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cigarettes, soap, fresh vs. stale air, something burnt (hair, candle wax), grass, sweat, anal, or just a clean body odor. I can't run down all the possibilities, especially as these will vary by geographic area and specific setting. You should simply be aware of the possibilities and use them.

The sense of hearing is the first of the "big three," and particularly important near the beginning of the session. Later, as the action progresses, the participants should become less aware of outside sounds. If you use music as a background — and I suggest you do — its primary purpose is to establish the mood. You may also want it to mask other sounds: to obscure distracting noise from outside your area of interaction, or to hide the sounds of your own activities from your neighbors. These motivations may be important only for logistical reasons, but you should try to balance this with your own need to establish a proper sound to accompany your activities.

The selection of music and the manner in which you reproduce it in your blackroom is extremely important. While it should fill the void and occupy the neural receptors for sound, it should not intrude or distract. Eschew vocal selections: a person has a tendency to try to hear the words of a song or aria; and music written for a vocal line, so popular everyone knows it, may have the same effect. Try to pick something fairly obscure, especially if you're into classical. For instance, you might feel that Ravel's *Bolero* or Wagner's *Ride of the Valkyries* has exactly the pace you want, but most people are too familiar with these pieces, and may have heard them in some comical setting. The last thing you want to do is cause your partner to laugh, or to think of a situation outside your immediate area. For this reason, I find Richard Strauss, Sibelius, even Shostakovich preferable to the more popular composers (Tchaikovsky, Brahms, Beethoven), because their music is less apt to have distracting, outside connotations for my partner. Longer selections are better than a series of short ones, because they do not shatter a building mood.

Since tastes vary, it's a good idea to have a variety of music available. For some, the heavy classical things may be distasteful enough to negate their intended purpose. I'd suggest a more neutral range of music until you know your partner's preferences. Avoid disco, unless you are both heavily into it, likewise jazz, ragtime, or pounding

rock. Country-western usually has a vocal line, but some guys don't like anything else. Try to avoid it for that very reason: it's going to draw his attention away from you. The trippy electronic music you frequently hear in sex clubs is often a good compromise, things like: Tomita's *Planets*, Jean Michel Jarre's *Oxygene*, *Magnetic Fields*, or *Equinoxe*.

I would also suggest you invest in a tape player. The radio, even FM, will often stop at just the wrong moment to sell a product or advise you of the services offered by your local VD clinic. Records are a nuisance, even on a changer, since they can stick or need to be turned when your hands are full of lubricant. A tape with a continuous loop is best. It may repeat itself before you can stop to change it, but it will never just end and leave you in silence.

In making your musical selections, I would suggest for popular things (if you are not already up on them), keep a pad in your pocket, and when you hear something appropriate on the radio or elsewhere, note it down. I can't give you much of a list because it would soon be out of date. Classical music is far more stable, and generally universal. I also know more about it. Let me give you a few of my choices. You may use these as a starting point, at least, if you do not know much about this type of music.

A. General background. Unobtrusive, slightly "trippy" if you're using a little grass or whatever. Just obscure enough that your average M will not recognize it, or associate it with some past recall. If you tape these for black-room use, you do not have to do much editing.

Richard Strauss: *Sinfonia Domestica*

Gustav Hoist: *The Planets*

Dmitri Shostakovich: *Symphonies 7, 10, 12, 15*

Gustav Mahler: *Symphonies 6, 7, or 9*

Jean Sibelius: *Symphonies 2, 5; Finlandia, Four Legends from Kalavela*

Paul Hindemith: *Kammermusik* (particularly No. 4)

B. Lighter music, more popular and better known. More chance of evoking recall on the part of M, but definitely music of a more romantic quality.

Richard Wagner: *Overtures to Tannhauser, Die Meister singer*

Giuseppe Verdi: *Overtures to almost any opera except Aida* (too familiar)

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J.S. Bach: Any of the guitar transcriptions (Parkening, Romero, etc.)

Serge Prokofiev: Symphony No. 5, Alexander Nevsky (cut vocal solo), Lt. Kije, Le Pas D'Acier

Zoltan Kodaly: Hary Janos

Gustav Mahler: Symphony No. 1

C. Film scores, most of which contain classical adaptations, but need editing to eliminate pieces that are sure to distract (such as Blue Danube Waltz in "2001").

A Clockwork Orange

2001

Chariots of Fire

Captain from Castile

Midnight Express

These suggestions, all selections I have used at one time or another, are just a starting point; there is no way to predict exactly what any individual will find acceptable. There are also tapes available (or you can make your own) of "dungeon scenes," where live tape picks up both sounds of action and whatever music was playing at the time. I don't suggest these as long-term background, but they can be useful at specific points, possibly when the M is blindfolded, and well into the scene.

The sense of sight, on which we are most consciously dependent, is the one we find most frightening to lose. For this reason, a blindfold is a popular and widely used tool in many SM scenes. I know of several good Tops who consistently blindfold the M before he ever enters the blackroom, so that he never sees the area of action no matter how many times he has been there. Whereas this can be very exciting for a more experienced bottom, especially if he is submitting himself to the tender mercies of a very trusted Top, I don't recommend it for the average beginner. Not only can it freak him out, there is also the possibility of causing vertigo (dizziness and lack of balance, maybe even nausea). You will have to use your own judgment on this, but assuming the M can see for at least part of the time (presumably at the beginning of the session), exactly what he sees can be important. And, regardless of the M's condition, the Top is also going to respond to his visual perceptions. Even if only on a subconscious level, a good

part of his "turn-on" is going to depend on what he sees.

The first thing we think of is lighting . . . bright, dark, white vs. color, steady vs. flashing, etc. It can be a powerful force, and should certainly be contrived to produce the best possible results. Although a few guys like the room to be brightly lighted, most do not. "Dark as possible" is often the best way to do it. This presents some problems for the Top, since many of the toys he is going to use are difficult enough to manipulate in bright sunlight, and trying to do it in the dark can make him appear inept. There are also some desirable effects to be produced by using different colors, or even an electronic screen with variable patterns according to the sounds from your stereo.

Color sets the mood. Red or amber are warm, and also the most flattering since they tend to obscure skin blemishes and wrinkles. (Some guys need all the help they can get!) Unfortunately, many men do not see very well in the red spectrum, and may find it more difficult to slip the little steel tongue into the hole of a black leather harness. Some psychologists also suggest that red will intensify hostility and tension, but other experiments indicate this to be true of all artificial illumination. If you work in this semi-darkness, you might keep a flashlight handy, or use a shielded, brighter light in some specific area, where you can position your M during the most critical fittings.

A combination of red and blue lights will still maintain a "warm" aura, as will a candle or an oil lamp. I do not really like the cold hues in a scene (green and blue without an admixture of red), and using too many colors can give the sensation of moving about inside a great Christmas tree. Likewise, I find flashing lights a distraction, especially a strobe, unless you are using this for a specific, short-term effect. For instance, a globe which turns red or blue according to the music pitch or volume is okay, while one of those huge flashing screens may be too much, especially in a small area. I have seen a strobe used effectively, but only when the guys are well into the scene. In the specific instance I have in mind, the M had been blindfolded for an hour or so, and had been given a fair amount of grass and amyl. When the hood was removed, he was placed in front of a mirror and subjected to a strobe during a relatively heavy whipping sequence. It was very effective, but the circumstances were exactly right.

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With a hooded M, of course, the Top may simply turn on the lights until the blinding device comes off. This may be especially enjoyable if one is working on a firm, attractive body, where the sight of defined, muscular flesh struggling against his bonds provides the proper stimulus. Regardless of your desired effect, I would suggest that a bright light source be available in the event of any problems. It's a safety precaution you can not afford to overlook.

Lighting aside, what, exactly, is your M going to see when he enters your blackroom? If he is young and inexperienced, is there anything hanging or sitting there in plain sight to freak him out? I recently spoke to one excellent Top who confessed that he had made the mistake of leaving a large, evil-looking hook hanging in the center of his room. He used this in conjunction with a pulley to hoist an M in a suspension harness; but to the entering novice it appeared to be a meat hook that might pass through his anatomy. Sometimes the sight of too much equipment (whips, hanging chains, etc.) can frighten an M.

well excite the more experienced guy, and just knowing how much equipment you possess will reinforce his confidence in your qualifications. The condition of your dungeon is going to speak for you: neat and orderly, well organized, sloppy, dirty and confused, etc. I don't say one is necessarily more desirable than the other, but you want the room to reflect your style and personality.

The final sense is tactile, or touch. This includes temperature. If the room is too cold, no one is going to function as well as he should. Sometimes excessive heat can produce the sweat you desire, but it can also sap a person's energies. The time to think about this is before your partner arrives. I have found cold to be much more a problem than heat, but either can work for or against you.

The texture of whatever you touch, or whatever touches you, can produce very interesting effects. Leather, of course, is obvious. The feel of a leather-clad leg against the cheek of a kneeling slave is a standard fantasy, or the rubbing of a strap across the skin that is soon to feel its impact. These are all sensations we know and love, and hardly need discuss. But what about the less universal sensations? If your M is barefooted (as he should be), how does the floor feel against the soles of his feet? If you're wear-

ing boots (as you should be), you may not be aware of the effect this contact is having on him. Because of the type of scene I am usually into, I nearly always have rubber sheets on the floor. These have a positive feel, and tend not to be as cold as wood, cement, or vinyl. However, the rubber may cause the M's feet to sweat a bit, and if there is loose grit it is apt to stick to his skin and distract him. Moisture may also divert his attention, as will any loose objects he may step on. I know I'm not telling you anything new, but these are all things to consider before the action starts.

Placing a guy into restraints is a skill all its own, and it represents a very high point in your exchange — much more for the M than for the Top. It is the moment when he is physically surrendering to you. The sensation should be heightened by whatever he feels. He should not, for instance, feel you fumble. He should experience a sensation of tightness, of firm restriction that tells him he is really bound and helpless. If you are using metal restraints, they are probably going to feel cold going on. Especially if he is blindfolded at the moment of contact, do something to prepare him for it. Tell him what you're going to do, or let him hear the clank of the cold steel that is about to be placed upon his body. Make it a positive sensation, rather than an unexpected shock that makes him jump.

Use your hands against his skin. Human contact is very important in establishing a rapport to bring your heads closer together. Some Tops like to wear gloves, which is okay, but use them. Let him feel the leather (or nylon) pass across his skin. If you have special toys — gloves with pricklers, scourges with studs, paddles with holes — let him feel these before you use them on him. If the restraints are supposed to bear any weight, make sure they are tight enough to give a sensation of support without the distracting discomfort of something cutting into the skin. If the M can see, many of these things can be done visually, but if he is deprived of sight, the sense of touch becomes much more important. Be sure it is working for, not against you.

Pain may be paramount to your trip, but pain in an SM sense should also be pleasure. This is our greatest point of departure from the norm, our main perversion, if you will. To us, the giving or receiving of pain is not, or should not be, a negative. It is in this area the Top displays his greatest degree of skill. And there is no universal stan-

dard. With some bottoms you have to start slowly, building toward a crescendo. With others, a heavy whipping or use of hard nipple clamps may be the way to start. You have to read your M, and he should know more or less what to expect from you. After the first session, you know better where you are going.

Specialized equipment for specific scenes is a subject I have been trying to cover within the applicable areas of discussion. However, there are a few items of universal utility on which I would like to comment. Most blackrooms are equipped with some sort of hanging chains or ropes to suspend either the M directly, or some equipment to be used on him. These are frequently secured at one or both ends with two-headed clips. The upper terminus of the chain (or rope, cable, whatever) is often set into an eyelet or hook in the ceiling. For eye appeal as well as security, I have found the best suspension devices to be chain — good heavy links that could probably lift an elephant. By connecting these to large ceiling hooks or eyelets screwed into studs, I never have to worry about their coming loose, or not being strong enough to take the abuse they are being given. They also require the larger clips, because the small ones will not open wide enough to enclose the links. This insures against one breaking at the wrong moment. If you are setting up for the first time, I strongly recommend purchasing half a dozen lengths of this heavy chain (six to eight feet long — two to two and a half meters) and the other fittings to accommodate them. Always err on the side of too much strength, rather than too little.

As to floor covering, I have already noted my preference for rubber sheeting. Lengths six to eight feet, full roll width (usually 54 inches), make a surface with a good feel, and facilitates clean-up afterward: just pick them up and take them into the yard to be hosed down, or scrub them right on the floor. Rubber or vinyl makes a good surface for a table or rack, and is better than leather, taking more abuse without damage, and is cheaper to replace. Black rubber sheeting has become quite expensive because it has been imported, usually from Belgium. I would avoid using the more commonly available metal-impregnated rubber sold for radiological use. The surface sheds bits of metal salts, and (if relevant) it can conduct electricity.

Soundproofing is a question many guys have to consider. Remember that a porous surface will absorb more sound than a slick one. Cellotex is good, cheap material to use on walls and ceilings. It has no odor and can be painted easily. Wood or press-board will reflect more sound. Sheet cork will do the job, but there is an odor to it unless you seal it very carefully. Walls can be draped with various types of material. Acoustical tile is made to soundproof ceilings, but can also be applied to walls. Most materials that insulate for heat will also obstruct sound. While you are at it, don't forget to cover the doors as well as the walls, and be sure to do something about the floor.

Many people involved in SM do not have a great deal of room to set up a proper play area. I have seen various ingenious solutions to space limitations . . . tables that convert into racks, ornamental fixtures which can be removed to reveal hooks or eyelets for suspension devices, closets which open to reveal the basics of a dungeon hanging on the walls and inside the door. Simply equipping a bed with chains at the four corners can provide a modicum of amusement. (I had a friend who did this, and when his cleaning lady discovered them, and was about to quit as a result, he convinced her they were "earthquake chains," intended to hold the bed in place during an emergency.)

In short, the setting for your scene is a consideration you must make within the limits of your space; but with enough attention to detail and serious effort, it is possible to create the microcosmic world you seek in almost any circumstances. The real point of this chapter was to make you stop and think, rather than to offer any step-by-step solution. That is really all it takes, because the real scene is in your own head, and in the head of your partner. If the setting you create can bring this to fruition, you have created the atmosphere for a successful exchange.

CHAPTER NINE—The Castration Complex, Real and Symbolic

If you were to make a survey of the unconscious fears shared by the entire population of human males, you would find the fear of castration among the highest, both in strength and frequency. Because the male genitals hang outside the body, they are most vulnerable to attack and damage (the overt fear) and to actual loss (covert, or subconscious fear). Most of us are sophisticated enough to know, regardless of our Freudian anxieties, that the chance of actually losing our balls is fairly remote, so manifest no open concern. The majority of SM guys tend to sublimate this primordial anxiety into other, symbolic areas. This list should probably start with cock and ball harnesses (because of their frequency of use), then the numerous ball stretchers and spreaders. As so many other psychological phobias (fears) are turned inside-out in our games, so it is with the castration anxiety. When the Top stretches the M's balls, he is in effect threatening him with castration. Or when the M does it to himself in a JO session he is playing along the edge of danger — much as a sports car driver flirts with death in his high speed slalom.

For a minority of SM guys, however, the fear of castration may take the inverse form of actually wanting it done—to himself or someone else. This may be largely fantasy, but the fantasy is strong enough for those who share it that I want to digress from the mainstream just long enough to take a look at it. For the guy with these drives, the interest is almost obsessive, sometimes actually culminating in his having it done to himself. There are also quite a few guys running around with one nut, because the other was removed in a heavy scene. There are a few "mad doctors" around who will do this sort of thing. I described in the original *Handbook*, chapter on *The Sublime to the Ultimate*, a scene where an M's testicles were cut off, placed in his mouth for a short period of time, then replaced. Many people have written to me about this account, some questioning its feasibility, others saying they have participated in or witnessed a similar session.

One of the most literate communications I received implied a castration drive that probably epitomizes the whole complex. Although purporting to be a true account, I took it to be a heavy JO fantasy, and treated it as such in my reply. (In addition to a personal answer, I responded to it in my *Drummer* column)

I have followed your writing for some time now, though only recently have I been ordering from you directly. I know of your education and knowledge in the field. I am a very strong personality, and I enjoy my sex life as it comes to me. I enjoy both women and men my age or younger. I have come into a strange situation.

I tend to be very strong and dominant with my partners, but I will give as well as take if I feel like it. I have a sixteen-year-old stud working for me, who looks up to me like a father. He has a body that won't quit, and he is after mine. I have already had him through some rough sessions, and he keeps coming back for more. I give him some tough workouts with wrapping his nuts with leather, and cock stretching—which he loves. I liked nut-stretching myself, when I was his age, so I know how he feels.

Last summer when we were out castrating cattle, he helped, and we had a fine day and night together. I let him cut one of the older animals, and he bet me that young bull's nuts were bigger than mine. They weren't, and I tied him to the side of the pen and let him play with me before I

fucked his face. He grabbed one of my nuts and tried to crush it, but I was castrated years ago, and it doesn't hurt me because my big nuts are fake. He kept saying that he wished he had nuts like mine, even after finding out that they are oversized fakes. When I offered to castrate him, he begged me to do it. I got as far as snapping on a castrating band, and leaving it on as I fucked him. The next step would have been to cut off his nuts and bag, but I wasn't sure he wanted it so I cut the band instead.

Since then, he has been after me to castrate him so that he can be just like me. One night I came out of the shower to find him spread out on my bed, his crotch bag shaved, and the loaded band castrator and knife spread on a towel between his legs.

I really want to do it, and I think he wants me to do it personally. But I want him to have a pair of fakes, maybe even bigger than mine, filling his bag. I contacted the doctor who made and installed my fakes, and he says that he will do the replacements, but I still am not sure that this young stud knows all that he should. I have a big cock which is bigger and better than John Holmes's, because I can get mine to stand, and this kid can manage a little over twelve inches if I tie a thong around the base. But his nuts really are small. I think a big pair would make him look perfect. I am willing to do it; but I don't know what to look for, to make sure he really wants it.

I was castrated by force, and I was able to handle it. I still am not willing to make him a eunuch unless I am sure that he is really willing. I caught him walking funny, and depantsed him to find that he had put on a castrating band, himself, before he bound and separated his bag, as I like him to do under his tight jeans so he shows off better when we are together.

I hope he won't do it to himself, because I want him to have a bag to put some big fakes into. I want to be sure his cock is finished growing. If castrated too young, a guy can lose his male characteristics. As I said, I was older when I had my nuts cut out, but I haven't really suffered, except I won't have any more children.

I would like any information you might be able to give me. He will be 17 soon, but I want to wait until he is 18, maybe for his 18th birthday, to do the cutting. Meanwhile, I want to give him some options on methods and such, so

that he can make a decision on how he wants it done.

I hope you will be able to offer some help.

All I could ethically reply was that I assumed his letter to be a JO fantasy, but on the off-chance it was not, I could only urge him most strongly not to do it. Obviously, some parts of his letter do not ring true; but there will undoubtedly be guys writing to tell me of their experiences, and asserting it can (and probably is) completely true.

As my survey results indicate (last chapter), the interest in actual castration is definitely limited; but symbolic castration is very big, manifesting itself (in addition to the ball stretching-spreading) in a number of activities, including: bodily mutilation (penis spreading), some forms of humiliation, cock and ball torture/whipping, and genital shaving.

We have already covered most aspects of cock and ball restraint — spreading, stretching, wrapping, etc. Humiliation, except for its psychological aspects in relation to castration, has also been discussed. As a head trip, the deprivation of masculinity can be simulated and acted out in any number of forms. One of the most common is to force the M to wear female undergarments, then rip them off at the appropriate time. The fantasy of being raped by another man is a type of simulated castration, since it implies a female (hence emasculated) role. However, the fantasies and subconscious motivations for wanting to be fucked are so complex and so varied, I do not want to emphasize it very heavily in this context.

Mutilation of the penis is something I have run into much more frequently in the last couple of years: opening the urethra under the cockhead, and forcing it to heal in an open position. This tends to expose certain nerves that are otherwise shielded by the flesh around the head of one's dick. A few guys have made deeper cuts, and exposed even more of the canal (penile meatus). The claim is that this can replace some of the sensation lost due to circumcision, although two of the guys I have met were uncircumcised. There is not much I can (or want) to say about this practice, other than to note that it happens, and that it is a fairly common practice among several savage tribes. I do not recommend that you go after your dick with an Exacto-knife. If you want to do something in this line, see the chapter on permanent piercings (Bodily Adornments).

There is no denying the sexual thrill it gives an M to be

bound, have his balls put into a deep distension via a ball stretcher, then to be secured to some solid object by his balls, while the Top goes to work on him. You will also find a variety of penis whips in your local toy shop. Although we normally think of castration as removing the balls, this is actually symbolic to a "real" or "complete" castration, which would imply removal of the penis, as well. (In fact, all of Freud's theories are based on anxiety over loss of the cock.) So thoroughly are these fears and their attendant rituals intertwined into our entire spectrum of SM activities, it would be repetitious to go into them again. Instead, I would like to delve into the virgin subject I have left for this chapter, namely genital shaving.

Although it is rare to have a scene where the entire body is shaved, genital shaving is probably the most popularly fantasized form of the pure, unadulterated castration symbolism. Many guys do it to themselves, and keep their genital area free of hair. When accomplished in a ritualistic setting; i.e., when done to an M by his Master in the course of a sexual exchange, it becomes a two-sided surrogate for the actual act of emasculation. The psychology involved is not so obscure as to require more of a Freudian analysis than already given, but let me point out some of the more salient and obvious elements of this symbolism.

The development of hair on a youth's groin marks his progression from the status of "boy" to "man." It accompanies the enlarging of the penis, the deepening of the voice, and all the other physical and emotional changes that constitute the process of puberty. The hirsute growth has tremendous significance to the maturing individual. The old cliché: "You make your own decision; you've got hair on your balls" (or some variation thereof) is a standard in our linguistic idiom. Removing hair from a man's genitals, therefore, becomes tantamount to removing his badge of manhood. Because it does no permanent harm, and because the process itself is warm and sensual with all that hot water and foamy lather, it is done fairly often. To many, it is an integral part of their scene.

Many M's keep their genitals shaved; they do it as regularly as they shave their faces. Although I have postulated this as potentially an act of humiliation, it could easily be calculated as a "turn on" for their actual or potential Masters. When one of these denuded slaves

drops his jeans in the presence of his Topman-for-the-evening he is, in effect, proclaiming himself to be a man of lesser status than his mentor. It helps to set the tone for them, for both of them, and the unexpected sight may elicit a quicker or more profound response from the Master. (It will certainly facilitate the fitting of cock harness, ball stretcher, etc.) Interestingly enough, in most cases where I have encountered an M who does this, the guy has been quite well endowed. While I am sure this condition is not universal, I do suspect a certain number of these self-denuded slaves to be saying, in effect: "See, my big cock is really not a Master's cock, after all."

Just how widespread the practice has become is difficult to say. There are a number of inhibiting factors: the M goes to a gym, has a lover, etc. In short, we return to the old problem of the guy who wants to be a slave in the privacy of the sexual arena, but fears to have his status proclaimed elsewhere, and in many instances the shaving becomes merely a fantasy. The tremendous fascination with the subject is witnessed by the heavy sales of private publications that depict and/or describe it.

Less common than shaving the cock and balls is the removal of hair from the slave's buttocks. I know one S who demands it, but is more inclined to use a depilatory than a razor. I have known him to insist that the M remove the hair from his thighs as well—all with a ladies' creme product. The emotional basis of this really escapes me. Most of these feminine products have an unpleasant, decidedly "unsexy" odor. He requires the M to do the job on himself, taking a shower afterward to wash away the residue. But as "they" say, "one man's meat" (or is it Neet?)

Few people into shaving entered my own experience until the last three or four years, from which I deduce that the practice is more popular than it used to be, but with no empirical statistics available it is difficult to say. At any rate, I offer a few comments in case you are thinking about experimenting. First, you are dealing with the most prized area of a man's body, and it therefore behooves the shaver to use the greatest caution. Although the fear inspired by a straight razor might appeal, I suggest using a regular safety type until you have learned to shave a balloon without breaking it. Even a safety razor is going to cause a few spots of blood, because it is almost impossible to shave

the base of the cock and the scrotum without nicking some pores around the hair follicles. For this reason, I always keep an astringent on hand — alcohol, if nothing else. It stings, but isn't that the name of the game?

Definitely not advised is one of the new double-blade type of injector razors. For the long hairs above the genitals, it simply will not do the job. Even with a standard blade, you may find it necessary to use a pair of shears to cut the fur down close to the skin before the razor will render an effective trim. If you can find them, the "prep razors" used in hospitals will do a fine job without the need for shears, but you may want to go over the area a second time after this "dry shave," in order to make it really "smooth as a baby's ass." Some guys swear by electric dog clippers, which work well but lack the impact of a razor. Somehow, the buzzing is not an adequate replacement for the "scritch-scratch" of a blade. Omitting the final shaving-soap-with-warm-water ending is also to leave out the most sensual part from the M's standpoint.

The M, of course, is going to remember you for a long time, as the itching strikes him at all hours of the day and night. But that's a nice touch, too, I think. He is certainly less apt to get uppity with you the next time around.

Since the aspect of humiliation is a strong element, yet more difficult to comprehend than the straight relationship between castration itself and the symbolic act of shaving a guy's crotch, I would like to recount an interesting encounter which illustrates the point very poignantly:

I met him at Griff's . . . midweek, because I was there to attend a Scorpio birthday party, thrown by the management for all of us who were born under the sign of the genitalia. I had noticed him early on, and had been immediately aware of his condition: drunk, certainly, and probably a little more. I had watched him before they poured the champagne and passed out the souvenir buttons. The guy had the look of a hustler, but he was somewhat past his prime. And Griff's was not a hustler bar. Last year's trade, I thought. He sat on some beer cases near the pool table, swaying to the music and returning my gaze with a silly, crooked smile. When I came close enough he touched me with his boot, fixed me with his steel gray eyes. His hair was full and curly, probably red in his early youth . . . now a darker brown; and his brows were almost bushy above the

deepset, penetrating eyes. His features were even, but craggy. His body still seemed fairly solid; I guessed his height as a bit less than mine — five foot ten or so.

"You like it wild," he said. It was a statement, followed by another disarming grin and an additional tap with the toe of his brown cowboy boot against my leather pants.

I nodded, keeping my own features expressionless. I wanted to smile back at him, but I felt I'd sensed his game, and this intuition later proved correct. Over the unusually short span of time before leaving the bar with him, I discovered: 1.) his name was Mickey, 2.) he had served an eight-year hitch in the Navy, 3.) he now drove a semi for a living, and 4.) he had been drinking since early in the day, but somewhere along the path to our present encounter he had snorted some coke. When he stood to follow me, I watched apprehensively, ready to rescind the invitation if he seemed too far gone. He was reasonably steady on his feet, however, and his speech remained coherent — bubbling and effusive, tinted with a hint of aggressiveness and burred beneath this . . . hostility? . . . I seemed to sense this, but I was able to persuade him, with no substantial argument, to ride with me instead of following in his own car.

His first sign of uncertainty appeared when I took him into the blackroom. At this point his effervescent dialogue trailed off. His eyes roved the collection of equipment hanging on the walls, and his tongue flicked across his lips. He sat on a stool and looked up at me, big hands pressing down on his thighs, well muscled arms flexing from the effort. I had kissed him at the threshold, and I proceeded to do this again, running my hands over his back and as much of his ass as I could reach, gently reassuring him. He was wearing a leather jacket and T-shirt, which I removed with his cooperation. I unbuttoned his jeans, and he lifted to permit the cloth to slip free of his backside.

I now had all of his essential parts displayed before me: a well-defined torso, a midsection somewhat softened with the years, narrow hips and firm thighs. His cock, which had previously flopped heavily against the inside of his jeans, now lay loosely atop his balls on the black wooden stool. It was one of those dicks with exceptionally thick skin . . . so loose I was not certain at first whether he was circumcised. (He was, but with some foreskin remain-

ing.) While the cock, itself, was formidable, I was most intrigued by the balls. Big cocks come along with fair regularity, but balls like these were rare, indeed! They were heavy on the palm of my hand when I lifted them, the long sac permitting me to twist them easily, making more than a full circle before he winced and sucked his breath.

I knew to go slowly through these early stages, and between hits of nitrite I fastened a double ball stretcher around his nuts, snapping it with some difficulty because of his girth, but finding I could have used a third extension to fill the exceptional span between balls and upper terminus. He had offered no resistance thus far, but I expected he might if I tried to secure him too quickly. Forsaking the metal restraints which would probably have alarmed him, I selected a pair of leather wrist bands. Making sure he continued to inhale the nitrite, speaking to him softly and reassuringly all the while, I buckled the leather cuffs about his wrists.

The booze and coke were beginning to affect him more strongly, deadening his responses as I eased him onto his feet and walked him into position directly beneath the ceiling chain. This was fastened to heavy duty hooks, set into the two opposing walls. The center of the chain was further supported by a clip attached to a cast iron ring in the rafters directly above his head. A pair of padlocks hung from the links, some twenty inches to either side. Gingerly, I stretched up first one arm, then the other, expecting he might jerk free of my grasp when he realized my intent. But he remained docile through it all, allowing me to lock him firmly in place. (He later admitted that this was the type of action he had been seeking when he went to a leatherbar, but he had not actually expected to find it.)

He watched himself in a wall mirror as I worked the high boots and jeans free of his feet, leaving him to stand in his fetters, naked except for the leather about his wrists and balls. So far, he had been completely agreeable to everything I had done, although he had made sure I understood I was only doing it with his permission. The hostility had remained concealed, but I knew it was there: the old hustler's syndrome. I knew that if I could work on this component of his personality, the whole scene might prove more interesting. I was still considering these implications as I hunkered down behind him and secured his

ankles with a set of rigid irons, an antique contraption I had acquired from England: flat, iron strips, molded on a forge to provide the necessary pair of circlets, separated by a half meter of unyielding metal. While he was not anchored to the floor, he was so hobbled as to be unable to move either foot more than a few inches. He certainly would be unable to kick.

I began now, between hits of amyl, to cause him small but increasing amounts of pain. I fastened a pair of firm, hard rubber tipped clamps onto his tits . . . twisting these a bit while maintaining a softly spoken monologue to remind him of his total helplessness. When I grasped his balls and turned them at the same time I worked on one nipple, he finally broke his complacent acquiescence. Grasping the chain in both hands, he strained against it, yanked several times. Through gritted teeth he boasted of his ability to pull the hooks loose from the wall. I laughed at him, gave him another hit from the inhaler, and tapped his ass with a belt. "Better men than you have tried to yank those loose," I told him.

This stimulated him to greater effort, and for a moment my insult to his masculinity caused an impotent rage to boil out of him. In a frenzy, he tugged at his bonds, twisting his body from side to side, the struggle forcing his muscles to tighten into a pattern of pure, unrestrained strength, like Michelangelo's slaves trying to burst free of the rock from which they were only partially formed. I had slipped out of my clothes; then, replacing only the boots and a leather vest. I pressed against the front of his straining form, grasped a handful of hair and forced his head backward. With my lips no more than a couple of inches from his I whispered to him, telling him he was okay, not to fight it, that I owned him until I chose to let him go.

"Nobody owns me," he returned; but his low tone matched my own, and his attitude carried little conviction.

I stroked him, alternating the warm soothing contact of my palms with an ever more painful turn at his tit clamps or his balls. His cock remained heavy and bloated, but it had never gotten hard. I snapped it with my finger, taunting him about his impotence. This angered him again, but the booze and drugs worked against him. He was helpless to make the display of manhood he so desperately needed. It irked him, I think, more than any other aspect of his

restraint. "If you can't get that thing up," I continued, "I'll just have to shave it."

"If you do that, you'd better kill me," he shouted. "Once you turn me loose . . ."

I took the belt again, and I worked him harder than before. I knew I hurt him, but his macho pride would not let him admit it. "You think you're man enough to take anything I can give you. That's right, isn't it?" I demanded, letting him have a couple of solid blows across the ass.

"That's right, bastard!" he answered, but he was twisting to avoid my strokes. At an earlier stage in my leather career I might have tried to force the "yes, sir-no, sir" routine on him, but I had a more effective plan in mind. He might continue to fight me in the verbal contest, and if I couldn't force him to say it he would have won. But if I forced on him something he could do nothing about . . .

I was behind him at this point, and he was suspended to face the back wall of my dungeon. I took a plastic bowl from the chest of toys and slipped out of the room, returning a few moments later with the vessel half full of warm water. I placed this on the floor in front of him, then began to unsnap the ball stretcher. I watched him silently. He yanked a couple of times on the chain, but otherwise made no response. His cock still hung flaccid and full, his balls rising slightly when the sheath was removed. I held the bowl against the apex of his legs, allowing his genitals to hang over the lip while I splashed water against them, soaking the area from the top of his pubic hair. I could hear him draw breath sharply through gritted teeth, and when I glanced up at him his steely eyes were riveted upon me, almost in hatred. I laughed at him again, and shot a bolt of foam from the spray can onto his badge of manhood.

The ankle irons forced his legs to remain slightly spread, and I worked the lather into his hairs, over the length of his cock and balls, between his thighs. As I touched his dick I could feel a greater tumescence, a suggestion of hardness as it now projected ever so slightly outward from his groin. "He doesn't mind it," I remarked, pulling down on the cock. I settled onto the stool which he had occupied earlier, and using a new single-edge razor, I slowly began to shave him. I stripped the upper patch first, making sure to keep it well soaked with warm water, using much more than was necessary. It took several passes, as

the hairs collapsed to form an almost impenetrable shield. Had the growth been much thicker, I would have needed to clip it first.

He was groaning, sighing, and his cock was definitely lengthening, beginning to stand farther out from his body. I shaved this next, gingerly scraping away the furry covering at its base, feeling the rubbery tension increase as I manipulated the slippery mass with my fingers. He went through another spasm of twisting and hauling on the chains, but he had sensed his own helplessness, and I maintained a running, one-sided conversation to emphasize his condition.

Finally I took his balls into my hands, feeling them slide away as he writhed to free himself from my grasp. I cautioned him to hold still, reminding him of the consequences should the razor slip. I stretched the skin and gently ran the blade along the sides, the back, and finally the front, scraping off every vestige of coarse brown pelt. He had ceased to threaten me, his struggles gradually subsiding. His cock was standing at full attention when I sloshed away the remainder of the creme. I dried him as best I could with a towel, then stood back to admire my handiwork. His naked groin gleamed in the feeble light, still damp despite my efforts. When I turned my gaze up toward his face, I found him sagging in his bonds, head drooping forward, his entire posture an acknowledgment of defeat. His body was bathed in sweat, his fingers still hanging onto the chain. But the white-knuckled grasp had given way to a clinging lassitude. Only his cock displayed residual strength, soaring rigidly above his denuded loins.

I stepped behind him, testing the cheeks of his ass with my warm, moist hands. "Maybe I should shave this, too," I suggested softly.

It was several moments before he answered. He never moved, never lifted his head, but he muttered finally, and I had to lean close to his lips to hear it. "Maybe you should, bastard," he whispered hoarsely. "There's not a fucking thing I can do about it. Maybe you should. . . ."

CHAPTER TEN—The Advanced Specialties, Group I

This chapter deals with imprisonment and related subjects. If catheters and the more exotic dungeon equipment do not seem to fit this category, try to follow my logic and you will see why I have included them here. I want to acknowledge the help received from GMSMA (Gay Male SM Activists) in New York and from *DungeonMaster*. However, I have deviated quite widely from, and gone somewhat beyond, the information supplied by these worthy sources, so if you disagree, argue with me, not with them. Since much of our discussion here is going to involve the use of psychology in a scene, my conclusions will be somewhat subjective, unscientific in many cases, certainly reflective of my own experiences and observations.

To set the scene, so to speak, let us take a moment to consider the ramifications of a general long-term captivity situation—not necessarily having anything to do with SM. During the 70's there was widespread recognition within the psychological community of a factor called the "Stockholm Syndrome," referring to a hostage situation wherein a group of robbers held bank employees hostage

for several days (similar to the situation in *Dog Day Afternoon*). During the course of their captivity, the hostages developed tremendous emotional ties with their captors, and, to a lesser extent, so did the robbers with their prisoners. In general, this situation is seen to progress through three distinct stages: development of interest and positive feelings toward the captor(s), development of negative feelings toward the potential rescuers, and eventually a feeling of "togetherness" resulting from the increased isolation, which even produces positive feelings on the part of the captors toward their hostages. (Interestingly enough, this Stockholm Syndrome did not seem to occur with the hostages in Iran, so I conclude that certain conditions are necessary for its development. Following release, one military type was asked if he ever wanted to return to Teheran, and his reply was: "Only in a B-52.")

Inducing positive feelings in a captive is exactly what the Top should be striving for in a long-term bondage situation. You want the M to respond to you in a sincerely supplicating manner. If you handle the situation properly — assuming we have the right pair of personalities to start with — the result should be to reinforce and/or greatly increase whatever positive emotional bonds already exist.

It is interesting to note that when investigators of child abuse are uncertain which parent is guilty of the actual mistreatment, one almost foolproof test is to question the child at length, without any real expectation of obtaining an answer. In 99 percent of the cases, the abused child will run to the parent who has been guilty of the abuse, once released by his inquisitors. The younger and less sophisticated the child, the more likely this is to happen.

It is a simple and fairly consistent dynamic of human behavior that the supplicant will seek succor from his tormentor. This is the condition you are going to produce if you handle your long-term bondage scene correctly. As a part of this, or even independent of a long-term game, the use of certain equipment is intended to produce a similar effect . . . specifically those devices which render the M completely powerless to exercise normal control over his body or his senses. This my rationale for including catheters and other equipment in this section. A bound and naked man who cannot even exert control over his urination is very much a total prisoner. This, and various

other forms of complete and exotic restraint, can produce the supplicating effect, skirting the edges of a Master-slave relationship, even within a time frame that would otherwise make it impossible. In other words, this is one way to deepen the emotional — hence the physical — content of an otherwise more superficial SM session.

Long term bondage. This scene is recommended for the more advanced SM'er, because the Top should be experienced enough in dealing with his M to empathize with his responses, and to recognize the psychological content of his own and his supplicant's reactions. The M should be well beyond the "freaking out" stage, so that whatever fear may be engendered by his Top will not paralyze him, or so panic him that he breaks. It is also better if the time frame is uncertain; i.e., the M does not know how long it is going to last, or possibly whether it is going to end at all. Such uncertainty is a major tool in producing the desired effect.

By long-term bondage, I mean a situation lasting at least 24 hours, that may extend over several days, even weeks. Understandably, few people can participate in a game this long, but, with skill, the basic effects, or the rudiments of the basic effects, can be produced within the shorter time span. In a condensed scenario, the M is left with the impression that his Master may be planning to extend the time much further, with or without his consent. In fact, the M's awareness of an impending cut-off can be used to the Top's advantage: release in time for the M to reach his place of employment, or whatever other circumstances require a termination of the scene, is the projected reward for the desired behavior.

To avoid any misunderstanding, let me backtrack a moment and try to define exactly the type of response we are seeking to produce — primarily in the M, but also in the S. For openers, we have a pair of guys sufficiently mutually attracted to have gone into an SM scene together. Preferably, they have made it together before, being familiar enough to allow each participant to predict to some extent the mode in which the other normally functions. For the Top, this allows him to understand and better manipulate the bottom. The M, on the other hand, is more vulnerable, because he has come to expect a specific type of treat-

ment from his Master, and in these circumstances the Top's behavior may be deliberately altered. Whatever faith the M originally had in this particular Top's method of operation should and probably will be shaken by the psychological atmosphere to be created. It will become a one-way street, a no-backing-out-once-it's-started game, in the course of which the M is going to be forced to concede that his every physical response, including his eventual freedom, is dependent upon the whim of his captor. It thus becomes a true submission, not simply role playing as in a short-term exchange. Only by coming to his Master as a complete supplicant will he be allowed anything: water, food, a change in room temperature, alteration of an uncomfortable binding, a chance to eliminate, etc.

If the Top has worked a number of times with this particular M, he should unexpectedly alter his pattern. If he is usually very verbal, he should keep quiet, or vice versa. If it is impossible to conduct the long-term bondage in a different location from the usual scene, it is a good idea to blindfold the M and eliminate any extraneous sounds. Use a different musical background; change the normal patterns of touch. Make the M feel as isolated as possible from the rest of the world. In a situation planned to last several days, make the timing of food and drink irregular and illogical — maybe two or three breakfasts in a row, deprivation of water, or water given only as a reward for the M's performing an act he normally wouldn't do. The most important factor to establish is that everything comes from the Master, and only from the Master. If a catheter is used, it should have a shut-off valve so that the M's bladder can be voided only at the Master's pleasure.

The net result of this will be a sense of total dependency, with a high probability that elements of the Stockholm Syndrome will manifest themselves. Although the M may well perceive the S as his abuser — and may even go through a period of hostility and defiance — he will gradually come to a point where he submits. Even if he has been a willing supplicant in the past, his present response will be more complete and his feeling toward the Top should be almost reverence or (perceived as) love. Once he responds this way, there will probably be a reciprocal return of emotion on the part of the S.

Depending on the two men involved, there may or may

not be a great deal of abuse or other physical interaction. This is something the Top will have to decide, and should plan ahead of time, with several alternative methods of handling his subject, depending on the behavior engendered by the long-term bondage. Once he has done this a number of times, especially with a variety of partners, the Top will discover just how diverse the response of the M at various stages in his imprisonment can be. But he may also be surprised by the consistency of the end result.

Due to the diversity of personalities and the physical situations available to different people, it is impossible to set any firm rules as to exactly how the bondage should be done, or precisely which forms of punishment are appropriate. I would suggest that nothing be done to the M that will require his removal from the desired setting; and that, whatever his specific bondage, it be accomplished with careful attention to the normal parameters: not distractingly uncomfortable, not restrictive to circulation, respiration, or neural systems, etc. The only set rule I would suggest is for the Top to make every decision, with no possibility permitted for the M to make suggestions or to manipulate his condition in any way, other than by complete obedience and receipt of his promised rewards.

The cage. As a part of the long-term bondage situation, the use of a cage or cell may be desirable. A cell is generally a room large enough to permit the prisoner to stand up and move at least a few paces; a cage is a smaller area, one where the captive may be forced to sit or lie down. He may have to squat, or to bend in an awkward position. To produce the desired effects, a cage is probably not the best imprisonment device to use for the entire time, but it can be reserved for punishment or otherwise utilized for a portion of the scenario. The cell may have bars or be made of heavy wire mesh, or may be the blackroom itself, simply with the M restrained in such a way as to prohibit his escape. The cage is often made of wood and wire mesh, but is definitely the major restraint, in and of itself.

Men are frequently locked into cells, but generally only animals are confined in cages. The psychological ramifications of either condition are manifold, and should certainly be pointed out to the prisoner. In conjunction with the cage, it is not uncommon to utilize a dog bowl for food and water, or a leash in moving the prisoner in and out.

If you can afford them, many types of cells and cages are commercially available. Firms that make anti-burglar bars for windows have all manner of wonderful designs, easily adaptable to your particular needs. There are also many animal cages on the market, including those used to transport and confine large dogs on the way to and during a show. Whenever an old police station is being torn down, it is amazing how fierce the competition can be for the dismantled cell doors and bars. I wonder why...?

Mummification. Wrapping the total body to completely immobilize the M is another interesting activity, one which will create as total a condition of helplessness as it is possible to obtain, and if done properly can be left in place for several hours. Simply because of the work involved, you are going to want a fairly wide material. An Ace bandage, probably wider than the one you might use for cock wrapping, is a good starter, although there are more exotic materials available. I have found coils of plastic in surplus stores, very smooth surfaces in widths of four to six inches. I do not know what they were originally intended to be, but they are fine for mummification. You can also use Saran Wrap, which is particularly satisfactory, being both transparent and very wide to cut down the wrapping time and effort. It also sticks to itself, thus eliminating the need for fasteners. Naturally, the less porous the material, the greater will be the sensation of heat the M is going to feel, and the shorter the time his bindings can be maintained.

Knowing how inventive my readers can be, I will not go into detailed specifics for each material, nor try to list all the possibilities. However, the basic technique should concern itself with immobilization. It is best to have the M completely stretched out, naked, with his arms above his head. Writing in *DungeonMaster*, Fledermaus suggests starting with the body in a vertical position, hands raised and secured to the ceiling. He uses Ace bandages, in three- to six-inch rolls. Starting at the upper torso, the wrappings are applied in a continuous, overlapping progression down the body. As you reach the end of a roll, secure it with the fasteners provided by the manufacturer, and keep on going as low as the mid to upper thighs. Leave the cock and balls free, since you may want to do something with them during the course of using your "King

Tut."

This is a good time to lower the M, since he can still move his feet and arms to help keep himself from falling. Place him horizontally on his back and wrap his hands together, palm to palm, then proceed down the arms until you reach the original wrappings. The reason for having the arms upraised, rather than in the more conventional Egyptian posture down the sides of the body or crossed on the chest, is the greater restraint achieved by keeping them separate. It is important to encase the fingers to keep them completely immobilized. Naturally, leave the nostrils exposed, but you might want to gag him before covering the mouth. You can now complete the wrapping of the lower legs and feet, until he is completely encased.

You now have a mummy, with his nose and his cock and balls exposed. (If you have set tit clamps as well, do a "cross your heart" wrap to keep the bindings from sliding over onto the clamps.) Your M will be feeling the pressure of bondage as never before, and his groans should keep you entertained for hours! If you prefer to cover the nostrils, a piss gag in the mouth will ensure that he can breathe. Once you have tried it a few times, I am sure you will come up with any number of possible variations. Just remember that the guy has to breathe, and the less porous bindings will make him sweat. You don't want him to drown in it! The use you make of his totally immobilized body can provide an exciting experience for both of you.

Straitjackets. In keeping with the same sense of complete immobility, the straitjacket has certain advantages in that it is fully constructed for you, and needs only to be put on according to the manufacturer's instructions. Of course, it will only confine the arms and upper torso, so you might want to use it in conjunction with other restraints. There is also a certain excitement to be derived from the knowledge that straitjackets are normally used to subdue unruly prisoners in various institutions. The regular canvas varieties are efficient and cheaper than the more exotic types, although there is a wonderful leather model available from *Fetters* (New York or London).

In some ways, I have found a straitjacket to provide more opportunities for play than a complete body wrapping, because it leaves the butt, genital area, and legs ex-

posed. A man who is otherwise naked, gagged, and laced tightly into a straitjacket, can provide his Master with limitless opportunities for punishment and abuse. Because there is little need to be concerned with time limits, this is a first-rate device for long-term imprisonment. I do not know of anyone other than an experienced tailor being able to make his own straitjacket, so this is probably one case where you are going to be forced to spend the money if you want to play the game. But if bondage is your scene, you will find the expenditure worthwhile.

Miscellaneous erotica. For long-term bondage, and for generating a sense of complete captivity, there is nothing better than metal shackles and chains. Whereas the heavy fetish is for leather, these more solid bindings are even better to fulfill the fantasy in this particular setting. They conjure up images of prisoners in the cells of the Inquisition, or slave laborers in South Africa . . . galley slaves, or barbarians captured by the Roman legions . . . sailors or Marines in military brigs . . . Whatever your imagination may picture as the ultimate bondage situation, it is likely that steel or iron restraints will help complete the fantasy.

Starting with a set of good handcuffs and a few lengths of heavy chain, available in any hardware store, you can progress into the realm of truly exotic replicas, and sometimes even the real things. Again, I would refer to *Fetters* as the best and most reliable source for many of these items, although you may be lucky enough to stumble onto a cache of genuine articles in surplus outlets (for military hardware) or junk-antique shops for whatever you may be able to find. Over the years, there have been many people who collected these items, either because of their own interest in bondage, or simply because people will collect anything. (I love the *Fetters'* disclaimer on all their products, informing the buyer that "whereas the object left their factory in proper working condition, they take no responsibility for misadventure." By this, I presume they mean they will not pay the blacksmith if you get it on, and can't get it off.) Since most of the items I will describe below will be best understood if seen in a picture, and since most are available from *Fetters*, you might send a couple of bucks for their illustrated catalogue: 895 Broadway, New York, NY 10003 or 40 Fitzwilliam Rd., London

SW4 0DN. Both addresses are strictly for mail order.

Some of the more exciting items I have seen and/or used include: South African prison irons, which are barrel-lock wrist and ankle irons, connected by chains. Hyatt handcuffs and leg restraints, which are either the original or replicas of the irons used by British police for years. One model is a solid figure "8," which locks the wrists (or ankles) to each other with no chain between them. Others have chains like the regulation "darbies," and some have an adjustable (for size) locking device as used by Scotland Yard. The rigid irons, replicas of 17th Century ship's irons, for wrists, ankles, or arm (just above the elbow), are strips of steel, flat in the middle, rounded on the ends to accommodate the limb to be inserted. They hinge on either end, and lock together in the center so as to hold the wrists or ankles firmly in about a twelve- or eighteen-inch separation. There is also the iron collar (with smooth interior or dull prongs) with cuffs attached by chains. Then there is the head cage, a replica of an item used by the Spanish Inquisition. It simply closes around the head, locks at the neck, and can be attached by an overhead ring. It can be supplied with a removable mouthpiece.

Thus, if somebody wants to go into a long-term bondage game, I really prefer to see him use metal restraints in conjunction with whatever cage or cell arrangement his situation allows. A steel manacle can be the ultimate in security, while loose enough not to cause circulatory problems. It also creates a sense of total imprisonment, such as nothing else can achieve, short of mummification or leather bonds so tight they are unsafe for an extended period. Besides, who ever heard of a professional slaver marching his charges away in anything but irons?

There are a number of other exotic devices, that may or may not actually be used. Just the sight of them hanging on the blackroom wall can evoke a respectful behavior from the M, however. These include: branding irons, lifts and pulleys with hooks, heavy braided bull whips, presses or crushing devices, etc. Mostly, these items are acquired by chance, either by browsing in antique shops or swap meets, or in the course of travel into the hinterlands.

If you are the handyman type, there are a number of devices you might consider making. We have already mentioned crosses and whipping posts in an earlier chapter,

and have alluded to racks a couple of times without saying much about them. In essence, these are nothing more than flat, heavy surfaces, with straps to hold the M in place, and possibly with holes in strategic locations (by nipples or genitals). Although the medieval originals were designed to stretch the prisoner, this is seldom much of a consideration today. However, if you are striving for this historical realism, it is easy enough to install an ordinary winch. I have also seen a revolving rack, constructed with dowels and two-by-fours, that permitted the M to be rotated on a central fulcrum, for upside-down or rightside-up action. Stocks are another historical device appealing to many guys, and are simple enough to build if you have the tools. They can be made to secure just the wrists, the head and hands, the ankles, etc. With the head and wrists anchored at a properly low level, they can force the ass into a perfect whipping position. There is also the old Chinese device, the "chang," I think it was called. This is a large wooden circle that opens down the diameter, with notches cut out for neck and wrists. Once locked in, the slave can move about, but his arms are secured and useless.

All these devices are designed to place and keep the M within the total physical control of the Master. More of a psychological imprisonment is achieved by the use of butt plugs (discussed in the section on dildoes) and catheters. By asserting this additional element of control, namely the M's ability to relieve himself, the S banishes the last vestige of self-assurance, and deals the *coup de grace* to any remaining cockiness or arrogance. The butt plug makes the asshole, which to most men is the most private spot of the body, the Master's property. For many guys, the catheter completes the impression of total dependence. For others, it is part of a different, but very erotic game. But it is a game to be played by very strict and careful rules.

Catheters. In my previous writings, and until very recently in my mail order business, I have avoided any association with catheters, being afraid of encouraging someone to embark on a dangerous adventure. This was valid reasoning a few years ago, but I am now aware of a great many more people experimenting with objects introduced into the penis — some without taking the proper precautions. There have always been idiots who will shove any-

thing up their dicks that will fit—pencils, wires, ball point pens, glass tubes, you name it! It would be far better if they at least used something designed for the purpose. I was fortunate enough to be in New York City when GMSMA held their seminar on catheters, and I want to thank Sy and Tom (of T.A.I.L.) for adding to my knowledge on this score.

There are two basic dangers to be avoided in using a catheter, and, keeping these in mind, one can embark on a number of very sensual experiences. The first danger is from infection, because the urethra (piss tube) is more or less sterile, once you get past the first few inches of the penis. (One of my informants suggests that there is little danger in the first nine or ten inches of the penis, but few are so lucky.) Reasonable care should be taken not to carry potentially harmful microorganisms into the urinary tract. Recent medical practice in catheterization has been to rely on "clean technique" rather than the more exacting "sterile technique," but it is better to err on the side of safety. We'll go into this in more detail a bit further on.

The second danger is straining or tearing of the urethral passage. Common sense should tell you not to shove anything up the dick which has a sharp point. However, many guys do not stop to think that the urethra bends as it passes through the prostate gland and on up into the bladder. A catheter has to be flexible to get there. Although doctors do use "sounds," which are metal tubes, usually with a hooked neck on the end, and can get these around the bends, it is a practice best left to them. You can cause serious damage by playing with tools you don't know how to use. Neither should you cut off and use a piece of plastic tubing, or any other homemade device. Some have rough edges that can cut; others may not be clean.

Catheters come in a variety of sizes, with numerous tips. Basically, however, there are two types: those with a plain end (straight or curved, the latter called a "Coude") and those with an inflatable portion at the tip to prevent its pulling out by accident. These are sometimes called "Bardex" tubes, the name of the best known manufacturer. The proper term is "Foley" catheter, named, presumably, for its inventor. It is generally used in hospitals for someone who has to retain the catheter for longer than the necessary few minutes to empty his bladder.

Most present-day catheters are made of latex or plastic,

although there are also glycerine types. In ancient times, catheters were made of many different materials (such as jade and ivory in pre-dynastic China), and catheterization has been a ritualistic and/or sexual practice for many thousands of years. One can see records carved in stone in the Maya ruins of southern Mexico and Guatemala. (No sterile technique, there, I'd bet! But we don't know how many of the Indians and ancient Chinese survived the experience.) There is also speculation that certain bone artifacts found in collections of paleolithic and neolithic cultures are, in fact, catheters, although they are classified as hair pins or ascribed other benign purposes.

How — or if — the ancients survived these usages is unanswerable. How you can experience the sensation and live to tell about it is relatively easy. The first requisite is to follow a clean and/or sterile technique. Catheters are normally sold in sealed packages, so when you buy them they are already sterile. The problem is to keep them that way.

First, wash your hands well with soap and hot water, rinse and wash again. If you have been playing with lubricant, especially with any anal contact, the washing is especially important and must be done even more thoroughly. Have ready a freshly laundered towel, preferably with a hole cut in the center. With your subject lying on his back, wash his dick as thoroughly as you washed your hands, drape the towel over his groin and pull his cock through the hole. You can use rubber surgical gloves to be especially safe, but these should be put on with proper precautions not to touch the sterile portions, even with your well washed hands. Use an antiseptic, Benetine (which is expensive) or Zethiran. Then take your tube of lubricant, squeeze out and discard the first blob. The next goes on the clean towel, and the first several inches of the catheter is rolled in it. The tube is inserted into the penis, and gently (slowly) worked in until it reaches the point where a flow of urine comes out. With a regular catheter, stop here. With a Foley catheter, you have to go a bit farther, in order to ensure the portion with the bulb is well inside the bladder before it is inflated to hold the tube in place.

As with all new appliances, you are well advised to do all of this to yourself before trying it on another person. This way you will know how it feels, and you will be better prepared for the reactions of your subject. The best of all, of

course, would be to let an experienced person do it to you.

Basically, there is no great pain involved in catheterization, although the novice may be aware of a slight burning sensation near the end of his dick during insertion, and the same after the catheter is removed. At this point, he will also experience a strong urge to urinate, but that is obviously unnecessary, since you have just drained his bladder. If a person does piss (or ejaculate) within twenty or thirty minutes after the catheter is removed, he will experience a harsh stinging or burning sensation, because both urine and semen are acid, and the internal plumbing has just been invaded by a foreign object. After half an hour or so, the urge to piss will pass, and the guy should no longer feel much different from normal if he urinates or cums.

To keep your catheters sterile, they should be washed with soap and water as soon after use as possible, and before using them again they should be boiled in a sealed container, at a rolling boil, for 30 minutes or so — 15 minutes in a pressure cooker. You can also do it in an oven: 140°F to 180°F for eight hours; 300°F for an hour. Since they are already, then, in a sterile container, leave them in it, sealed, until you are ready to use them. You can do this 40 or 50 times before the rubber starts to disintegrate.

Use a water soluble lubricant, like K-Y or Lubrifax. Do not use Lube or Crisco; this type is not sterile, and if you have been using it for ass play, you are almost certain to have contaminated it with anal bacteria. Wearing a cockring during catheterization is generally not a problem, unless the ring is exceptionally tight. The combined inside-outside pressure can produce a fantastic sensation.

As to the selection of the catheter itself, you must consider the experience of the subject, the size of his urethral passage . . . also, how relaxed he is and how turned on to the prospect. A number 12 catheter is about as small as an adult man would be interested in using, while a number 15 (almost twice as large) is probably the most commonly used. A very large catheter (like a number 30) can be a thrill for an experienced guy, very turned on to the idea, and with a large passage. The larger size, for someone really into this, is more or less determined by the same idea as the fistfucker being able to take a larger hand. It is the desire to feel a very large object being inserted into the body. Until you know what you are doing, I would strongly advise

that you not play with anything larger than the number 15. These numbers, incidentally, are given in the most commonly used "French" system, with three gradations in size equal to one millimeter difference.

Once the catheter is in place, the bladder will begin to drain. In an SM scene, the Top might want to clamp off the flow to obtain full control over the time and amount to be voided: a prime consideration in a long-term bondage game. It is also possible to use a plastic plunger type syringe, without a needle, to force some other fluid into the bladder. Whatever you put in should be sterile (like water that has been boiled); of a temperature short of scalding or freezing; and in a quantity not to over-expand the bladder. The average guy can easily take 30 to 40 cc; a very large man might handle up to 55 cc. You do not need to give him this much, however, since the presence of the catheter and the addition of outside fluid will create the desired sensation without trying to blow him up like a balloon.

It is a favorite trick of some aficionados to first catheterize the M, then use a smaller catheter on themselves. The M is allowed to void himself, then the end of the smaller catheter is placed into the larger, and the Top fills his M's bladder with his own piss. The psychological implications can be very exciting, but the technique is not entirely safe. Although urine is considered sterile, *your* urine is sterile to *you*; it is not necessarily sterile to another person. I know this is frequently done, and I know it is a big charge to both donor and receiver. Merely a word to the wise!

Although you should probably start your catheter experimentation with a plain tip type (whistle, olive, round, etc.), you will soon discover that it does not stay in place, at exactly the depth you want it, especially if you play your games for an extended period of time. The answer is the Foley catheter, mentioned before. There is no real difference in handling this, except that you must insert it a bit deeper than the plain tip varieties. Used thousands of times every day in US hospitals, it is not particularly dangerous as long as you make sure the tip is well enough inside the bladder for the balloon to inflate there, not in the urethral passage. There is a small tube inside the catheter to permit the pumping of air or fluid into the balloon. I strongly suggest the use of air, which has less chance of carrying bacteria and causing infection should the

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balloon break inside the body. Air can be supplied easily through a small bulb hand-pump.

Remove the catheter slowly, and only after making sure the balloon has been deflated. Some guys are so excited by the experience they get a roaring hard-on, which can make removal of the catheter a bit more difficult. A guy may also be so turned on as to insist on a quick JO as soon as the tube is out. Remember, this is going to cause the burning sensation previously mentioned. If you use a sound (the metal device with a hooked end), never insert it beyond the root of the dick, and if the subject gets hard from its use, let him go soft before you try to pull it out. A slight stinging sensation during urination can last for up to a day or so after a catheter or sound insertion, but this will vary with the individual and, of course, the size of catheter.

Tom of T.A.I.L., lecturing on catheters to the GMSMA group, emphasized the importance of awareness of the body's normal state before getting into these games, so if something does start to go wrong internally, you know at once that you need medical help. For instance, know your normal body temperature, which may not be exactly 98.6 °F. Be aware of the usual condition of both your urine and feces. Is the urine normally cloudy? clear? How does the stream shoot out? How often do you urinate or defecate? What is your normal urine or stool color? Is there usually an odor to your urine? A change in any of these conditions, following a catheterization, FF, and/or enema session, can be an indication of trouble. Most of these problems develop very quickly, so it is important to have them attended to as soon as you spot trouble. For instance, the minimum amount of piss a healthy person expels in a day is a little over a pint (half a liter). Less can be a sign of infection and kidney failure, resulting in dehydration of the body. Orange or smoky-colored urine can mean it contains blood. Brown urine or yellow feces may indicate hepatitis. Black feces can indicate internal bleeding, although this can also be caused by an excess of iron or eating certain foods. The sensation of having to piss after you have just gone, or trotting in to pee very frequently but voiding only a small amount each time, can indicate an infection in the bladder. Pus from the penis or mucus from the anus are also common signs of trouble.

Writing for *DungeonMaster*, C.B. of Chicago gives us an

interesting variation for the more advanced catheter-oriented person. He calls it catheterization with ice, although the technique is not actually going all the way to the bladder, hence does not result in an involuntary release of urine. He suggests the use of distilled water (not mineral water) in an unopened container, paper straws, a metal saucepan, aluminum foil, paper towels (separated) and a pair of disposable surgical gloves. The straws, pan and towels are placed on the foil and heated in the oven (300°F) for 25 minutes. Holding the edge of the foil, transfer the entire collection to the freezer and cool them for another 30 minutes. After the objects have cooled, open the container of distilled water and put on the gloves (using proper care not to contaminate them). Pick up a straw with gloved fingers and dip it into the water, holding your finger over one end so as to pick up a strawful. Place several of these on a horizontal surface in the freezer. Repeat with all the straws. The freezer should be on its lowest setting to ensure a rapid freezing. Once frozen, the straws can stay there indefinitely, although it is better to wrap them in one of the towels to prevent contamination.

Prior to the scene, boil distilled water in the saucepan, allow it to cool slightly, and pour it evenly down the side of a straw until the "ice catheter" falls onto one of the sterilized paper towels. Remove any sharp ends with a little boiling water. Wrap catheters individually in the paper towels and store in the freezer until you are ready to use them. Handle them only with the sterilized paper towels or with gloved hands, and avoid holding them by the center, as heat from your hand can melt the ice and distort the shape. Manipulating the ice inside the urethra, only within the penis—not past the base, and, until you're used to doing this, not more than two-thirds of the way up—creates a sensation of "burning cold," and a feeling of fullness in addition to a sense of having been brutally violated. As the ice melts there is a sensation very similar to ejaculation.

C.B. suggests that the ice not be manipulated up and down inside the cock for more than a few strokes, as the melting ice can produce a sharp point. He also recommends using lots of lubricant—maybe a whole tube of K-Y, which is so much it has to be worked into the cock prior to catheterization (a trip by itself, with a huge glob shooting out during the eventual ejaculation). The ice catheter

should melt completely in five to ten minutes, and because you are using distilled water the melting should be fairly even. If the ice catheter should break during manipulation, hold the penis upright in your hand, keeping it still and straight until you are certain the ice has melted.

The idea so appealed to me, I had to give it a try, and found it a really hot(!) variation, although it did tend to frighten my subject. I also found the little bits of ice difficult to handle: they wanted to stick to the towel, and broke very easily. But the ones that worked, worked well.

The DM article also points up another consideration applicable to any catheterization: in the case of someone who has had gonorrhea, there is the possibility of small nodules remaining about halfway up the urethra. This is a potential hazard, and you have to be careful not to break them when inserting the catheter. A safe rule is: whenever you run into an obstacle, stop; and if necessary abort the scene rather than take a chance on doing some injury. After all, there are many other activities you can get into.

I would like to stagger onward, now, into a discussion and illustration of the complex of human needs that may help tie all this together, plus some overlap from other chapters. I think we all recognize a psychological need on the part of some guys to be imprisoned, or at least confined. In some, it transcends the desire (or need) to be punished, although the same person will often have a combination of all these. When the emotional drive toward confinement is strong, it is seen in Freudian terms as a "desire to return to the womb," and in SM terms as a hot man looking to be tied up, forced, and finally imprisoned. For such a man, any or all of the rituals we have explored in this chapter, may be of intense and highly charged interest . . . most easily understood on the part of the M.

Explaining the Top's desire to engage in these fairly complicated and exacting procedures may be more difficult. It would be far easier, safer, and much less taxing simply to tie the guy down, whip his ass, and stay with the other "basics." I think we all go through the more primitive stage in our early experience as Tops, and the desire to enter into the more exotic behavior described in this chapter and the next probably stems as much from a desire to experiment, and to delve into the greater mysteries of our rites, as from anything else. In other words, it is somewhat

of an intellectual exercise, as well as a high-level sexual experience. Especially if a Top is working with an M who is new to his particular specialty, there is great pleasure to be derived from the uncertainty and obvious fear, when the practitioner knows his scene is perfectly safe and non-destructive. Likewise, even with an experienced bottom, it can be a tantalizing satisfaction to see him shaken, because he is being led down a path he has never trodden before, or is being taken considerably farther than his knowledge and experience permit him to understand, or to predict the outcome or results. The Top sees his M shaken, losing his cocky self-confidence, forced to abandon the projected boast: "I'm man enough to take anything you can dish out." In this sense, we are responding to a challenge, proving our domination — or our right to dominate. The M is being put through his paces and forced to respect the Top, whose judgment (perceived, perhaps, as strength) is the only factor standing between him and some extreme hazard. It also permits a Top, who for any number of reasons is unable to assume the responsibility for a full-time slave, to experience a sense of total dominance.

Since forced submission is often the greatest fantasy, and accepting these artificial conditions is merely an acting out of this, I'd like to give you an account of involuntary, long-term bondage, in which I'll try to pull together a number of factors discussed in this chapter and the ones that went before. As I try to flesh out this fantasy for you, think back to my remarks on the Stockholm Syndrome, and some of the other long-term bondage comments. We'll take this little tale from the standpoint of the M.

When I was a kid, I was a rotten little bastard, I guess, and it took something pretty drastic to make me stop long enough to think about it. I'd always been good looking, and smarter than most of the assholes I ran around with, so everything came easy for me . . . easy, until my old man walked out on us and Mom ended up in a county hospital. My sister went to live with relatives in upper state Michigan, but they wouldn't take me. I'd already been in trouble with the juvies, and Uncle Henry said he didn't think he could handle me. I went from one foster home to the next, doing all the things that should have landed me in jail, but never getting caught. I joined the Navy when I was

seventeen — lied about my age — but they booted me out after a little less than a year. So at eighteen, I was a street punk with a dishonorable discharge, and no place to go. I drifted to Chicago, then New York, and I made out okay, hustling and doing a little breaking-and-entering when things got tight on the streets.

I drifted to lots of cities within the space of a couple of years. I was twenty when I arrived in Houston . . . gone there in late February, because it wasn't so fuckin' cold. I soon had my regular spot staked out on the end of main gay drag, not far from the Drum, and I had a couple of regulars who used to pick me up after they struck out in the bar. I'd been into SM scenes before, and I'd actually gotten to like whipping ass and making the cocksucker grovel in front of me, licking my boots and begging for whatever I wanted to give him. I was strong and wiry, with a hard look in my face that I practiced in front of a mirror, so they really took to me . . . said I looked like a real Topman, with my curly black hair and green eyes. I'd also escaped the butcher's knife, so I had a nice full foreskin that made my dick look bigger than it really was. Besides, I wasn't very tall, so everything looked bigger on me than it actually was — sure turned on a bigger guy to have me work on him.

Everything had been going along pretty good, until the pigs decided to crack down on the bars and on the hustling. It wasn't safe to stand around on the streets, not even if you pretended to be hitching. I was going to move on when I made friends with another hustler stud, named Jeff. He was a couple years older than me, and a real bad one. I tell you, he was mean! But he liked me, and he had this M streak in him . . . liked to be tied down and worked over when he'd got enough dope into him. But that's neither here nor there. We got along good, and we made it together a few times. Finally, we moved into the same room to save money while we waited for the town to cool down. But Jeff wasn't just into hustling. He'd done all kinds of dope in different places, and he'd been in the joint more than he was on the outs. Finally, when we were running short of bread, he tells me he's lined up a good score.

There's this fag, he tells me, lives in a house out by the edge of Melrose — vacant lots on two sides, easy pickings. I wasn't too sure, but we needed to score someplace, and Jeff seemed to know what he was talking about. The next

day, we looked the place over from the outside, and decided to give it a try. By then we were down to two bucks and change. Well, it was a bust from the start. Jeff went in first, through a back window. He came around to let me in the back door, but it had a dead bolt on it, so I had to climb in the same window. It was close to 3 AM, so we figure the guy has to be asleep upstairs. What we didn't know was that the fucker had an alarm system, one of those things that goes off in the bedroom when someone's home, otherwise goes to some police control center. Anyway, we're about halfway across the living room when the light goes on and the guy is standing on the stairs, stark naked except for a big, old-fashioned six shooter in his hand.

"Just stay right where you are," he says, and he comes down the rest of the way. As he comes around the bannister at the bottom, and starts toward us, he's givin' us some bullshit about sitting on the floor with our hands on top of our heads. That's when Jeff makes a grab for the gun. And that's all she wrote. He's down on the floor in a pool of blood, and I'm standing there about to shit my pants. And by this time I do have my hands on top of my head, because I'm sure this motherfucker's going to plug my ass, too. I mean, I'm so fuckin' scared I don't say one word!

The guy, who's about thirty-five or forty, and really rough looking, he just stands over Jeff for a minute, looks up at me, still pointing the gun straight at my gut. He reaches down and feels Jeff's neck . . . testing for a pulse, I guess. He nods, then, and stands back up. He looks me over pretty good, kinda grins and nods his head. He's really cool; I gotta give him that. He jerks the gun toward a door in the wall under the stairs, and says: "In there."

I didn't know what he was up to, and I didn't ask. I just headed for the door, opened it, and started fumbling for a light switch. It was dark inside, but I could see stairs going down into a basement. I found the switch, flicked it on, and when I felt the gun barrel in my back, I went down.

It's a kinda small basement, with paneled walls. There's photo equipment . . . lights and tripods, couple of big cameras on stands, a desk, old carpet on the floor. He went to the far wall, always keeping an eye on me, and the gun pointed in my direction. He pulled out the edge of one panel, then pushed it so it slid back. There was another room, about the same size as the first one, except this was

a dungeon, man! I mean, a real dungeon! He had chains and hooks, and all kinds of SM stuff, some I'd seen before, others I didn't even know what it was.

"If you want to save your ass," he told me, "you'll do just as I tell you. I haven't got time to mess around. I've got to call the cops to take care of your friend up there, and I can't wait too long to do it."

"Why should you want to help me?" I asked, although I was already beginning to get the picture. Except, I didn't have any idea how far it was going to go.

"That's for me to know and you to find out," he said, sort of nasty. "You tell me how it's going to be, but let me remind you of one point in law you may not know. You were in the act of committing a felony when I caught you. A man died in the course of that felony, and that means murder—one for you if I turn you over to the cops."

I didn't know if he was bullshitting me or not, but I'd heard about some fucked-up law like that back East, so I decided to play along. "I guess I don't have much choice, man," I told him. It had also occurred me to that now I'd seen all this he'd probably take me back upstairs and shoot me, too, if I didn't cooperate.

"You can start by stripping to the waist," he said.

I tossed my shirt and jacket into a corner and stood with my back to him. In about two minutes he had steel cuffs on my wrists, a chain around my neck, and a leather hood with a gag in it over my head. I couldn't see anything at all, but I could hear fairly well. I felt him unbuckle my belt and pull my Levi's down around my ankles. He must have used the belt to fasten my feet together. He tightened the chain on my neck, pulling me up until I could barely keep my toes on the floor. "You just stay there and keep quiet," he said, "and pray that I get rid of the police before you strangle."

Well, I must have hung there for over an hour. My back and legs were strained and aching, but I found I could actually put my heels down on the floor if I took the pressure of the chain around my neck for a few minutes. The chain would cut off the circulation, but I could still breathe, so I managed to do this every few minutes to relieve the tension. I could hear them talking upstairs, although I couldn't understand what they were saying. There were clumping sounds of guys walking around, and at one point someone opened the basement door and came down the

stairs. There was some more talking in the next room, and after a few minutes they went back up. Texas police don't get too het up about somebody shooting a burglar in his living room, and Jeff had broken the window when he climbed in, so there probably wasn't any question about how it happened. There'd been one burglar, one shot, one stiff, and that's all there was to it. The police finally took Jeff's body and left.

Now, I'd been doing some thinking while all this was going on, and I'd figured out that if this guy lied to the police about there being only one burglar, then he'd be in for some real trouble if the pigs found me. And I guessed what he'd done to me would be kidnapping. All this wouldn't do me much good while he had me trussed up like a hog waiting for slaughter, but it might give me something to hold over him when he finished whatever it was he intended doing to me. Unless he meant to kill me, too! Jesus! That thought had just penetrated my mind when I heard him coming back down the stairs.

I heard the panel slide open, and felt a gush of air against my naked backside. I could hear him move across the floor, and I actually felt the heat from his body as he came to stand in front of me. "You were a good boy," he said. "You kept real quiet." He spoke with the trace of a drawl, but he used good English, much better than me. I figured him to be a college type, probably with a good job someplace, maybe with a lot to lose if I ever got the chance to squeeze him. I had it all figured out, what I was going to say to him, as soon as he took the gag out of my mouth.

Only, I didn't get the chance, not right then, anyway, and by time I did get a chance to talk, I was thinking about a lot of other things. I felt him work the boots off me, and pull the rest of my clothes off with them. The floor felt cold against my bare feet, but it was soft, like some kind of padded rubber. He put some cold steel restraints around my ankles, something with a short chain between them, so I could walk about a half step at a time. Then he unhooked the chain from the ceiling, so I was able to take a decent breath for the first time since he hung me up there. He walked me across the rubber-covered floor, holding hard onto my arm and guiding me with his other big hand against the small of my back. I felt a piece of wood come into contact with my shins, not hard; I'd walked up to the

place he wanted me.

"You're standing in front of a saw horse," he said, "and I'm going to bend you over it. Just do as I say, now, and you won't fall." He kind of leaned into me, with one hand at the back of my neck, pushing me down, while the other pushed into my gut, holding me back. I couldn't help resisting him, because I was afraid I was going to fall as he made me lean over so far I was losing my balance. With the hood over my head, and not being able to see, I didn't even have a very good sense of up or down, once he had me bending. Then I felt a padded surface hit my stomach, and he pulled my head down hard. I was lying across his horse, feet still touching the floor, as he moved about quickly. First, he attached my neck chain to something on the ground, about a foot or two away from me. My ankles were also anchored and there I was . . . chained down, ass high in the air, my naked butt ready for whatever he decided to do to it.

I expected he would either start whipping me, or maybe fuck me. I sort of gritted my teeth, or rather bit into the leather gag, and waited. Instead, I heard him running water. I didn't catch on right away . . . guess I hadn't been around quite enough to know all the things these guys get into. A few minutes later, though, I felt him start to play with my asshole, running a finger into me with some grease on it. I tried to squirm away, because I'm not used to having anything shoved up my ass, but I couldn't move very much and next he shoved some sort of rubber or plastic nozzle into me. Then I heard a little hand pump go, and I felt the thing inside my ass swell up . . . felt like it was going to bust my ass. I tried to yell at him, making just a blubbering sound against the gag, and before I could even do much of that I felt a flood of warmth into my gut. The son'bitch was giving me an enema!

I was so surprised and so fuckin' mad, I did start to thrash around, but he grabbed hold of me and held me still. "You're only going to hurt yourself," he said calmly. "You be a good boy and do as you're told, now."

Well, I don't know how many gallons he pumped into me, but my guts felt like they were going to explode, and the pain at a couple of points was awful. He did move me back a little on the saw horse, so the padded top hit the bottom of my chest and left my belly free to take the water. When he'd filled me, he did something to the thing in my

ass . . . disconnected it, I guess, from the enema bag. He unfastened my head and ankles, made me stand up — which made the load in my guts churn around again, and I had to shit so bad I felt like a pregnant woman about to give birth. But the plug in my ass kept it all inside as he guided me into the corner, and backed me onto a toilet stool. He reached between my legs, did something to the thing in my ass, and pulled it out.

We went through the whole thing twice more, the last time I was on the pot being when he pushed and kneaded my belly to make sure everything came out. It was really embarrassing by then, because he was not only using my ass like he owned it, but he was even wiping my butt like a fuckin' baby in between. Shit, I didn't even like to take a crap with someone looking at me, and here I was going through all this, naked, with chains on my wrists and ankles, a hood over my head, and this guy just working me back and forth like I was some animal. Except to tell me to move here, or turn there, he didn't say anything.

When he finally finished and had wiped my ass for the last time, he led me back into the room, attached my neck chain to the ceiling again, and kicked my feet as far apart as the chain down there would allow. He fastened a leather belt around my waist, stuck his greasy finger up my ass — with no warning, so I bolted away. He put me back in position, then shoved a rubber plug up my ass. He brought the strap attached to this around between my legs in front, worked my balls and cock through a metal ring, and fastened this to the front of the belt. The back end was already attached to the belt, so I was now in some kind of harness, with my ass plugged solid.

I had grunted and moaned at various things he did, but I couldn't say anything. The leather gag inside my hood was very wide, pressing the side of my mouth and holding my tongue down. I knew I'd been drooling, especially when he had me with my head down, but I couldn't help it. Despite this, my mouth felt like it was full of cotton, and I was getting real thirsty.

He left me standing there for quite a while — maybe fifteen minutes, maybe another hour. I don't know just how long it was, but I wished he'd come back and do something . . . anything. I ached all over, my gut was sore, and I felt like a plugged pipe with that rubber thing up my ass. The

cockring was tight about my dick, too, and even with all the discomfort, I was afraid I might be getting a hard on.

I guess he must have left the room for several minutes, because I was suddenly aware of another draft against my legs. He took me down, and helped me lie on a table, on my back. The surface was cold at first, which made me flinch, but I didn't have long to think about it. I felt him wash my cock and balls in warm water, then realized it wasn't just water. The bastard was shaving me! I squirmed around, but I was afraid to move too much, both because I didn't know how close I was to the edge of the surface, and I was also afraid I'd make him cut my dick or my balls. I was yelling inside the hood, but he didn't say anything, just worked until he'd scraped that fuckin' razor all across my groin, between my legs, and over my cock and balls.

I was really pissed. I could just see myself trying to play Master to my next john with my crotch shaved. I'd be out of action for a couple'a months! Then I felt a cloth placed across my groin. He took hold of my cock, pulled it though a hole in the cloth, and I could hear the snap of rubber. Then came some cold liquid on my dick. I was scared, now, more than before, because I knew he was doing something else, and I couldn't figure out what it was. I felt him squeeze a gel of some kind into my dick, work it in, and a minute later he shoved something solid up the asshole.

I really fought him, then, struggling to get loose and yelling again into the gag. I tried to roll off the table, but he held me down. "You try that again, punk, and I'm going to use someting on you that'll really hurt," he said. "Now hold still or you'll do yourself some harm."

I lay back, real tense and shivering. The butt plug ached in my ass, and my whole body tensed as I felt the tube go up my dick, and there wasn't a fuckin' thing I could do about it. I could feel it go right up into me, and it felt like it was going to start coming out of my mouth. Then I had a terrific sensation in my balls, and a terrible urge to piss. He made a couple more adjustments, pulled off the cloth, undid my chains, and stood me up again . . . back where I'd started, standing in the center of the room with the chain attached to the ceiling.

I felt him fooling with the back of the hood, and all of a sudden he jerked it free and out of my mouth. The dim light of the room made me blink, and I almost lost my balance

as the chain pulled tight against my throat. He stood a couple of feet away from me, wearing just a pair of jeans and boots with a wide black belt. He wasn't a bad-looking dude, really, good body with lots of hair, sort of dark brown, with dark, deepset eyes. He was craggy and tanned about the face, but he looked a lot harder than he sounded, because his voice was kinda soft and young.

He stroked his chin with one hand, playing with the narrow little beard. "Now," he said, "I'm going to explain exactly what your situation is." He picked up a can of beer, took a swig and held it to my lips so I could take the rest. Then he went on: "First, you're my prisoner. No one knows you're here, so I can keep you as long as I like. I've cleaned you out and strapped a butt plug up your ass. I've shaved you and put a catheter in you, and you're drained for the moment. But from now on you'll piss only when I want you to piss. You'll shit only when I take the plug out. You'll eat and drink only what I give you. And you'll keep on breathing only so long as it pleases me to have you breathe. You're going to be my plaything, and you're going to entertain me until I get tired of you."

"What . . . what's gonna happen to me when you get tired of me?" I asked, my voice so raspy I could hardly speak above a whisper.

"That will be more or less up to you," he said. "It'll depend on how much you've pleased me."

"You fuckin' bastard," I shrieked. "You'll never get away with it," I tried to scream, but my throat was so dry, even after the little bit of beer he'd given me, I could only produce a croaking sound.

It didn't seem to bother him. He just grinned at me. "I'm going to give you a choice," he said. "Survive and service me, or . . ." He shrugged, spreading his palms in an open gesture. "Tell you what; you can make all the noise you want. I've got this room soundproofed, except for this." He pointed to a microphone on the wall across from me. "This connects to a speaker in my bedroom. I'm going up there now for a little nap. You'll just stay where you are until you decide to cooperate. When you do, just call out to me. Say, 'Sir, I'll obey you, Sir.' Just that, nothing more. When I hear you, I'll come back and we'll go from there. Of course, I may be asleep, so you may have to call me more than once."

I wanted to answer him, telling him he could shove the whole scene up his ass, but he just walked away, turning off the light and closing the sliding panel, leaving me completely alone and in the dark. I could hear him going up the stairs, but if he closed the door at the top it was too far away and too muffled for me to catch the sound.

So I stood there in the dark, the tube leading out of my dick and clamped so I couldn't piss, although I began to feel like I was going to explode. My ass was tight and sore, and my skin felt tingly and cold where he'd shaved me. I wasn't really cold otherwise, but I had goosebumps all over my naked body. The chain was not as tight about my neck as it had been, so I was easily able to stand with my heels on the floor. I couldn't move more than that, though. My legs and back were already aching, and the pain got worse as I stood there. But I wasn't going to call him. Fuck the bastard! The rotten faggot had caught me off guard, chained me up . . . killed my friend, and now he thought he was going to play games with me. Well, piss on him! I stood there shivering, not from cold, but from anger. I could feel that fuckin' tube up my dick, and the plug in my ass, the chain around my neck holding me in place. I was mad as a wet hen, but I couldn't move . . . and to make it all the worse, I felt my cock arch out in front of me, not really hard, but Shit, I wasn't going to give in!

I have no idea how long I stood there. Once I must have dozed off, because I was suddenly being strangled by the chain and had to fight the drowsiness to keep my body from falling. My mind drifted back to the various scenes I'd had, where I'd always been Master, and that only made it worse. My cock was enjoying the whole thing, poking out there in the dark with the damned tube dangling from the end. The urge to piss had passed, but now it was starting up again. I wondered what the guy was doing . . . the "guy"; I'd never even learned his name. He had the power to end all this, the fucking asshole! All I had to do was yell, say the magic words and he'd come down to let me loose. But I swore I'd never do it.

I wondered how long. Two hours? Three? Was it light outside? Must be. I must have been down there for half a day. No way to tell. I could hardly hold myself up, I was getting so tired. He had me tied up so I couldn't piss or shit without his permission. Nothing to eat or drink unless he

gave them to me . . . no sleep, either, unless he let me down. It was on the tip of my tongue to call him several times, but I just couldn't do it. Jesus, what if my throat got so dry I couldn't call him? The thought struck horror through my guts, but it also lit a little light in the back of my mind. Why was I worrying about it? What did it matter whether I could or couldn't? I wasn't really going to give in to him, anyway, even if I pretended to, in order to live, to get something to drink and maybe a few hours sleep.

"Sir," I shouted, "I'll obey you, Sir!"

I hated myself for doing it, and I decided I'd spit in his face when he came back down . . . after he'd given me something to drink, though. I was so fuckin' thirsty, it hurt! I waited . . . and waited. No answer.

I hadn't expected him not to respond. "Sir, I'll obey you, Sir!" I screamed out again, and there was still no answer. Again, again, almost desperately. Maybe the fuckin' mike was broken. Maybe the bastard was asleep and didn't hear me. "Sir! Oh, please, Sir! I'll obey you, Sir!"

My cries became a frantic, shouted chant. Every few seconds I called, and called again. My voice cracked, and I actually started to sob. I was sagging against the chain, choking as I tried to swallow, but there wasn't any spit. I was dry and strangling and desperate. I called and called, blubbering like a scared brat. I'd thought one call would do it, and now I must have been bellowing at him for hours, and nothing happened.

I had really given up. My calls had trailed off to a croaking whisper, and it was all I could do to stand up so the chain didn't hang me. I'd even toyed with the idea of ending it right there. Hang myself on the chain, then let the fucker do something with my dead body. But he could do anything he wanted, I realized. He could dump my corpse out in the desert, and nobody'd ever know. He had me . . . had me by the balls, and there was nothing I could do but call out for him, praying he'd hear me and come downstairs.

I hadn't heard him, but the light suddenly went on and there he was . . . still wearing his jeans, but barefoot this time. He looked at me without expression, watching silently as I struggled to stay on my feet. I hated the fucker, I thought. I really hated him, but if he'd turned away and left me again I'd have done anything to bring him back. I'd

never been so glad to see anyone in my life!

"Let's hear it once more," he said softly. He walked to the corner where there was a wash basin and the toilet stool. He turned on the faucet and started to fill a plastic cup with water. "Please . . . Sir. Let me have a drink of water," I whispered.

"That isn't what you're supposed to say," he replied.

"But I've said it!" I rasped. "I've said it a million times."

"And now I want to hear you say it again," he told me.

For a moment I was blind with rage. I twisted against the cuffs, and felt the steel chain bite into my neck again. He poured the water down the sink. Okay . . . okay . . . "Sir. I'll obey you, Sir." I said it in a gasp.

He was pouring the water again, this time with his back to me. "I didn't hear you," he taunted me.

"Sir! I'll obey you, Sir!" I shouted it as loudly as I could, and he came to me with the plastic cup of water. He let me drink it, holding it to my lips, which were trembling so badly I could hardly make them function. I dribbled half of it down the front of my body, felt the precious drops against my chest and belly, down onto my cock.

"Don't worry," he said. "You'll get another chance."

I thought he meant he was going to get me another cupful. Instead, he tossed the plastic container away and went to the shelf above the sink. He picked up a watering can, one of those rounded things that look like a whistling tea kettle with a long, narrow spout on the end. He brought this to me, and placed it on the floor at my feet. Then he took the end of my catheter, stuck it in the watering can, and released the catch on the tube. I felt the rush of piss as it flooded out of me, bubbling into the can, half filling it before it ran out. He closed the clamp again, and stood up holding the can. "Still thirsty?" he asked.

"No!" I shouted at him. I wasn't going to drink my own piss! He stood in front of me, holding the can, waiting for me to say something more. He stared into my face, eyes locked with mine for several seconds. Then he shrugged, turned away and started back to the sink.

"It's up to you," he said. "This is all you're going to get, and it's better to drink it hot. Kind of nasty when it gets cold." He put the watering can back on the shelf above the sink and turned toward the door. He snapped off the light and stepped through the panel, getting ready to close it.

"No," I called to him. "No, please don't go off and leave me like this." I wanted to call him every name in the book, but I knew better. He would just have gone out and left me again, for God knows how long.

"Are you still thirsty?" he asked, pausing in the doorway, the light still off.

"Yeah, yeah, I'm thirsty," I replied.

"That's not what I want to hear," he said, and stepped completely through the opening.

"Sir, please," I shouted. "Sir, don't leave me."

"Well, it's still up to you," he said in that soft voice with a trace of Texas drawl. "After I'd finished giving you something to drink, I was going to let you down to rest awhile."

"Yes, Sir! I'm thirsty, Sir," I gasped. "I'll obey you, Sir!"

He came back, turned on the light, held the spout to my lips and I drank it . . . drank it all. It was warm, a little salty, otherwise not bad. Before I finished the canful, it tasted like fresh spring water to me, and I drained it dry. He took down my neck chain, and led to me a leather covered bench — the same one I'd been on when he shaved and catheterized me, I guessed. He told me to lie down on my back, which I did. It felt so good to let my muscles go slack, that I hardly felt the pressure of the cuffs against my spine. I was aware of his fastening my neck and ankle chains to the top and bottom of the table, but I must have let go, the tensions letting loose, and I passed out before he finished fastening me down.

He must have abruptly turned on the lights, because I woke up to a blinding glare, with a spotlight — in addition to the other lights in the room — shining directly into my face. I guess I'd been dreaming, though I don't remember about what. I know I woke so suddenly that I tried to bolt upright, and was brought back hard by the chain around my neck. Then the whole scene changed to pain! My back, where I'd been lying on the wrist manacles, felt like somebody'd kicked me. My legs were sore and aching, but when I tried to move them I realized they were partly numb, especially on the top of my thighs. I was thirsty again, with my throat parched, and my belly was rumbling, although it was a few minutes before I realized how hungry I was.

I tried to see past the bright barrier of light, but I could only make out a dull blur of movement near the sliding

panel. I guessed it must be daytime, but I had no way to know. As I tried to move into a little more comfortable position, I was suddenly aware of something soft between my hands and back. While I'd been asleep, he'd put a small pillow between my spine and the manacles! It was a gesture of kindness I had not expected, and for a moment I felt the urge to call out to him and thank him. But that passed quickly away. The bastard had me trapped and chained, with a tube stuck up my dick and a butt plug wedged into my guts. For a few seconds I was mad again, furious. I realized I had to piss, and my gut was aching, too.

"How long you gonna keep me here?" I yelled. Only it didn't come out in anything that sounded like a man's voice. It was a crackly sound, like some old fart on his death bed, and that only made me madder. I wrenched my body, pulling on the ankle chain and almost throwing myself off the bench — would have fallen, if the chains had been a little longer.

He was standing over me, dressed in just a pair of leather chaps, big dick hanging out in the opening. His body made a shadow fall across my face, and towered above me . . . a big, dark form outlined by the flare of brightness, hair on his head shining from the glow behind him. He didn't say anything for a minute, and I just stared up at him, my belly heaving in the retreating flood of rage. I was so mixed up, I didn't know what to do. I was still angry, but I was glad he was there. I was afraid of him, because I didn't know if he was going to kill me, or what else he might do to me before that.

"Please," I said finally, "please, Sir. I gotta piss."

He didn't speak, just unfastened the neck and ankle chains and helped me stand up. I wobbled for a minute, dizzy and unbalanced. My head throbbed and I almost blacked out. He led me back to the center of the room, put my neck chain back up to the ceiling hook, and started fastening something onto my balls. I tried to look down, but his shoulder was in the way. I could feel a leather thong going around, squeezing my nuts, and I sighed at the stab of pain. He ignored me until he'd finished. Then he went to the corner by the john and came back with a plastic bucket. He fastened this to a ring in the bottom of my ball stretcher, set the end of the catheter into the bucket, and released the catch. A flood of piss gushed out of me, swirl-

ing into the pail. I could see the bubbly level rising, while the weight began to pull on my nuts.

"I think I'll just leave this open," he said — the first thing he'd said at all. He walked away from me, and I was afraid he was going to leave. I was still a little dizzy, and I was so thirsty I could hardly swallow. I was also afraid I might pass out and hang myself. I looked down at the swirling piss, and bad as I needed a drink, I felt sick to my stomach at the idea of what he'd do if I said anything. The downward pull on my balls was starting to hurt, too, and I could feel a stab of strain up into the lower part of my belly. The situation was hopeless! Being angry didn't do any good. If I begged him, he'd just laugh at me. It finally dawned on me just how helpless I was, how completely powerless to do anything. And this fucking sadist knew it, enjoyed it!

"Please, man . . . Sir," I said. "I hurt, . . . Sir. I really hurt! Can't you let me down? Let me take a shit . . . get some of this stuff off me?"

"You hurt, huh? Tough shit!" He went out and closed the panel.

Now I went through the worst of it. He still had some pretty heavy things to do to me, but nothing was worse than just standing there, naked in the glare of light, without even the former darkness to sort of tone down the sensation. My ass hurt like hell, because standing up had made everything settle down, ready to come out. The weight on my balls was killing me, and if I shifted just to relieve the tension in my legs, the liquid sloshed in the bucket, and it swung enough to increase the weight.

I must have stayed there for an hour or more, alternating in my mind between fantasies of what I'd do to him if I ever got the chance, and crying real tears because I wanted him to come back so badly. I remembered the microphone, finally, and wondered if he was where he could hear me. "Sir," I called, sort of whispered at first, then as loud as my aching throat would allow. "Sir, please come back, Sir!" I must have called fifty times before I heard the panel click and swoosh open.

Without saying anything, he came over, unhooked the bucket from my balls, set it on the floor, took me down and led me to the pot. He unfastened the belt around my waist and pulled out the plug. He shoved me down on the toilet and stood back grinning, stroking his chin and watching

me. A stinking blast of water shot out of me, the remains of the enemas, I guessed, that hadn't quite made it the day before. I was humiliated, but so physically relieved I could only hang my head and thank him. It came without my even thinking about it. "Thank you, Sir."

He wiped my ass, hauled me up and draped me over the horse again, shoved a tube up my ass and gave me what must have been an enema douche. I knew it wasn't much water, and this time it must have run out fairly clean, because he only did it once again. He ran some water over the butt plug, and started lubricating it again. "Oh, please, Sir. Don't put that thing back in me." I was standing by the john, feeling the dryness of my asshole, wishing I could reach down to scratch it. I felt I had to piss again, but he'd closed the catch on the catheter.

"Tell you what," he said. "I'll give you a choice . . . for the moment at least. You can have the plug and be left alone, or you have have some hot soup and take whatever I decide to give you afterward."

"What do you mean by afterward . . . Sir?"

"That's for me to know and you to find out," he answered smugly. "Make up your mind."

I licked my lips, almost drooling of the idea of something to drink, and hot soup was just the right thing. My guts churned with hunger. "I'll take the soup, Sir," I said.

He took me to the center of the room and had me kneel down. He locked a longer length of chain to my ankles, attaching it to a ring set in the floor. My hands were still locked behind my back, but the neck chain dangled free. The catheter was still in my dick, and the stretcher still on my balls. He went out, closing the panel behind him. I swiveled about on the floor, testing how far I could move . . . not enough to reach anything. I settled back on my ass, still kneeling with my ankles chained to the floor in back of me. I waited . . . and waited. I thought he'd never come back.

He brought back a big plastic bowl of soup, chicken with noodles and vegetables in it. I could smell it the second he opened the panel, and my hunger seemed to swell up harder in my gut. He placed the bowl on the floor in front of me, standing over it with his feet on either side. "Go ahead," he said, "lap it up."

I had a hell of a time balancing myself so I could get my face down to the liquid without falling into it. I managed,

finally, and I lapped it up, sprawling at his feet, naked and chained and slurping out of a bowl like a fuckin' dog. But it tasted better than anything I'd ever had before in my life! It was only canned soup, but it didn't matter. I licked the bowl dry, then rolled onto my side to catch my breath.

He kicked me. I hadn't been able to see them when I first awakened, but in addition to his chaps he was wearing a pair of heavy work boots. He struck my shoulder and chest. "Get on your knees, asshole!" I struggled to get enough balance to raise myself, and he kicked me again. "Up!" he shouted. The pressure of his boot assisted me, and I got back onto my knees.

He moved behind me, took the back of my neck in one hand and shoved my face against the floor. My ass was sticking up in the air as he stood up, planted one booted foot against the back of my head and in almost the same motion landed a hard crack across my ass with a leather belt. I hadn't expected it, and I cried out, trying to roll away from him. He shoved his foot down harder. "Hold still, or I'll strap you down," he snarled. And he let me have it again.

● He whipped my ass until I was blubbering in pain, yelping when he occasionally nicked my balls, where they hung between my thighs in their leather stretcher. He unlocked the ankle chain, finally, and half dragged me over to the leather table. He tossed me face down on top of it, locked my neck chain in place, and fell onto me. I didn't know if he lubed me up or not, but his cock was inside my ass before I hardly had time to think about it, and he rode me like a wildman! I'd only been fucked a few times in my life, and always for a good price and never with a dick the size of his. The fucker was big — a lot bigger'n me. It hurt, but it felt good at the same time, and before he finished I was pushing back to meet him every time he slammed his hips down against me. My fingers were moving against the hard wall of his stomach, and I was groaning with every thrust. He came, and relaxed on top of me for several minutes before pulling out, coming around to the head of the bench and shoving his half hardened cock into my face. "Clean it off," he said. "Lick it clean."

He sat down, straddling the bench with his crotch in my face, and lifted my head by taking a handful of hair and pulling it up. I obeyed him, listlessly at first, but finally with

more enthusiasm as he shoved his dick into my mouth and started to get hard again. That was a lot faster recovery than I would have been able to make. He forced me to work on him for a long time, finally shooting a second load down my throat and making me repeat the entire cleaning routine. He got off the bench, and I knew he was going to leave again.

"Sir . . ." I didn't know exactly what to say to him. "Sir, please . . . don't go."

"Why not?" he asked.

"I . . . I'm hurting, and I'm scared down here by myself."

"Afraid the boogeyman's going to get you? You should have thought of that before you broke into my house." He switched off the lights and left.

This time, he really stayed away for a long time. I dozed off once or twice, but otherwise remained awake. My legs were manacled, but not attached to anything. At one point I got my feet onto the floor, but my neck was still attached to the surface. The table wasn't nailed down, and I could move it, but it was heavy. I wanted to sit on the floor, but the neck chain was too short, and I had to get back onto the table. I almost fell, but knew I'd choke if I did, so I got back on top, lying on my stomach, and waited. I had to piss, still, worse now than before, and I could feel the slippery itchiness of my asshole, just out of reach because my hands were held by steel cuffs that were welded together, with no chain between them.

When he finally came back, he talked to me soothingly, stroking my back and shoulders before he freed my neck. He took me into the corner and let me use the john, took out the catheter after he'd drained me, explained that I mustn't piss for a few minutes. He even had a toothbrush and a tube of paste. He brushed my teeth for me, let me rinse and gave me some water. He unsnapped the stretcher from my balls, leaving me just the cuffs on my wrists and ankles, and the loose chain around my neck. He let me have all the water I wanted, then led me back to the center of the room. He chained me up by my neck again, and tied a black bandana around my eyes.

Then he whipped me. He started off easily, but got heavier and heavier, using a wide piece of leather — a belt, maybe, or a paddle. It hurt like hell, but he kept going, working all over me, always landing the blows where I

didn't expect them, hitting every part of me from the neck-down, even working my cock and balls with something lighter than he used on the rest of me. I was screaming by the time he finished, pulling around and around against the chain, but no matter what side I turned toward him, he belted it. He concentrated, finally, on my ass, and really whipped the hell out of it. At first I'd called him some names, told him I'd get loose and take care of him. But by the time he'd finished I was crying and begging him to stop. It didn't do any good, and during a period when I was quiet he suddenly broke off. I heard the whip drop onto the floor, and for several minutes there wasn't any sound except my own labored breathing, and I wondered if he'd left.

Then he took hold of me, running his warm hands across my naked body, stroking my shoulders and sides, rubbing my ass and fondling my balls. Both hands closed against the back of my head, and I felt his warm breath on my face . . . smelled a trace of cigarettes as his lips pressed onto mine. "Kiss me," he whispered. He pushed roughly against me, the whole front of my body pulled tightly against him, warm and sweaty skin against the leather chaps, his cock shoved against mine. I resisted him for a second. I'd, in truth, never kissed a man before. "Kiss me like you meant it," he said again, and this time I opened my mouth to him.

I can't explain the reason for it. There wasn't any, I guess. I just seemed to melt into him, and for a moment I felt like I loved him. I know it's stupid to say it, but I guess I was so relieved to have the whipping stop, and his hands felt so good on my skin. I couldn't help it. For that few minutes that he held me and kissed me, I did love him. He played with my cock until it got hard, real hard and busting, ready to shoot. But he stopped before this happened, left me almost gasping, I wanted to cum so bad.

He unfastened the chain from the ceiling and told me to kneel. He made me blow him again; then leaving the bandana across my eyes, he chained my ankles back to the ring in the floor and left, without saying anything more. As I heard the panel slide shut I wanted to cry in frustration. He was leaving me alone again, and I didn't want to be alone. The room was completely silent, except for an occasional creak of a floorboard upstairs. It was dark anyway, but the blindfold made it completely black. For the moment I wasn't really hungry or thirsty, but my whole body

seemed on fire from the beating, and my cock was still hanging out half hard in from of me, and my balls were bubbling full. More than anything else, I needed to cum, and there wasn't any way I could relieve the tension.

He must have put me through this routine for a week or more. He'd go away and leave me in the dark, come back unexpectedly and let me take care of my bodily functions. He'd use me, whip me, change my position so I was sometimes left chained to the table, sometimes to the floor, sometimes attached by my neck to the ceiling. He put the catheter in me again and left it for — I guess — several days. He fed me soup and sometimes a sandwich. He'd clean me out with an enema from time to time, and he'd brush my teeth. I always knew that he was going to kiss me after he did this, and I began to look forward to it. Those were the only times when I felt halfway human, and gradually I came to anticipate his caresses, knowing they would come after he whipped me, and almost yearning for them because it meant an end of the pain.

Except for the beatings, he never really hurt me, and even the whip began to have a stimulating effect on me. Once he'd let me cum afterward. He'd held me in his arms, with my neck chained to the ceiling and played with my cock while his tongue filled my mouth, and he'd kept it up until I shot. It felt so damned good I'd almost cried, and if I hadn't been chained up I'd have fallen on my ass. When he went away, I felt a sadness that was like someone close to me had died. Sometimes I actually wept real tears, waiting for him to come back. Somehow, I'd stopped thinking about escape. There was no way I could do it, anyway, and I was beginning to be . . . how can I say it . . . I was feeling almost "at home" in this basement dungeon. He had some kind of air circulation system, because I could sometimes hear the faint hum of a blower, and the temperature never got really hot or cold. Even naked, as I always was, I was never really uncomfortable.

He changed my manacles a couple of times, always making sure my neck and ankles were securely locked when he freed my wrists, but he only did this to reposition my arms and let me rub out some of the stiffness. When he left, my hands were always behind my back, and I could never touch my cock to jack off, as badly as I wanted to most of the time. I began to live for the sound of his step on

the stairs, and the click of the lock on the sliding panel. I called him "Sir" all the time . . . never knew his real name, anyway, and the feeling I had for him was like a dog for his Master. I couldn't explain it, or understand it; I just felt it, and in a strange way I was — if not happy, at least content during those moments when he was with me.

One day, I had been alone for a long period, when I heard the doorbell ring upstairs. I had never heard it before, and I strained to hear what else was going on up there. Several people must have been walking around, because the floorboards creaked in a number of different places at once. I heard a couple of doors open and close, and the murmur of voices. It got quiet, I guess when they all went up to the second floor, then more creaking when they came back down. I heard the door to the basement open, and several pairs of feet on the stairs. The voices got louder as I knelt there in the darkness, hands cuffed behind me, naked and unable to move more than a few feet. But I was not gagged. I could have called out. Instead, I held my breath, trying to hear what they were saying.

" . . . was with Jeff all that day, and must have been with him when he came here." This from a deep, harsh voice I didn't recognize.

Then I heard Him say, "I can't help that, Sergeant. The guy was alone when I caught him. If anyone else was outside, he got away without my seeing him."

Then I heard Bret, a guy who lived in the rooming house where Jeff and I had shared a room. "Well, I can't understand it. The kid was with him all day, and after that night he never came back. All his clothes and stuff are there. I know something has to have happened to him."

"Well," He said, "you can see he isn't here."

The steps started back up again, and it was on the tip of my tongue to call out. That's all I would have had to do, and they would have come and found me. But I didn't. I felt my heart thumping in my throat, and there was clammy sweat on my body, but I kept quiet. I waited for the intruders to leave, because I knew He would come down to me, and I knew He'd have to be grateful.

CHAPTER ELEVEN—The Advanced Specialties, Group II

Progressing on via my nefarious logic, the subjects I am grouping into this second advanced category include some of the more severe blackroom disciplines: woodshed action and caning, electro torture, and military discipline. As in the preceding chapter, we are as concerned here with the psychological aspects as with the physical, although the physical activity can become very heavy.

Childhood memories. The type of punishment we received as children, or didn't receive but knew other kids did, is often translated into the SM fantasies we have as adults. These flights of mental fancy are not limited to the experiences we actually had, or which our playmates told us about; much of the direction these adult fantasies take is caused by the prevailing punishments meted out to kids in our particular culture. For instance, the American fascination with "good old fashioned woodshed discipline" is as firmly rooted in the frontier mentality of middle America as the "public school" cane is a part of British tradition. Naturally, with the advent of our mass media

and rapid means of both transportation and communication, we find these values transplanted from one culture to another, and may find an Iowa farmboy growing up with a fetish centered on the military disciplines of Nazi Germany, or a Japanese who hankers for the US Cavalryman's crop.

I like to think that I have been instrumental in causing some of the greater admixture of interests, simply by exposing people of various cultures to the fine points of discipline from others. I have, naturally, had a great deal of help in this. At any rate, here I am, at it again, trying to enlighten you with a brief survey of these wonderful memories, as a number of people have shared them with me.

I believe that in virtually all western cultures, as well as a number we would consider eastern, or at least beyond the Iron Curtain, it is customary for a father to take his miscreant son out to the woodshed, or into the basement, or some other relatively private place, and whale the tar out of him as punishment for some transgression. But, just as it happens with people who are active in SM, there are going to be fathers who are psychologically unable to carry out this form of culturally approved punishment. Or, there is no father in the house, so the mother does it, or an uncle, or . . . ? Regardless of who administers the actual punishment, most kids are treated to this experience at least a few times during their formative years. Those who are deprived of it are nonetheless aware that it happens to their friends and schoolmates. Thus we have adults emerging from these (our) cultures who may carry emotional scars because the punishment they received was perceived as abuse, or we may have the exact inverse situation: an adult emerging from a culture where most of his friends were punished physically, whereas he was not. The emotional residuals in this man may be even deeper and more interesting, especially if he (then or now) perceives this lack of childhood punishment as deprivation. This latter condition is more common and more easily come-by than most people realize, because kids who do get punished will often take a very macho stance before or after, and their ability to stand up to the discipline makes them mini-heroes among their peers. A child who is never punished never has this opportunity.

Even in England, where corporal punishment in "public

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schools" (in the US we would call them private schools, or boarding schools) has been a tradition for centuries, there is now a rising tide of public sentiment to do away with it. But to the English schoolboy, "six of the best" is still a fearsome threat, and for some an erection-building prospect. The current clamor for an end to this form of punishment in the schools is supported by the ridiculous assertions of a clique of child psychologists that corporal punishment creates hostility in the child, and that the surest way to create a delinquent is to physically punish him. It makes me wonder how they reconcile their assertions with the British system which produced such men as Nelson and Churchill.

But regardless of the social consequences, these early examples of physical discipline have left their marks on many men — the emotional mementos proving far more durable than the physical. For those with an SM inclination, the recall is often the core of a lifelong fetish. I do not feel this is necessarily an argument in support of those who would do away with corporal punishment, since the men who fantasize on these fixations today would probably have centered their thoughts on some other mode of punishment if they had been deprived of the reality or the stories from their peers about the woodshed or the cane.

To some extent, a shrink might be justified in labeling these fetishes "infantile" or "juvenile," since they do stem from childhood fixations. But there really isn't anything wrong with that, since most of the activities we learn to do or enjoy as adults have their roots in boyhood memory. In practice, I have found a goodly number of guys who dig the woodshed or the cane are also seeking a "father figure" to administer it. This is by no means a universal truth, but a circumstance to be aptly labeled "common occurrence."

Woodshed discipline. In this fairly straightforward scene, the M is treated to a make-believe boyhood punishment situation. Just as Daddy used to take his kid out to the woodshed, command him to drop his pants, and administer a proper strapping across the naked buttocks, the S makes a similar demand and usage of his M. Although the actual father-son sequence seldom involved more than a command to assume an appropriate position, followed by the administration of a proper number of

whacks, the SM surrogate may be rather more elaborate.

It is not unusual to have the bottom secured by his wrists and ankles, frequently bent over the edge of a table, or completely draped on a saw horse. Most scenes do not involve much else in the way of equipment. Cock and ball harnesses, hoods, blindfolds, etc., are seldom used. I know of a few Tops who like to gag the M, which precludes his being able to count the strokes . . . not a terribly important consideration in my opinion, anyway, since I feel the stroke counting routine to be more appropriate to military discipline—a subject we will discuss later in this chapter.

Basically, the woodshed scene should be kept fairly simple from the standpoint of bondage, and the instrument used to administer the punishment should also be of a variety that Daddy would have been likely to use: a belt, paddle, razor strop, or possibly a keen switch. A birch rod is quite in keeping with the overall setting. The M can also be positioned across the Top's knees (thighs) for a "spanking" scene. The actual whipping, or "thrashing" as it may more appropriately be called, should be fairly heavy—my reason for including it in the "advanced" category.

In keeping with the simplicity of the setting, elaborate lighting effects, music, or drugs are inappropriate. Just the sound of the falling switch and the cries of the "boy" suffice to create the desired atmosphere. Some conversation to enhance the fantasy is often included, although many guys feel silly if they carry the play-acting to this extreme. Still, for the man who likes to visualize himself back in childhood, the role playing can be important. Since I really don't know any Tops for whom the woodshed scene is of paramount importance, I would venture to suggest the scene is basically the M's. If the Top is going to play it with him, he might as well go all the way and fully flesh out the bottom's fantasy. I see it largely as a "curtain raiser," anyway, in that it tends to be of shorter duration, often serving as preamble to other, more imaginative activities.

English caning. In much the same category as the American woodshed is the old British tradition of caning. For centuries, Eton and Harrow and many less famous schools have maintained caning as the principal punishment for various serious transgressions. In some schools only a master (teacher) could do this, in rare instances the

headmaster; in others, the upperclassmen ("prefects") were authorized to punish the younger boys when it was required. Because of the strict honor codes, many of which were more a matter of tradition than written rules, the privilege of administering punishment was seldom abused. It was taken as a matter of course, with both giver and recipient knowing from the moment a certain misdemeanor was discovered, exactly how many strokes were going to be administered. The boys' attitude was generally one of complete acceptance, based on an assumption that getting caught meant a fair punishment.

The term "cane" does not refer to a walking stick, but to a thin, reedlike switch resembling a bamboo sapling. It is supple in all its forms, and its availability in a number of diameters allows for a certain variance in the degree of punishment, in addition to the number of strokes and the strength with which they are applied. When I was in London a couple of years ago, my friend Felix gave me one of the canes from his collection, and it has become a prized artifact on the wall of my blackroom. I have used it sparingly, however, because I have been afraid of breaking it. On the one occasion when I had a genuine graduate of the British "public school" in for a session, it came to a good use, and was much appreciated by the recipient.

As an illustration of the English cane syndrome, let me quote from a letter from an English correspondent which I used in one of my collections in the now out-of-print *Leatherman's Workbook* series. It is interesting to note the English tendency to ascribe some of these traditions to the Germans, whereas I have had Germans and Austrians write to me, referring to the identical behavior as English:

For over forty years I've been studying and practicing the none-too-gentle arts of what the Germans call "pedagogical discipline" — or the parental and schoolmaster fantasy. Some years ago, I acted the schoolgirl — now the disobedient schoolboy or stepson.

SM/leather covers a lot of ground. My only interest in leather is that strops, tawses and whips are made of it. I tend more to the male S, but the older officious burly woman S, some Lez, is quite satisfying. Just as the point of view expressed by my own father, an ardent flagellator, that "bottoms are sexless." Perhaps the dividing line is in that our interests revolve definitely around the "bottom"

(seldom "ass") and about spanking, caning, stropping, birching of that posterior area — flagellation, primarily.

Just as "ass" becomes "bottom" or backside," so the culprit is arched up over a bench, bent over a stool or bed — never spreadeagled. If fastened at all, it is only used for one reason . . . to prevent avoidance of the thrashing.

Scolding, humiliation are ever present, but in the style of a young boy. He is not degraded. Other punishments of childhood of which we are fond are the enema, suppositories, etc., castor oil, washing the mouth out with soap, spanking the penis for masturbating. Sodomy plays a part more often than not. . .

Few "schoolboys" seek orgasm until the scene has been played . . .

As I said, I've made a long and deep study of the schoolboy-schoolgirl syndrome. Among my "tutors" have been, or are, a Prince, three ambassadors, a bishop and three other clergy.

A schoolboy flogging is a long, usually public and terrifying proposition with ample warning to provide time to anticipate, slow but sure preparation and a leisurely inflicting of mounting and enormous pain, leaving ridges, welts and cuts for as long as a fortnight or more.

So there is a following of SM among heteros. It is usually centered about flagellation, and either the M or the S is likely to be accepting of either male or female partners. In the British public (boarding) school in the thirties, the older boys observed very carefully — as did the housemasters — which lads of 10 to 13 had erections when watching or preparing for a flogging. More attention would be centered on these, who were in fact destined to be held firmly across a sofa back at tea time to lose their schoolboy virginities, on pain of flogging.

I do feel we owe a great debt to the English, since the tradition of flogging has always seemed to permeate their history, and in so many respects they have refined it into a truly fine art. From the schoolboy syndrome, we might pass quite easily to the shipboard flogging, and to the public whippings which until very recently (1970's) were still taking place on the smaller islands (Sark, for one). Beneath that veneer of sophisticated arrogance there existed a wonderful reservoir of savagery. I hope our latter-day do-gooders are not going to succeed in completely ex-

tinguishing it. Of course, with all the rest, there was a good deal of buggery (ass fucking) going on in these secondary institutions of learning, and since this involved boys who were quite young, we find the sharpest departure from our own SM interests. Chicken is not only a legal "no-no," but I have found in any survey of tastes, formal or otherwise, that very few SM guys have an interest in the immature youngster. The interest in "chicken" which does exist, seems to be centered more on the sexually mature 14- to 17-year-olds than on prepubescent boys.

I have also been interested to note the consistency with which the British and other European flogging traditions seem to agree with my old premise: men are flogged standing up; boys are punished bending over. I can't remember the source, but something I read years ago on the subject of British prison flogging pointed out that birching of the buttocks replaced whipping across the back because while the latter's results could be displayed with macho pride, the former was a matter for shameful concealment: the punished man had been humiliated by being "treated like a boy."

Military discipline. Progressing quite logically from the schoolyard to the military compound, we find a variety of well-established traditions in every nation with an army or navy. The lesser floggings that took place in the house-master's study graduated into full scale assaults in the settings of an 18th or 19th Century sailing ship or parade ground. Anyone who has read Richard Dana's autobiographical *Two Years Before the Mast* is familiar with the type of punishment on which the SM derivations are based. In the contemporary simulated military prison a number of scenes are popularly enacted, based on such diverse situations as: stockade detention and punishment; USAF survival training; interrogation of POWs, including the use of French Legionnaire electro torture; Marine boot camp with D.I. instruction and punishment; parade ground stripping and humiliation; Nazi prison camp; oriental (Korean or V.C.) prisoner abuse; sailing ship flogging. All these situations call for a heavier type of punishment than we might normally expect to find in an ordinary blackroom scene. The one element common to all of them, and which perhaps characterizes them, is that the punishment is clearly specified before the game be-

gins, and once started is always carried to completion. It is not called off at the request (or sobbing plea) of the M: traditionally, the punishment was always completed, even if the victim had expired somewhere along the way.

Naturally, the line between dominant and submissive is very clearly defined, and the scene itself may involve extremely elaborate props and costumes. However, there may be steps or levels of command involved, creating in effect a junior S — for instance the prison guard — who is subservient to the sergeant or officer in charge, both concentrating their energies on making the prisoner's life more miserable. If the available cast of characters is large enough, there may also be a senior M position, where one of the prisoners is placed in temporary charge of the others. The variations are as infinite as the history of military discipline and imprisonment, and limited only by the reluctance of so many guys to participate. Like the true Master-slave relationship, the real military scene is one of total involvement for its full duration.

I know of several men who conduct these sessions from time to time, and a couple of them have very well equipped facilities. Generally, I would not recommend trying to do it in an apartment, or even in a house with close neighbors on either side. It takes a place in the country, with enough ground to be isolated from the morbid curiosity of snoopby bystanders. This is not to say that a short military scene cannot be played out in an ordinary blackroom, with the M required to go through his paces and getting his ass smacked, or commanded to do pushups, etc., when he fails. But the full scale scene, with celis and uniforms and outdoor action, can only properly be done in seclusion. After all, who ever heard of a sailor being stripped and lashed to the mast in someone's basement? It has to be outside, under the open sky, with the breeze caressing his skin between strokes of the cat.

Always bear in mind that a military scene differs from the usual SM relationship, where a willing, obedient M does his best to please. The military game is an adversary situation, and basically falls into one of two categories: training and discipline of recruit, or prisoner vs guard. In either case, the Top is expected to assert his authority forcefully. If he fails to do so, it is within the rules of many games to have the tables turned on him... particularly in

Electricity. Because it is more commonly used as a part of the military scene than as a part of any other specific activity, I think this is the most reasonable place to include a discussion of electricity and its various uses in an SM setting. I should note that I have avoided the subject in the past, perhaps as a result of my own respect for the negative powers of electrical current. I did not wish to suggest any behavior that might have led someone to experiment and thereby come to a tragic end. However, it has now become apparent that many people are playing with electricity, and some of them are doing things far worse, and far more likely to result in some catastrophe than any behavior I might have described. It is better, from my own point of view, and from the standpoint of my conscience, to tell you the right way. If you go ahead and electrocute yourself in spite of these warnings . . . ?

Used properly, electricity can provide a unique sensual experience, and can greatly enhance a scene. It can also be used as a torture device, either by applying current to a sensitive area or by threatening to do so. As always, let me state a couple of safety rules before going into the specifics of these activities. Generally speaking, no electrical current should ever be applied above the waist. I tell you this, because some of the things people are doing to themselves and to other people are almost the same as procedures performed by a physician to reactivate the heart in a cardiac arrest, or to alter the heartbeat in a person suffering from irregular cardiac rhythm. Attaching leads to a cattle prod and setting these via alligator clips on the nipples is precisely the type of irresponsible behavior I mean to warn you against. Second, stay away from house current, or direct current from a high powered battery. Even if you think you are stepping it down through a transformer, there is always the possibility of error. If a transformer blows out on an appliance, the worst you lose is a piece of expensive equipment. If it blows out when it's attached to you, your parts are a little more difficult to replace. If you want current, use batteries — *not* an automobile battery! Your very best bet is not to use current at all, but to rely on vibration or static electricity via oscillation.

My first experience with electricity in a sexual setting

was demonstrated for me years ago, by a guy whom I consider a complete nut, and who scared me so badly I refused to have any part of electricity except for lamps, toasters and TV. He used house current and a goldfish bowl full of water, and what he did I will not describe in detail, because someone somewhere will try it, and end up on a slab in the morgue. I have since encountered people with a much more sane approach, and have found several procedures that are both reasonable and tantalizing. I'll try to describe a few of these for you.

For openers, remember that your intent in using electricity in an SM scene is usually to stimulate only the sensors in the skin, which are on or very close to the surface. You have no need to work for a deeper penetration into the body tissues, where you could do harm to internal organs or the neurological system. For this reason, you never need much current to create the sensations you seek. In effect, you are "skimming" the electricity across the surface—much like skimming a rock across the surface of a pond, as opposed to throwing a boulder into the water to create a big splash. It is the ripple occasioned by the tingling contact that is so tantalizing. Like orgasm, it can be a feeling so exotic as to verge on pain.

Since there is nothing absolute in the use of electricity, and since different people react very differently because of their individual sensitivity, you should always start off easily, building up as you note the responses you are getting. Oscillation, with frequencies of 500 cycles per second (CPS) and up are reasonably safe, and will create the same sensations as the use of current, but without the same potential for injury. As with enema equipment, there have been a number of quack cures over the years . . . pseudo-doctors producing "wonder machines," many of which are actually doing no more than converting current into oscillation. If you come across one of these in a junk shop or second hand store, you might consider acquiring it. As long as it is not applying current to the body, it is probably harmless (and medically useless), but can provide the type of sensual thrill you are seeking. If you're technically adept, you can make your own. It involves transforming the current, from whatever source, into a tube or wand (usually glass) on the end of a fairly long cable. Only this glass part is ever touched to the skin, and

if the transformer malfunctions, the worst it will do is to cause the wand to go dark. Even so, an additional safety precaution is to have the subject isolated (insulated, so to speak), by having him lie on a wooden surface, with no metal in contact with his body. Beer and other liquids should be well separated from the entire set-up. The sensation is like "static cling" against the skin.

If you do not understand the principle I am describing, I suggest you do a little study of the subject before trying to play with it. The technique is somewhat sophisticated, but fairly easy to understand if you have any knowledge of electrical theory. Trying to give step-by-step instructions is going to be useless unless you have the background, and if you are qualified in the area you don't need it. This is one instance where you will have to do some research on your own if you want to produce your own toy.

Probably the most clever device I have seen involved the use of a regular household doorbell (buzzer type), run off batteries. The buzzer was mounted on a small block of wood, and a pair of clips were attached to the wooden base via a couple of long wires. When the buzzer was activated, the vibrations were carried to the nipples, or whatever part of the body was attached to the clips; but there was no current involved at all, since the wood insulated the buzzer from the wire leads. For electrical tit torture, it was the best device I have seen, since it could not in any way pose the potential threat of crossing the "heart line."

The popularity of cattle prods in recent years, and their use as tit shockers is appalling. Bad enough that they be used below the waist, where they can become a true instrument of torture. I would remind you that these devices are designed for use on animals with hide equivalent in thickness to 22 gauge steel. By comparison, your skin is tissue paper. Used in a heavy scene, with quick, glancing contacts, they can provide the type of stimulation some guys get off on, however, and in this context they are a legitimate blackroom device. They come in different sizes, and with different strengths. You can really burn somebody with one of the big babies, and even the small ones should be used with care and restraint. I prefer not to see a cattle prod used with leads off the two prongs, wired to alligator clips, although I know this is a popular modification. There is too high a probability of the M's being sub-

jected to a harmful shot of current, since the clips are inevitably stuck onto an extremely sensitive area (penis or scrotum). With the M secured by his wrists to a solid, overhead object, his naked body can be put through a frantic, twisting dance by split second applications of the prod to the large muscles of his thighs or buttocks. This is the only way I feel a cattle prod should be used.

The use of hand crank or "Kentucky" telephone magnetos has been a popular practice for years, and in its serious application became a widely used interrogation device in North Africa (French Foreign Legion) and in the Korean and Vietnamese theaters, apparently by interrogators on both sides. In these situations, the users did not much care if they damaged their subjects. Connecting wires to a prisoner's testicles, cock, or via a metal plug into the rectum, the torturer could elicit responses by turning the crank on the generators (magneto) until the surge of current became unbearable. Some of the victims of these sessions later died, or lost the use of their sexual equipment as a result of their experiences.

If you are going to use an old telephone generator, it is best to take out one of the magnets (if it will come out) to decrease the potential current. Before you try it on anyone else, experiment on yourself, so that you will know how much current you are generating. It is a good idea to place a small light bulb on the line between the generator and the subject to indicate how much current is going through. I admit that the simulated interrogation scene can be very exciting and I know a number of people are playing with it, but keep the contacts below the waist. The most popular areas for setting these are: one at the root, and one at the tip of the cock; one on the cock, one on the bottom of the scrotum; one on the genitals in almost any spot, the other on the big toe; one on the cock, the other up the rectum, via a metal plug. I assume you know better than to stick a raw wire up either the cock or the anus, although you can wrap a wire around the genitals. Remember, in using this type toy, the current should never be at a high level for more than a split second. You will find this to be far more tantalizing, anyway, and the threat of a repeat will produce more effective results than trying to fry the guy's balls by cranking at the generator. If you want to buy one of these devices, and can't find it locally, check the ads in the back

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of *Radio Electronics* or *Popular Electronics* magazines.

Let me remind you again that in any situation where the M is taking current, he should be on a non-conductive surface; i.e., he should not be grounded, or near any liquid that could spill on him. Naturally, anyone who touches him while he is getting the stab of current is going to feel it, too. Then, regarding my cautions about the use of current above the waist, I know some people are going to do it on the chest or arms, anyway. If you do, at least don't cross the "heart line"; i.e., stay on one side at a time. This has to be your most important safety precaution, even with the use of electro-static equipment, or oscillation devices.

Another "medical device" from the turn of the century was called a "skin sterilizer." This was actually no more than a plug-in device, attached by an insulated cord to a mushroom shaped glass tube. The tube emitted ultra-violet light, and was completely harmless (except for potential eye damage if held too close to the head). It had a fantastic visual effect, and applied to sensitive areas such as nipples or genitals, produced a wonderful tingling, just below the threshold of real discomfort. It would not be difficult to duplicate. From the same period, there were electrical belts made to cure disease, and any number of "black boxes" that emitted vibrations, oscillations, heat and light. Dating from this period, and still being manufactured today are a number of "galvanic" devices, intended to produce or measure the electrical conductivity of the skin. Many of them, if you can find them at a reasonable price, have wide SM applications, since they create a variety of tantalizing skin sensations without ever subjecting the guy to a surge of electrical current.

A 9-volt transistor battery, although not generally popular, can be used safely, even on the nipples. Applied to a blindfolded M's tit, it feels exactly like being pierced. Likewise, on the cock and/or balls. This works best if the area to be touched is wet and/or salted ahead of time — which also enhances the sensation of piercing, since the subject may think you are applying antiseptic. Lick the terminals to ensure a good contact (one at a time, tingle-tongue!)

Another popular device in fairly common use by electrical aficionados is the Relaxacisor, a pseudo-scientific machine that enjoyed a fairly wide distribution a few years ago. It worked by attaching electrodes to either end of a

specific muscle or set of muscles, and passing a small amount of current through it. The principle was that the muscle could be artificially exercised, without any effort on the part of the person using the machine . . . a sort of lazy man's Nautilus. It was forced off the market by the Feds, because part of the regular routine involved working muscles above the waist, and crossing the heart line with the current. Immediately after the product was taken off the market, it was illegal for a private party to sell his machine to another person. I do not know what the current rules may be in all cases, but I do know a number of people have acquired these old machines and are using them for erotic purposes. Structurally, the machine consists of a control box, usually built into a carrying case about the size of a doctor's bag. It has a number of "pads" (like large galvanic contacts), attached by wires to the control box.

With the pads strapped onto the body in strategic locations, the machine shoots little spurts of current through the muscle and makes it contract. The Relaxacisor is fully adjustable, with a potential for erotic stimulation up to and including the point of torture. The pads are commonly placed on the soles of the feet, in the crotch, ass, or armpits. Some guys have used rods inserted into the anus or into the penile canal. The few accidents connected with these attempted erotic usages have resulted mostly from the Top jacking up the current too fast, and producing a muscle spasm. Since the worst of these injuries were on the arms and shoulders, I really recommend that the machine not be used above the waist. It is certainly less erotic in this area, anyway, and the potential dangers are too great in relation to the potential sensation. People who have extensive experience with the machine suggest its best use is near the beginning of a scene, to build up the subject for something else. Restraints are generally used, but they should be loosely applied, with at least a six- to eight-inch leeway for movement. As the machine stimulates muscle response, a hard binding can cause injury. With no binding, it is possible for the subject to kick involuntarily and hurt himself or whoever is standing near him.

There are various other devices and homemade specialties in use by people advanced in the techniques of electro-torture. For the beginner, I think I have covered the basics, and really do not want to try describing very much

more. I ask you, again, to observe the safety precautions I have noted, and noted again. I also feel that drugs do not belong in this scene, certainly not for the Top, and the M should be alert enough to provide the clues his Master needs to be sure he isn't doing him some serious injury.

Heavy and public humiliation. Whereas humiliation is one of the heaviest SM head trips, it is seldom practiced outside the privacy of the blackroom. When it goes beyond this, I think it exceeds the limits of the average bottom, and thus becomes a "specialty"—perhaps an M specialty as differentiated from the others, which basically rely on the skill of the Top for their success. The fantasy is there for many men—the idea, for instance, of being stripped naked, bound, and led by a halter about the genitals in front of a large group of detractors . . . maybe to be whipped or gang fucked in some popular sex club, with many people looking on. Few M's would really want this to happen to them, but these few are an interesting lot.

There is not a great deal I can tell you, other than to list some of the fantasies and let you think about them. I suppose one of the grand fantasies is of an adult man being subjected to heavy abuse by a youngster. The old college fraternity initiations involved all kinds of public humiliation, but these were generally not very sexual. I have received a number of letters from a correspondent in Japan, whose heavy fantasy is being stripped naked and forced to serve as a steed for an adolescent Caucasian. Another guy in Canada wrote about his public humiliation when forced to wear women's clothes, and scrub the sidewalk outside the town's most popular tearoom ("cottage" to our European friends). I suppose the most common form of public humiliation is for the Top to lead his slave into a leatherbar by a dog leash, attached to a leather slave collar about the guy's neck. I have also seen M's kneeling on the floor beside their Masters' bar stools, sometimes with their hands cuffed behind their backs.

One of the great fantasies is to be stripped and put through a disciplinary session in front of one's fellow soldiers (sailors or Marines). Just the masochism involved in becoming a recruit in a very heavily disciplined military organization, inspires the imagination. I see all of this as a series of variations on the same theme, and all bound to-

gether by a common, high level of submissive need on the part of the M, the reverse for the Top.

The use of fear. I'd like to comment on this, the last subject in this chapter, as perhaps the ultimate head trip, and a condition present in most of the other areas covered. (Fear of electricity, for instance, is one factor in making it such a turn-on.) Manipulation of the M's phobias to create a few moments of terror can produce interesting results. To do this requires a fair amount of skill, or insight, on the part of the Top, because it can be dangerous if you are dealing with an unstable personality or someone who is floating away on dope. But with a guy who enjoys a normal degree of mental health, but just happens to have certain fears, you can pull off a very satisfying game. The most common fears (phobias) are: fear of the dark and its attendant fears of the unknown and of being alone; fear of height and falling (acrophobia); fear of enclosure (claustrophobia); more rarely, fear of open space (agoraphobia); and fear of some specific object or animal (like snakes and creepy-crawlies). Of course, Freud maintained that phobias do not exist if the *vita sexualis* is normal — an interesting point, since I have seldom found an SM subject who really had any phobias serious enough to be destructive or harmful. The residual fears from childhood remain in many of us, however, and are available to be used effectively. With a more jaded M, it may be possible to jar him back to a more intense participation by one of these ploys.

Let me relate a story told by a San Francisco friend of mine, which may illustrate one of these fears in action, first utilizing a phobia and subsequently delving into an interesting bit of public humiliation at its conclusion:

Jake had been coming to see me, off and on, for several years. He lived in the east, but had business trips out here two or three times a year. He was a good looking dude, though we'd both aged a bit since our first session. At the time I'm talking about, he was just past forty, still very handsome, with longish dark hair and a Pepsodent smile, a little heavier than I would have liked him. In a suit, he looked like a very proper, prosperous businessman.

We had always done fairly heavy things, especially with whips and other torture devices. Lately, I had started to be a little annoyed with him, though, because he was definite-

ly jaded, and didn't respond like he used to. He'd also started using more drugs than I liked, and on this particular visit he admitted after some questioning that he'd dropped some acid.

You might remember that about this time I had just rewired part of the house, including the dungeon, and I'd put in one of those security remote control light-switching systems. I'd set it up in the dungeon so I could turn the lights off and on from upstairs, but I'd left some of the controls off it, including the plug for the stereo. It was more convenient, because it saved my having to fumble around in the dark to get enough light to keep from bumping my head on something hanging from the ceiling.

Anyhow, Jake came that night, and I got started with him, and things weren't going as well as they might. He wasn't responsive enough, maybe because of the drugs, although acid had usually worked differently on him. What I had always liked especially about Jake was his response to a very warm session. That is, after I'd worked him over for a while he'd be hot as a pistol if I took him in my arms and kissed him. This night, it didn't work that way, so I decided to try a little experiment. I trussed him up really good, using a suspension harness that held him in place, vertically, with his feet just barely touching the floor. I gagged him, but left his eyes free. I catheterized him, stuck a butt plug up his ass, and ran a chain under his wrists to pull his arms up, off his ass. I put a very trippy electronic tape on the machine, and I walked out the door, telling him not to go away.

I made sure to clump hard enough that he knew I'd gone upstairs, and when I got there I waited a few minutes, then hit the "off" switch on the dungeon lights. That left him in the dark — pitch black, with just that weird music going. He couldn't move, or even cry out, and I'd already mentioned that I'd been having trouble with rats getting into the basement. I left him there for almost an hour. I then debated for a few minutes, whether I should turn on the lights from upstairs, or wait until I got down there. I decided on the latter, so I turned off the light in the outside hall before I opened the dungeon door. He could probably see me come in, but not much more. He had to know it was me, of course, but I still went through a little scenario for him, using the tip of a quirt to touch his legs and feet. By the

time I'd finished, he was squealing and bouncing around in the harness.

I put on the lights and took the gag out. You never saw anyone so happy to see someone in your life! He couldn't move his arms to hug me, but when I took the catheter out and made a hugging scene, he just melted into me like he used to. I put him through a heavy punishment sequence, then, whipping his cock for not being hard, then tanning his ass when he did get it up. He came while I was strapping his butt, so I made him hang there until he recovered, and worked him over with the quirt. I had one of those "Y" pieces on him near the end, the kind with a brass cock ring at the bottom, then a leather covered elastic that went up to either tit with little tooth clamps on the end.

When I finished with this, and took it off, I locked a steel shackle around his cock and balls—the kind you can't get off without the key, because it's lined with lamb's wool and very Snug. He's very well hung, anyway, with big balls and a nice, thick cock. When I let him down, he hesitated a long while before getting dressed, and finally asked me if I was going to take the shackle off his nuts. I told him I'd already mailed the key to him, at his home. He left with it still in place, and he had to take the plane the next afternoon. I don't know how he got through the airport inspection point, but I'll bet he had an interesting time explaining the "bong" from the metal detector. He never told me exactly what happened, but about a week after our session, the shackle, complete with key, arrived in the mail.

"Had you actually mailed him the key ahead of time?" I asked.

"No, but I went out and did it that same night, right after he left. It must have gotten to his house about the same time he did."

CHAPTER TWELVE—Permanent piercings and other bodily adornments

I acknowledge that we may be dealing here with a slight contradiction in terms. To the real enthusiast, his piercings, etc., are more than mere adornment. They render a very sensual pleasure, not only during sex, but in the normal course of living and moving about. Other adornments, such as tattoos or a branding scar (once it's healed) cause no particular physical sensation, and therefore fall more precisely into the parameter of the chapter title. But, for lack of a better "catch all" term, I'll stick to it.

The use of all these bodily adornments has become increasingly popular over the last decade, and their open display more commonplace. With the exception of branding, they are unlikely to be done in the context of any kind of sex or SM scene. They can also be fairly expensive, and, for this reason alone, reflect a more considered decision on the part of the wearer.

Tattoos. There is some dispute among the aficionados as to whether tattoos or bodily piercings enjoy the longest history. Evidence from ancient cultures is difficult to come

by, because the tattooed bodies have long since withered away, and the piercings, usually gold, have been stolen by grave robbers. The most common historical indicators are ancient tomb paintings or shards of pottery depicting one or another of these practices. The most notable exception has been in Egypt, where mummies dating back to about 2000 B.C. display tattoos. Other cultures and areas did not share the Egyptians' elaborate burial rites, nor their dry climate, so the only accurate records begin with the writings that have survived from the more recent of the ancient societies. There is some mention by classical writers of tattooing among the Thracians, Greeks, Gauls (early French), German and English tribes during the era of the Roman Empire. The Romans themselves seem to have used tattoos only to identify slaves and criminals.

When the Christians took over Europe, they forbade tattooing: "Thou shalt make no cutting in thy flesh on account of the dead or tattoo any marks upon you. . . ." Lev. xix, 28. (And it was our old nemesis Leviticus which also termed homosexuality an abomination, decreed that women should not speak in public and should leave the company of men during their periods, forbade the eating of pork, and required all men to be circumcised!)

Strangely enough, the Chinese did not do much tattooing until the 19th Century, unless the very ancient records have been lost. The oriental traditions come mostly from Japan, where the practice has been widespread for a long time. Because tattoos do not show up well on a dark skin, it has never been a popular practice in most of Africa, where the common practice was/is "scarification" (making ritual cuts in the skin that are forced to heal so as to leave permanent scar patterns). The most universal use of tattoos took place among native American tribes and in the South Pacific (Polynesia, Micronesia), as well as in the far north among Siberian and Alaskan Eskimos. The term "tattoo" came into the English language from Tahiti, via the explorations of Captain James Cook (1769).

At any rate, it is easy to see that the art has enjoyed a long and widespread history within many cultures. After the "Age of Exploration" (16th-17th Centuries) it became common for American and English sailors to sport tattoos acquired in various exotic ports. Later, during the 1880's and 1890's, there was a brief tattooing vogue among upper

class English people, men and women, but this quickly died out, and became something which "nice people" simply did not do (like eating onions and garlic). Thus tattoos became associated with the rougher, lower classes, and to some extent retain this aura today. Like the wearing of tattered jeans or unpressed blue workshirts, a tattoo conveys the macho image many men wish to project.

With the patenting of the first electric tattooing implement in the United States (1891) the process became easier and "tattoo parlors" began to proliferate all over the western world. However, the risk of superficial infection remained high, and the use of a single, relatively expensive instrument increased the danger of hepatitis, because the steel needles lasted longer and could be used on more people. New York City passed a very restrictive law in 1961 for this reason. There is also some indication that tattooing increases the risk of cancer.

So, if you are going to get a tattoo, have it done by a professional who uses the proper equipment and a sterile technique. A professional is also more likely to execute a design you find pleasing—important, because removing it is very difficult and inevitably leaves a scar.

Within our own group, a tattoo has little meaning as regards sexual practices or preferences. It represents more of an indication that the person wearing it finds it attractive, and may be attracted to another guy similarly decorated. (Of course, if the guy has "fuck me" tattooed on his ass. . .) Japan is the only place I know of where tattoos are really intended to send specific sexual signals, perhaps because the communal bathhouse has been commonplace for a long time. A man with a geisha girl on his back is probably heterosexual, whereas one with a Samurai or other warrior is more likely to be gay. Those with chrysanthemums or other flowers are often bisexual.

Recently my chief advisor in the area of bodily adornment insisted that a tattoo on the penis would not last, due to the skin's being too thin to properly hold the inks. I published this assertion, and was promptly inundated with many exceptions, some accompanied by photographic evidence that a tattoo can, indeed, be permanent on the penis. The ratio of success, however, is not as high as on other parts of the body. Exactly what a tattoo on the cock is telling you, I'm not really sure. I have seen some quite

graphic indicators engraved on various buttocks, the most interesting barely concealed along the crease between upper thigh and ass (entertaining for the nurse who has to give such a guy a hospital enema!).

A guy with a real affinity for tattoos will often find them greatly enhanced by the addition of a permanent piercing. For example, I have seen an eagle flying down the left pec, its beak seeming to grab at a gold ring through the nipple. In conclusion on the subject of tattoos, I might add that however attractive they may be in the light, they do little good in the dark, whereas an embedded piece of gold can be felt by exploring thinkers wherever this may occur.

Piercings. In discussing "permanent" piercings, I refer to those types of applications where the artificial addition is intended to remain in place indefinitely. This does not mean that it can not be removed, so in this sense it is not as permanent as a tattoo or a brand. Depending on the area of the body and age of the piercing, the hole will generally disappear once the ring or other artifact is removed. I am indebted, incidentally, for much of the following information to the late Doug Malloy, who kindly enlightened me in great detail shortly before his untimely death.

As with tattooing, we find the earliest records of bodily piercing among the Egyptians. An heroic-sized statue of Pharaoh Akhenaton (circa 1400 B.C.) shows the hole just above the navel where the king obviously wore a gold ring (long since removed by grave robbers), so we know that navel piercing was practiced at least as early as the middle of Egypt's New Kingdom, where it was considered a mark of royalty. During the height of the Roman empire (First Century A.D.) nipple piercings, frequently following ritualized contests, were displayed as a mark of rank by the centurians (roughly equivalent to today's sergeant major, and the highest military status to which the plebian citizen could aspire). There is no evidence of nipple piercings among the patricians, the Roman upper crust.

Piercing the ear lobes, strictly a cosmetic operation, has been common all over the world, and certainly dates back far into pre-history. For our purposes, we might note that a stud in the left or right lobe can indicate Top or bottom interests, much as a dangling set of keys or hankie in a back pocket. Beautiful it may be, but erotic it is not, in my opinion, and neither are belly rings.

Our examination of clearly erotic piercings should start in ancient Rome, where, according to historians Strabo and Celcius, infibulation was quite common among the patricians. This practice is simply a means to defeat the function of the genitalia (male or female), and it was a Roman practice to make a pair of holes in the foreskin and padlock it shut. This might be done by a Master to his favorite slave, or to a boy who exhibited extraordinary talents in some artistic or scientific field, and whose parents hoped to stop him wasting his energies on sex. It was even believed that infibulation could prevent a boy's voice from changing, and the practice was continued into the middle ages, when the Church wanted the voices. It was only later that they started castrating boy sopranos.

Strangely enough, infibulation really works. Stretching the foreskin over the glans and creating pressure on the cock prevents erection. Many schoolboys in the last part of the 19th Century were thus prevented from having sex and "diluting their energies." The practice was best documented in Sweden, and we know of cases right up to World War II. The only such piercings that I know of in contemporary settings occur within the Master-slave situation, where the Master is blessed with an uncircumcised slave and wishes to assert his absolute control.

Circumcision and other forms of mutilation are common rituals in many savage cultures, either at birth or puberty. This may be part of the appeal to us of genital piercing, in that having it done to yourself is a wild and exotic experience, culling up images of barbarity and our less civilized past. The sea Dyaks of Northern Borneo, for instance, put large holes in the scrotum, and will carry heavy gold or brass weights just for the joy of doing it, not to serve any particular function. They also pierce the ears and stretch them to four or five inches, using big plugs in the slots. They pierce themselves almost every place except nipples or navel. They nearly all have an *ampallang*, a horizontal piercing through the head of the cock, cross-wise through the glans, supposed to be a benefit for the female, who will feel the firmness during intercourse.

An *ampallang* is one of the less common piercings for western men. (The first Americans to get them, as far as I know, were guys exploring for oil in the Borneo area.) Aside from the extremity of the measure and the longer

healing period, it is so intensely painful as to be almost impossible without anesthetic, even if you can find a doctor willing to perform the surgery. Placement is even more critical than with most other piercings, because it has to be set through the flesh above the urethra. A bar (usually gold) is inserted through the hole, and small studs are screwed onto the ends. Once it is healed and ready for use, the size of the studs can be changed to suit the occasion. Although the *ampallang* ostensibly benefits the person getting fucked, it can also act like the *dydoe* in restoring some of the sensation lost as a result of circumcision.

The *dydoe*, a much more recent idea, is used almost exclusively by circumcised men. The piercing consists of a small hole through the upper edge of the glans, and is most often done in pairs, one on each side (not necessarily both at the same time). A small ring or barbell stud is placed through the hole. Placement is critical, because the proper stimulation of nerve endings is the desired result, and the person making the piercing must know what he is doing. This is one example of a qualified lay person being able to do a better job than an uninformed doctor, assuming all other antiseptic precautions are equal. Healing is from four to six weeks, with minimal discomfort.

Probably the most rewarding, certainly the most common penile piercing is the *Prince Albert* (a reference to the placement, not to the ring itself). This is set on the underside of the cockhead, entering through the urethra, then down through the underside of the cock. Legend has it that Albert, Queen Victoria's consort, had this done as Her Majesty was offended by any suggestion of odor from her husband's uncircumcised cock, and the ring helped to hold the foreskin in a retracted position. It is also called a "dressing ring," from the Beau Brummel era of very tight pants, because it can be attached to a thong and tied about the leg, thus ensuring that the genitals lie smoothly down one or the other pants leg. Want to try it under a pair of 501's? Of all the piercings, this is the one most guys like the best. The ring is small and can stay in during any kind of sex without getting in the way. It simply presses up, into the flesh of the cock. Its placement is very erotic and stimulating. The "operation" is quick, and with minimal pain. It also has a relatively short healing period — four weeks or so. (I should note that the small rings in use today

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would not have served the Prince Consort's need; he must have had a rather large ring to hold back the foreskin.)

The *guiche* is another very functional piercing whose name applies to placement rather than to the ring itself. In fact, it need not be a ring; a small "barbell" will work as well. This piercing is through the loose skin behind the balls . . . between the rear descent of the scrotum and the prostate gland. It was named by the French settlers in Polynesia, and the word means "an opening (in something)"; e.g. a wicket in a bank is also called a *guiche*. In their balmy paradise, the natives do not wear restrictive clothing. They like the breeze to come up and caress the genitals (or did until the Christian missionaries came along and taught them the meaning of guilt). The *guiche* piercing is equidistant between both legs, and the back-side of the balls . . . set into a sort of triangle. Native boys receive it at quite an early age, and may dangle small articles from it, so that as they move about the object strikes against their legs or balls, constantly alerting them to their sexuality. There is a bit of mystery to the native ceremony, and Doug was unable to get the people to explain it all. However, he described the piercing as being performed by a "desexed male" called a Mahou, who was always bearded but spoke in a whispery (almost "drag") voice, and who performed the rite on both males and females. There is one such piercer in each community in the Society Islands. Sexually, the *guiche* is very functional, because a simple pressure on the ring will start things going, whereas later in the act, tugging on it will slow you down and extend orgasm for a longer period. The people who wear it, of course, soon learn how to get the best from it.

Another very practical and popular piercing is the *frenum ring*. The frenum is the loose piece of skin on the underside of the penis, just behind the head. The piercing is made sideways (i.e., at a 90° angle to the shaft), through this outer skin. It originated in Europe, and could serve either for sexual stimulation (with a thin gauge ring) or as a chastity device, with a heavier padlock. It was even possible to prevent masturbation by use of a "Franey cage." This device utilized the *frenum piercing* and a second piercing at the base of the penis, whereby an enclosing metal basket, or cage, was locked in place.

Inserting a fairly large diameter ring, made of small

gauge gold, can make this a very erotic and versatile piercing. The ring can be swung upward and slipped over the head of the cock to lie completely around it, just behind the head during intercourse or whatever. In this position it is completely out of the way, but still restricts circulation into the cockhead just enough to act as a cockring does at the base of the penis. At other times, the ring can hang loosely downward. Some men even sleep with one finger through the ring, giving them an erotic sensation and serving to enhance a "protective" posture in regard to the genitals. Obviously, the ring size must conform to the diameter of the erected penis to be optimally functional.

Of other genital piercings, only two are really worth mentioning, although neither is as popular or functional as those already covered. The *apadravya*, described in the Kama Sutra, is similar to the *ampallang*, but is inserted vertically through the head of the penis, or through the shaft behind the head, instead of horizontally. It takes its name from the French noun used to denote any of a variety of sexual stimulation devices, ranging from "French ticklers" to dildoes. Among the Dravian people of southern India, the word has come to be associated with this particular piercing. Utilizing a "barbell" implant, it causes increased sensation for both partners during intercourse.

The other piercing we should mention is the *Hafada*, part of the puberty rites of several Arab tribes in the Persian Gulf area. A small gold or silver ring is inserted through the side of the scrotum, between the testicle and the base of the penis. It is supposed to prevent the testicles from ever rising back into the body, thus ensuring that the youth is now and forever a man. It is not a particularly erotic piercing, although it can provide some stimulation if manipulated during a sexual exchange.

If anyone reading this decides he would like to try a piercing, I strongly recommend that he not try to do it to himself. The placement of the inserts is very critical, if one expects to get maximum sensation and enjoyment from them. Because genital piercings are visible to only a limited number of people, their popularity is less than for nipple rings or bars. Again, it is extremely important that these piercings be done in the proper place on the body, that they be done symmetrically if both nipples are in-

volved, and that proper antiseptic precautions be taken. To return for a moment to Doug's comments (which I tape recorded in a long discussion one afternoon):

"Most guys, especially those into SM, who decide to have their nipples pierced will generally start with one — left or right, depending on their interests as Top or bottom. But they will find the sensation so pleasurable they often come back to have the other one done. Having that piece of metal through one's nipple starts a sensitivity that the guy never realized was there. Even under your shirt, it's a constant reminder of your manhood. It's a beautiful feeling.

"Usually, the decision to have a permanent piercing is a planned thing . . . something a guy decides to have done, not something thought about in the heat of passion. It is quite simple if done by someone who knows what he's about, and it's not particularly painful — no more so than having an ear pierced, or taking a hypodermic injection. For that reason it is generally done without anesthetic. A person who does this professionally will have a little machine, similar to the device they use to pierce ears in a jewelry store. Once the hole is made, a small retaining bar is placed inside to keep it open until it heals. This should always be a straight piece of metal, as opposed to a ring, because the hole itself is straight across, not curved. Gold is most commonly used, because it is completely inert, and will never corrode or give off salts that can be harmful. Some guys prefer stainless steel, but I think the original piercing should be gold, because there is no chance of its reacting chemically. I'm not saying that I never heard of an adverse reaction from stainless, but I don't know of any one using it initially."

So there you have a general rundown, with most of my information supplied by a man very much into the piercing scene. Not everyone is so sold on the idea, and it has been my experience that a person can get so carried away and have so many piercings that his genitals resemble the display of a Gypsy jewel hawker. Unless he is playing with another man into the same trip, his excessive rings and bangles can be disconcerting, and can get in the way — of the sensibilities, at least, of his partner. When an M comes to me with gold rings through his tits, I usually make him take them out because I like to work on the nipples, and the rings preclude the use of some other instruments.

Assuming he's had his piercings for any length of time, it is no problem to put them back afterward. It is not a good idea to hang too much weight from a permanent piercing retainer, because you can damage either the ring itself (which can be expensive), or by getting really gross you can tear the skin. As to the cock piercings, it all depends on how many and which ones. The *Prince Albert* is rather innocuous, as is the *guiche*, because it is so far back between the legs. However, if you are into a suspension scene, where straps have to be fitted under the crotch and assume the weight, the *guiche* should definitely come out.

If you want more information on piercings and the associated jewelry, I suggest you contact my friends at Gauntlet Enterprises, P.O. Box 69811, Los Angeles, CA 90069. They can probably recommend someone in your area to do the piercings, and can supply the materials. Their latest catalogue has a wide range of nipple rings and bars: seamless rings, rings with a bead joint, D rings, barbell retainers, etc. There are probably other suppliers, but I am not familiar with them. Whatever you do, don't try to pierce your own tits and fill them with earrings. It just won't work, and can cause a terrible infection.

Branding. The use of branding to identify livestock is ancient; just when men started doing it to each other is uncertain. The ancient Greeks branded their slaves with a "delta" (for *doulos*, "slave"); the Romans branded robbers and runaway slaves with an "F" (for *fur*, "thief"; or "*fugitivus*"). Mine workers or convicts sentenced to gladiatorial contests were branded on the forehead for identification until the reign of Constantine, when the law was changed so as not to disfigure the face, and the brands were moved to the hand, arm or calf. In medieval France, galley slaves were branded with a "TF" (*tranaux forces*), the practice remaining on the books until 1832. Although the Germans outlawed branding, the English authorized it several times. The Statute of Vagabonds (1547) commanded the branding of vagrants, gypsies and brawlers — a large "V" on the breast for the first two categories, an "F" for "fray maker" on the latter. Runaway slaves were branded on the cheek with an "S," but due to abolitionist pressures this law was repealed in 1636. Up to the 18th Century, however, such offenses as counterfeiting (coins) were punished with an "R" branded onto the right cheek (R for "rogue").

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From the reign of Henry VII until 1822, branding was proper punishment for "crimes which received benefit of clergy"; i.e., crimes rating less than a death penalty. Between 1698 and 1707, English law called for someone convicted of petty theft to be "burnt in the most visible part of the left cheek, nearest the nose." In America, we were a little less barbaric; at least we stopped it sooner. Although runaway slaves were commonly branded well into the 1700's, the practice was outlawed after the Revolution.

Simply because it has been one of the "cruel and unusual punishments" of our early history, most western countries now have laws on the book making it a crime to brand another human being, so both the brander and the brandee should be aware that this is one kinky practice where there may be a very specific law prohibiting the behavior. Since our forefathers never considered the possibility of a man wanting to be branded, there are no exceptions for voluntary submission, although some guys have sought to indemnify the man they wished to have brand them. None of these cases has ever been adjudicated, so I can't tell you how a judge would react.

Because it is permanent, painful, and requires at least a minimal amount of equipment, the practice of branding is not a common SM rite. It is, rather, one of those wonderful fantasy images that many guys conjure up in a JO session and promptly forget after the jism has flowed. It is also something that can't happen often to you, simply because there isn't enough skin to take all the impressions. But, as the high point of a very heavy scene, the receiving of a brand may provide one of your hottest SM experiences.

By the very nature of the activity, the guy who likes to do the branding, and who has the equipment, is going to be much more involved in the practice than the bottom who gets it once or twice in total. In this sense, I would classify branding as a Topman's specialty. Or it may not be a specialty at all—simply something a Master does to his slave, perhaps a once in a lifetime experience for both of them.

Since fantasies of branding are no more rooted in fact than any other, it might be interesting to examine one possible setting: the Old West, where men commonly marked their livestock with an identifying brand, and the resulting scar on a steer or horse was universally recognized as a certain determinant of ownership:

Lance and I were stretched out on our bellies, watching the trail from an outcropping of rock. The sun had just slipped below the distant hills, and a soft violet afterglow reflected off the dust and haze in the valley. My body still ached and my skin was stiff from the unhealed cuts and welts that covered my back, ass, and lower legs. Lance was still so angry he hardly spoke, even to me, but I knew his rage was directed toward someone else, so I didn't say anything. I just lay there next to him, watching for Hicks and his pair of stooges to appear from their hidden retreat.

For months, our neighbors had been plagued by these men raiding their herds. They'd come down at night to find a stray, or to cut a steer out from one of the small groups that grazed in the sheltered maze of canyons and arroyos on the southern edge of the valley. They'd hack off a big chunk of meat, and leave the rest to rot. They were outlaws, each with a modest price on his head, and had been hiding out in the valley until things cooled down. But as summer came on, whatever water they had must have dried up; we knew they made frequent trips to the pond where they'd fill their canteens and sneak back into the valley. The Rock Garden, we called it, because nothing lived there except scrub and cactus. We knew they hadn't been out, now, for almost a week. We'd been watching.

Lance was sure they'd show up soon. They'd have to, or die of thirst. They must also be running low on food, although one of the stooges was an Indian, and he probably knew how to dry their stolen meat in the sun to make it stay edible longer. Even so, they'd need water, and the trail we watched was the only way out . . . unless they wanted to climb over the craggy hills to either side; but that would mean leaving their horses behind, and they needed water, too. No, they'd come this way, Lance had assured me. And they'd likely come tonight.

I glanced over at Lance, and he saw me looking at him. He forced a smile and reached out to pat my shoulder with one big, heavy hand. "It's going to be okay, kid," he said. "We'll get the bastards tonight . . . or tomorrow . . . whenever they come down, we'll be here."

He returned his gaze to the trail and the distant floor of the valley, shifting his weight and moving a few inches closer to me. I could feel his warmth, even now that the sun was down and the ground was giving up its heat. I thought

how it felt when we shared the warmth of our naked bodies in his bed roll, or in his big fourposter in the cabin.

I'd been seventeen when he found me in town, broke and wandering after my folks died on the trail to California. We'd come from Boston, looking for a better life in the West. Only my parents had found hardship and death at the hands of some renegades who'd raided our camp one night . . . killed them and left me for dead . . . took everything of value they could carry off. I'd stumbled into town a few days later, and the people had given me something to eat. The blacksmith had let me sleep in his barn, but no one had really wanted me . . . not until Lance rode in for supplies one day. We'd got to talking as Angus, the smithy, replaced a shoe on Lance's horse. What we really said to each other had not been in our spoken words, but each of us understood before we ever rode out of town together, me hanging onto Lance's waist, my crotch pressed against his slender butt on the saddle.

I guess there'd been some eyebrows raised when we left that way. Lance was a big, well built man in his early thirties. The few single women in town all had eyes for him, but he never tumbled any of them . . . lived alone on his small spread until I came along to share it with him. I guess people figured he didn't much care for women, which was true enough. Although I was in pretty poor shape when we met, I still looked good enough for a few people to pick up on Lance's reason for taking me into his care. I'd filled out some in the year we'd been together, and I guess my appearance only helped to make our relationship more obvious. But western people tended to mind their own business, although I'm sure they gossiped and they must all have suspected what was going on. I know they weren't overly friendly to me on the few trips I'd made to town on my own. Lance said he didn't care, and I guess I really didn't any more, either. He'd come to love me, he said, and I know I felt the same about him. There wasn't anything I wouldn't have done for him, and that's how he was with me. That was also why we were out on that rocky ledge, waiting for Hicks to show up.

Two weeks before, Lance had sent me into town to pick up a load of timber he'd ordered for a new barn we were building. I was on my way back when I saw a stranger poking around the old Barker place. Lance had told me the

Barkers had lived there about ten years back, but their well had dried up and they'd moved on. There was more to it than that, I guessed. They'd been dirt farmers, so their place had been a homestead. Nobody had wanted them there, and they probably didn't get any help from their neighbors when their water supply got short. Anyway, they were gone. Now there wasn't much left, except the old gate posts out by the road, and the stones they'd used as a foundation for their cabin. The rest of the timber had been carted off by their former neighbors.

The stranger saw me, and yelled at me to stop. There wasn't much I could do, because I was driving the wagon with all that lumber on it. The man swung himself up onto his saddle, and trotted up to me. I figured it had to be one of the renegades, because I knew everyone else . . . everyone who belonged in the area. But I pretended not to suspect anything, just greeted him politely and tried to keep the wagon moving. He took hold of the halter on the nearest horse and stopped me. "Where'ya headed, kid?"

"Donovan spread," I told him.

"Oh, you're Lance Donovan's boy. I've heard about you."

I could tell by the sneering expression, what he'd heard, and I tried to get the team moving again. I was wearing a gun, like everybody did in these parts, but I wasn't very good with it, so I didn't try to bluff him off.

"Look, mister, I'm in a hurry," I protested. "I've got to get back before dark, or Lance'll be out looking for me."

"Won't be dark for another couple hours," he answered. "Get down. I want'a show 'ya something."

"I really can't, mister. . . ." I started, but he moved up to the side of the wagon and grabbed the gun out of my holster, tossed it across the roadway and drew his own. "Down!" he yelled. "Now!"

I climbed down, and stood next to his horse's head. He was a big man, about forty, with a two-week growth of black beard on his angular face. He was also dirty. I could smell him, even up on his saddle like he was. He was hard looking, and gaunt, with teeth stained yellow from chewing tobacco. He just sat there, holding his six-gun pointed at my head, grinning and rubbing his crotch. "Maybe I oughta try a little'a what Lance's been gettin'," he sneered. "Why don't you just shuck some of them duds,

kid?"

I hesitated, and he fired into the dust at my feet. "Now, kid!" he yelled at me. "I want'a see if the rest of you matches that pretty face."

Really scared now, and wishing I had tried to put up a fight, I started to slip my shirt off, over my head. I was just pulling off my second boot when his two friends rode up from the arroyo behind the ruins of the old house. They'd heard the shot and come to see if their boss was in trouble. "Look what I got," he called to them.

The other men reined up, and the three of them stood their horses in a semi-circle around me, watching as Hicks told me to keep stripping. One of the newcomers was an Indian, dressed like a Comanchero with loose shirt and pants, tied at the waist with a piece of rope. His black, greasy hair was long and secured about his head by a filthy, twisted red bandana. The other rider was young, not much older than me, with light brown sideburns growing down the edges of his face . . . hardly any beard . . . sort of dazed, dumb expression in his eyes.

"Well, Billy," said Hicks, "looks like you might get to play the man for a change . . . got us some nice, fresh boy ass."

Billy grinned stupidly, grunting in agreement with his Master. The Indian said nothing, and no flicker of expression betrayed his feelings. I was down to my jeans by then, and I didn't have anything on under them, because I hadn't worn the long gray drawers that protected my legs when I was going to be in the saddle all day. It had been a relief not to have to wear them, but I knew that as soon as I dropped my pants, and they saw I was naked underneath. . . .

"Come on, we ain't got all day," Hicks called out. "Drop them breeches!"

I unbuckled my belt and shoved the jeans down my thighs, hopped on one leg, then the other to get them off.

"Looks like he was expecting us, huh, Hicks?" Billy laughed, pointing at my lack of underpants. His voice was deep and thick, probably matching his skull, I thought.

I stood there naked and shamed . . . and scared. My cock had crawled up inside the foreskin, until it looked like I was really a kid, except for the patch of blond hair around its base. I wanted to reach down and pull it loose, so it would

hang like it should. But I knew that would bring more derision. Instead, I just stood there, staring at the ground and waiting for whatever Hicks decided to do with me. From the corner of my eye, I saw the sun riding lower on the horizon, but it was a good two hours before its light would fade. There was no chance of Lance coming to look for me before then. No one else lived on this road anymore, so there was little possibility of anybody happening by. I was really on my own . . . alone, stripped bare, and completely at the mercy of these outlaws.

Hicks pointed to the old gate, framing the remains of pathway leading to the ruins of the Barker house. "See if that crossbeam's strong enough to hold him," he said to the Indian. "If it is, we can start off by stringing him up to that." The red man rode over to it, reached up and pulled on the overhead beam, where the Barkers had once displayed their name above the gate to their home. "Good," grunted the Indian. "You," he said to me, "come." He motioned me to him.

Reluctantly, I shuffled toward him, the rocks cutting into my bare feet. He pulled the piece of rope from around his waist and tied my hands together. Then he beckoned to Billy, who dismounted and walked up behind me. At the Indian's direction, he grabbed me around the waist and lifted me while the Indian tossed the loose end of rope over the crossbeam. He hauled on it, pulling my hands into contact with the wood, then tied it securely in place. I grasped the wood, taking as much weight off the ropes as possible. My strength was already failing as the Indian dismounted and started binding my ankles to the vertical supports on either side. When he finished, I was hanging from the rickety old frame, my legs spread wide apart, straining to maintain some grip with my hands. After a while I couldn't hang on and ended up hanging painfully from the weathered wood.

They had tied me with my back to the road, so I couldn't see what Hicks was up to, although I tried to look back over my shoulder. I could see some motion, but my first hint of his intentions was when the buggy whip from the wagon snapped across my back. I jumped in surprise, which seemed to please him. He started, then, really working me over. As I jerked and strained, screaming and trying to avoid his blows, he cracked that whip expertly all across

my back and ass, worked his way down my legs, even snapping it against the soles of my feet. The more I struggled, the more it seemed to please him. I could hear Billy giggling inanely behind me, while the Indian had moved a few feet away and started a small fire. He was busy skinning a rabbit that they had apparently shot in the arroyo just before I arrived.

While Hicks continued to lacerate my back, Billy came around in front of me. He had a fair-sized rock, with a piece of rawhide tied around it. He took the loose end of this and wrapped it around the top of my balls, tying it in place with a slip knot. Then he stood back and laughed as my struggles against the whip made the rock swing and bounce. He took hold of my cock in a callused hand and masturbated it, forcing the foreskin back so sharply he almost tore it. But the pain from my bindings and from the endless whipping were so intense, I might have ignored him except that he was directly in front of me, and I couldn't avoid watching him. He picked up a couple of sharp pebbles and held them against my cockhead while he pulled the foreskin back in place. He then squeezed and pulled on me, adding a further torment to the rest of my agony.

Hicks finally tired of his sport and tossed the whip aside. "Let's get him down low enough to do us more good," he said.

The two of them . . . Hicks and Billy, both got on their horses and rode up on either side of me. They untied my hands from the wood, and let me fall forward, each of them grasping one wrist. When my upper body was about level with my feet, they let go. I fell the rest of the way, barely able to get my hands under me in time to keep from smashing my face against the sandy ground. The rock, tied to my balls, slammed against my body, and I sprained one wrist in the effort to protect myself. My hands were still tied together, and my ankles were still secured to the uprights, so my body sloped awkwardly, suspended and sagging until the strength in my arms gave way, and I just hung there at an angle, one side of my face against the grit. Fortunately, my legs had not quite reached the posts on either side, so there had been a few inches of rope separating me from the wood. Otherwise, the fall would surely have broken both legs.

As it was, my ass was about three feet off the ground or,

as Hicks remarked, right at crotch level. He stepped between my wide-spread legs, and shoved his thumb up my ass. I jerked away from him, but he reached down and grabbed my balls, pulling and squeezing until it felt as if he was about to crush them. "Hold still, pretty boy," he snarled, "or you'll really end up a woman." He kept playing at my asshole with one hand, while he opened his pants with the other. I heard him spit a couple of times, and tensed for the assault I knew was coming. He worked a little moisture into my hole, and immediately shoved the length of his dick into me. I couldn't suppress a scream, as pain engulfed me and I almost passed out. He was big, maybe as big as Lance, but he wasn't taking any care in how he rammed himself inside me. Without even thinking about it, I was trying to roll from side to side, but he now held onto my hips and seemed to enjoy the motion. There was no way I could get away from him.

As he continued to fuck me, and I started to relax a little so it didn't hurt too bad, Billy walked around to stand in front of me. I couldn't really see him, because I was intent on trying to hold myself in place and to keep my face off the grit. At first, I just saw the scuffed leather of his boots, and knew he was doing something with his hands. Suddenly, a warm flood of moisture gushed across my shoulders and soaked my hair. He was pissing on me, laughing as he did it. Hicks was still pounding away at my backside, starting to gasp as his passions rose to a climax. I tried to shake the stinging fluid from my eyes, responding most of all to the terrible pain in my ankles.

When Hicks finally finished, Billy took his place. My body ached in every hidden recess, and my ankles were so raw and sore I was sure the bones must be sticking out. Although Billy was built much smaller than Hicks, his assault was even more painful, because he kept striking the sides of my asshole with his hard little prong, jabbing at me and squealing like a pig in rut. Then he started laughing, grabbing my cock and balls in both hands and whooping about riding a wild bronc. As he neared his finish he used my balls to hold me in position until he shot his load, grunting and moaning, finally falling on top of me with his full weight adding to the pressure on my legs and ankles.

My feet felt like they were ready to fall off by the time he finally got up, and I heaved a sigh of relief to be left alone

for a moment. I expected the Indian would now take his turn, but no one came near me for several minutes. I moved my head enough to see that the three of them were standing around the fire, tearing at the charred bits of rabbit. The Indian was telling Hicks something, but he wasn't speaking English, and I couldn't understand him. Hicks laughed, looking back at me. "Right about here," he said, walking over and placing his hand on my right ass cheek.

The Indian went to the wagon and got my shirt. Coming back, he used it to pick up an old, rusty branding iron from the fire. "Tomas found that down by the old house," Hicks explained. "Thought it'd look nice on ya." He stood back and I watched in horror as the savage came toward me with the glowing iron.

"No! Jesus Christ, man!" I shouted. "You do that, and Lance'll kill you!"

"Lance won't never get a chance," Billy smirked. "He's gotta catch us first."

At that moment, the red hot iron touched my ass, and my whole body convulsed in a spasm of pain. I had never felt anything to equal it. The fire seared into me, seeming to penetrate the skin and muscle, and score me right down to the bone. I shrieked and thrashed about on the ground, my fingers clawing the soil as the stench of burning flesh . . . my flesh, wafted down to me.

When the Indian finally withdrew the iron, one of them — Hicks, I think — pissed on my ass, soaking the raw flesh where the iron had left its mark. The Indian tossed his instrument aside, and took his turn invading my asshole. But I was hardly aware of him, just the pain from the brand, emphasized every time he touched it in the course of his abuse. While he pumped and huffed above me, I could see Billy on his knees in front of Hicks, flagging the bigger man's cock with his mouth and taking his second load while the Indian gave me his.

Then, all very pleased with themselves, they mounted up and rode away, although the Indian paused long enough to slash the ropes on one of my ankles before he galloped off to join the others. I had managed to free myself, but was still lying on the ground in alternating spasms of pain when Lance finally found me. He was afraid I was going to lose a foot, because of the damage from the bindings, but it began to heal eventually. It was

the brand that bothered me, and I knew it bothered Lance. There was no way to remove it, and I'd have it for the rest of my life.

The Barkers had used a simple "B" brand, and as I began to recover enough to do some thinking, I realized that Lance's "LD" was not so very different, since the "L" was elevated so the horizontal part of the letter cut through the center of the "D." I'd asked him about the possibility, and he had stared at me in disbelief.

"You mean you'd be willing to go through that pain again, just to change the shape of the brand?" he asked.

"Your brand, from your hands . . . yes, I would," I assured him.

"We'll think about it," he told me. "First, we've gotta take care of Hicks and his stooges."

Lying there next to Lance, I could still feel the outline of the "B" branded on my ass, and as I started to think about the pain involved in changing it, I also pictured myself lying naked in the glow of the fire, and of Lance holding the iron in his hand, looking down at me. I started to feel a growing surge of heat in my groin, knew my cock was starting to lengthened down the leg of my jeans. Beside me, Lance tensed. "Something moved down there," he whispered, and we both turned our attention toward the far end of the pass.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN—Drugs, booze and health

Anyone familiar with my writings knows I am not big on the use of drugs, and generally do not recommend them. A guy who is really turned on to sex (or whatever) does not need drugs or booze, or any other artificial crutch—which is exactly what you are using when you turn to chemicals to carry you through. I am also aware that some drugs make you feel the way you think you should feel, or the way you want to feel, in some particular situation. For some guys there is no other way to achieve this sensation, because they have never learned to do it with their own minds and bodies. Drugs can also numb certain sensations, whether these be the pain receptors in the body or the culturally conditioned inhibitions of the mind. For people unable to perform on their own, the drugs become essential. Unfortunately, the more you use them, the more dependent you become, until eventually you can't function without them.

I am less concerned with the legal restrictions and penalties than with the effects of the drugs themselves. We have responsibilities to ourselves and to other people: please keep this in mind as you peruse the following list,

and if you do use drugs, at least use them in moderation and with a modicum of common sense. Remember, heavy use of any of them (just like alcohol and tobacco) is going to produce a psychological, if not a physical, dependency.

Because some of the health problems I want to discuss are related to drug usage, I would like to make a fairly careful survey of the most popular materials in common use, then go on to the various other problems that seem to plague our community. For some of the following material, I would like to acknowledge the help and advice of the GMSMA (Gay Male S/M Activists, 132 W. 24 Street, New York, NY 10011). This is a fairly large organization, devoted to the education of guys who are into SM behavior, with the teaching of safety and enjoyment their primary goals. They have been helpful to me in preparing other parts of this book, as well, and I would recommend your getting in touch with them if you live in the NYC area.

Okay, on to the drugs. Let's start with the most familiar, and go from there to the more esoteric:

Alcohol. Certainly the most universally used drug, alcohol tends to relax both body and mind, because of its depressant effect on the central nervous system. In many it produces euphoria, a sense of well being, but also tends to blunt the reflexes and make one less alert. In some people the "high" or elevated "good feelings" quickly give way to moodiness, hostility and depression. Prolonged and heavy use will adversely affect the brain and liver, as well as the entire nervous and circulatory systems. Some recent research suggests that regular, moderate usage can prolong life, but this is controversial. Beer, the most frequently used alcoholic beverage in an SM situation, gives the maximum fluid with a lower alcoholic content, and is therefore favored in scenes where urination is a desired factor. Alcoholism too well known an affliction to require discussion in this context, but its very wide incidence should remind us that alcohol a very addicting drug.

Marijuana. Commonly referred to as "grass," "pot," "weed," or just plain "dope," this is the most popular of the substances we normally think of as drugs. Its active ingredient, THC (delta-9-tetrahydrocannabinol), is derived

from the Indian hemp plant; it can also be artificially produced. Although usually smoked in a cigarette or pipe, it can be eaten, often being baked into cake or brownies, or mixed with some other sweet substance. Smoking marijuana produces a more controllable reaction, in that the effects are fairly quick to appear and the user can increase or halt his intake accordingly. Eaten, it may take up to an hour for the full impact to be apparent, by which time it is too late to back off. Marijuana is considered a mild hallucinogenic, but that term is relative; for some, it can literally "knock a guy on his ass." Like alcohol, it tends to be a depressant, producing a relaxation of the mind and body, with the same sort of intoxication symptoms as booze: a "mellow" feeling of euphoria, loss of motor coordination, dizziness, light-headedness, etc. However, it also tends to distort the perceptions in a different way, such as allowing one to see more intense colors, or to hear music through a seemingly different medium. It may cause a dry throat and "cotton mouth", as well as a sensation of hunger.

Fairly heavy use of marijuana leaves a residue of THC in the fatty tissues of the body, including the brain, which can take up to two weeks to eliminate. Although marijuana is not physically addicting in the sense of setting up severe tissue needs, it can lead to psychological dependence. It is suspected of affecting the immune system of the body, and thus could be a contributor to the increase of "gay diseases." It also interferes with the production of the genetic "trigger" substance, DNA, but the exact effects of this have not yet been clinically proven. It is not a sexual stimulant, although it may tend to lessen inhibitions and dull pain. It is illegal in most jurisdictions, and possession can result in serious consequences.

Although the same laws apply to raising the plants (sometimes with more severe penalties for "cultivation"), many people grow a bit on their sun decks, or with Gro-lux lamps in basements or closets. The plant is allowed to grow until it flowers, when it is pulled up by the roots and hung upside down to permit the sap (containing the THC) to drain back into the leaves, which are then harvested, dried, and used. Hashish ("hash"), Thai sticks, and any number of other variations are all forms of marijuana, and the active ingredient is the same, except that hash tends to have a stronger concentration, and is usually derived

from a plant slightly different from the most common marijuana strain. The real connoisseur can often identify the difference between "home grown," "Jamaica Gold," "Colombian," "Hawaiian," etc. I've seen them go at it as if they were tasting wine, until they got too stoned to care.

MDA. This has become an extremely popular drug, and many experienced users consider it the safest, or at least the most manageable, in that it seldom produces a "bad trip" the way acid or some stronger hallucinogenic can. Chemically it is "3, 4-methylenedioxymphetamine," an amphetamine related substance with a psychedelic effect similar to marijuana or mescaline. It comes in a white powder that has probably been made in a secret, illegal laboratory. Its most noticeable physical effects are to increase the pulse rate and blood pressure, dilate the pupils and suppress the appetite. I've known it to put a few guys to sleep, because it relaxes body and mind. It is favored by many SM beginners, because it seems to have a pleasant, tranquilizing effect, producing a sense of tenderness and empathy, even joy, but is sometimes slow in producing an observable reaction. I have known guys to take it half an hour before a scene, and not really feel anything until near the end. Once the drug starts to take effect, it usually peaks in about two hours, and may last up to eight or nine. It can cause nausea shortly after being ingested. Although it does increase your visual acuity, in that you see things more brightly and with a seemingly sharper focus, it does tend to slow down your reflexes and should definitely not be used if you are going to drive a car two or three hours later. It seems to be favored more heavily by gay people and young hets than any other group.

LSD. Lysergic acid diethylamide ("acid" for short), although much less popular than it was a few years ago, is still the most powerful hallucinogen we know, and has the undesirable quality of producing different reactions depending on the psychological, emotional, or physical condition of the person when he takes it. It can also cause a flashback reaction: the body can store the chemical for several days and suddenly release it unexpectedly. I like the GMSMA analysis: *psychotomimetic (mimics psychosis); odorless, tasteless liquid or white powder . . . causes*

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loss of ability to perceive and analyze data in a structured manner; intensifies and distorts sensory perception, including synesthesia (sensory crossover; e.g., seeing sounds); eidetic images (those seen with the eyes closed, often in a "movie style") and tracking (sequential "still" images; of an object in motion); depersonalization, often with loss of sensation of body boundaries; derealization, including complete detachment from reality; disorientation; space and time distortion; increased sweating, blood pressure, pulse rate, temperature, and respiration; dilated pupils; decreased appetite; euphoria; illusions; delusions; may cause excitement, anxiety, panic, and hyperactivity; irrational, often dangerous behavior; depression; rambling speech; nausea/vomiting . . . irreversible psychosis.

Acid, originally developed for medical purposes, is a dangerous, tricky drug even in its properly manufactured form. On the street you really do not know what you are getting. If you decide to try it, make sure you have someone with you who is not taking it, and who can help you if you have a "bad trip." Try a light dose ("half a tab") first to get some idea of the sensation. Do not take it for the first time when you are especially depleted, either physically or emotionally. Acid is not classified as addicting, but prolonged use can cause tremendous psychological problems, especially if you are a bit unstable to start with.

Mescaline. This old standby drug, used by Indians (Southwestern United States and Mexico) for centuries, is a natural extract of the peyote cactus. The plant material looks like brown dust; the artificially produced substance looks like crystalized salt. The chemical name is "3, 4, 5-trimethoxyphenylethylamine," although the stuff you buy on the street is probably not really mescaline. It will usually contain LSD, PCP, amphetamines or other substances added to produce an effect similar to the real thing. The visible reactions to mescaline are quite similar to marijuana—one hit generally being equal to about three good joints. It does not seem to impair the judgment or overall intellectual functioning, and in this respect tends to be less hazardous than many other drugs. The effects are not long lasting or recurrent; it is not considered addicting.

PCP. Commonly referred to on the street as "Angel

Dust," this is the most dangerous and unpredictable drug in the whole spectrum. Chemical name: phencyclidine; originally developed as an animal tranquilizer, it has since been deemed so hazardous that it is no longer manufactured legitimately, thus adding to the risk when buying it on the street. It has all the hallucinogenic characteristics of acid, plus the tendency to give the user enormous delusions of power. Because it completely obliterates the pain sensors, there are many instances of people performing herculean feats of strength, only to suffer serious physical trauma later. The drug has such a bad reputation that in a number of police shootings where circumstances might otherwise have been questionable, autopsy findings of "trace amounts of PCP" have resulted in automatic exoneration of the officers. I suspect that in many of these cases the victim had not knowingly ingested PCP, but had thought he was purchasing some other substance. Fortunately, PCP is not one of the "fashionable" drugs in most gay circles. Even Penishead, who will swallow, smoke, shoot, or otherwise take almost any drug, is afraid of this one. PCP is usually supplied as a white powder, sometimes as a liquid. It can be mixed with marijuana and smoked, or combined with food or drink. I haven't heard of anyone shooting it, but I suppose they can. Because PCP can be retained for a long period in the fatty tissues of the brain (GMSMA claims up to three years), severe and unexpected flashbacks may occur. My strong (strongest) suggestion regarding PCP is: If you are going to experiment with drugs, it's your ass. But leave this one alone!

Cocaine. Chemical name: *cocaine hydrochloride*, commonly referred to as "coke." The most popular "recreational drug" in the United States, as well as the most expensive. The fine white powder can be "snorted" (sniffed into the nose, usually through a straw), smoked, or rubbed onto any of the mucous membranes (tongue, gums, rectum) or onto the genitals. Some people have gotten very sophisticated in the methods used for diluting coke. It is sometimes mixed with procaine or other anesthetics, with amphetamines, caffeine, quinine, or sugar. "Freebasing" produces a cocaine sulfate paste — a volatile and dangerous substance until the transient elements have evaporated in the process of making it. It has the same

physical effects as most of the other popular drugs, in that it shrinks the blood vessels, tends to raise the blood pressure and temperature, dilates the pupils, etc. Although it has a relatively short-lasting effect, it can create a sense of euphoria and a long-lasting, sometimes painful erection. It also tends to make people more talkative and less inhibited. Because it is so widely used by people who only indulge occasionally, it appears to have no permanent ill effects. And for the very casual user, this may be true. In prolonged usage, the physical effects (mostly nasal damage from snorting) are secondary to the problem of psychological and tissue dependence. The more you use, the more it takes to satisfy you. Cocaine can be addicting, and because of its high cost it can become a \$10,000 per month habit. I guess that's known as "paying the piper."

Ethyl Chloride. This is "laughing gas," which dentists used to use to knock you out long enough to pull a tooth. It smells like ether, and has a sweet, burning taste. Little cannisters of it are sold by restaurant supply houses for use in whipped cream dispensers. Some guys use it in conjunction with, or instead of, amyl, because it causes the same giddy, dizzy sensation. In SM use, it tends to reduce the sensation of pain, or at least make one less concerned about it. Because it is an anesthetic, one has to be careful to inhale just the right amount to produce the desired effects without knocking oneself out. Its dangers are possible liver damage from prolonged usage, or brain damage due to lack of oxygen. It can depress the function of bone marrow, which produces the red blood cells, and it is suspected of adversely affecting the immune system. (See my discussion below on amyl nitrite.) This is one of Penishead's favorite drugs, because it is cheap and easy to get. I've seen him sit with his balloon inhaler, filling the rubber ball from the cannister, then inhaling the fumes as the balloon deflates into his mouth, laughing like a jack-ass and growing steadily dippier by the minute.

Amphetamines. These are normally called "uppers" or "speed," and are usually commercially produced pills or tablets, swallowed with liquid, or slightly diluted and shot into the arm with a needle. As the street names imply, they cause a heightening in bodily tension and mental activity,

and come in any number of strengths and varieties—from "diet pills" to suppress the appetite, to "stay awake pills" to keep you going long after you should have fallen asleep. Although they result in a high energy level shortly after they are taken, they produce the opposite effect as they begin to wear off several hours later. In general, the other effects are: decreased appetite, increased self-esteem, and a high energy level. They increase the blood pressure, pulse rate, and respiration. Heavy use can cause delusions and hallucinations, anxiety in some people. I have found a lack of sexual ability on the part of some users, but others find speed affects them in the opposite way. Actually, because of the many varieties of uppers, and because of variations in bodily chemistry, the reactions can be very different from one person to another. Methadrine, or "crystal" as it is often called on the street, seems to create what one of my user friends likes to call a high "depravity level," in that some people become very sexual: "like a bitch in heat" with a heavy dose (8 or 9 tabs, shot intravenously). Preluden also falls into this category. Naturally, using it this way is dangerous, and could kill you if your body has not built up a resistance. In this sense, uppers are of a class of drugs from which the more experienced user derives the greatest "benefit," because his body is able to tolerate more of the substance, and is hence capable of achieving its maximum effect. Unfortunately, by the time you reach this stage, you're "hooked." On the Drug Enforcement Administration list, most amphetamines are "Schedule II," but methadrine is "Schedule I."

Barbiturates. These are downers in street terminology, and include such drugs as Seconal, Nembutol, and others normally taken as sleeping pills. They used be called "reds," because the most popular, Seconal, came in a small red capsule. Phenobarbitol would also fall into this group, although it is not a sleeping pill. The reason these drugs are so dangerous is perfectly obvious, since an overdose is one of the most common methods of suicide. Normally, ten of any one of this class is considered lethal. Barbiturates are highly addictive, and the "cure" is very unpleasant, with a difficult withdrawal period. The effects of the drug are opposite to the uppers: depression of the

central nervous system, decrease in pulse rate, blood pressure and respiration; constriction of the pupils. The muscles relax to a point of losing coordination. The user may become hostile and violent. His memory and attention span will be affected, and his behavior may become irrational. On the street, it is not uncommon to find people using uppers and downers in combination with each other and with other drugs, to produce whatever peculiar sensation the person has previously experienced. I admit that this is the one type of drug usage I cannot understand. On the few occasions in my life when I have been given one of these pills by a doctor, it put me to sleep so fast I could not have gotten any other benefit from it. The street use is one that has to be built up over a period of time, with the end result that the user is thoroughly addicted before he reaches the stage where he can really enjoy it.

Valium. This is a moderate strength tranquilizer, generic name *diazepam*. Valium, and Librium, a weaker predecessor, came along in the sixties, and were hailed as a new breakthrough in the medical treatment of anxiety. They depress the central nervous system, relax the muscles, and create a mildly euphoric state. They are probably the least dangerous of the drugs discussed, since addiction is rare, requiring a long usage of 150 to 500 mg. per day, and a lethal overdose is almost impossible. I sometimes suggest that a beginner ask his doctor to prescribe one of these drugs, taking one before his first scene to blunt the effects of his normal fear, without causing side effects other than possible drowsiness. Once over this hurdle, however, I see little reason for continued use.

Quaalude. Commonly referred to as "ludes," these pills are extremely popular among the drug set. The generic name is *methaqualone*. Unlike the earlier tranquilizers, Quaaludes can do a lot of harm if misused, and it is not difficult to OD on them. They do seem to increase sexual desire, although they can also inhibit performance. The user becomes relaxed and calm, sometimes drowsy, with a state of mellow euphoria and increased self-confidence, and a raised pain threshold. The drug does tend to diminish memory, including recollection of how many pills have been swallowed. One tablet a day for four days will produce a greater tolerance for the drug, but this dosage

will produce dependence after a couple of weeks. As few as eight tablets can produce coma and death, caused by heart failure and inhibited breathing. Penishead claims that this is one of the drugs that allows him to become the complete and perfect bottom in a fistfucking scene, able to take whatever the guy has to give. The next day, of course, he looks like something the cat dragged in, but he has his memories, vague and fuzzy though they may be. A good friend of mine, who is an avid collector of porn, was lying on the sand at Jones Beach one afternoon, when a hippie type approached him and asked: "Do you want to buy some ludes?" My friend's response was: "Color or black and white?" I guess there's hope for us, yet.

Amyl Nitrite. I have saved this one for last, because many guys who would not take anything they perceive as "dope" do use amyl. Commonly referred to as "poppers" or "sniff," amyl is certainly the most widely used recreational drug in the gay scene. It used to be sold without prescription for heart patients: the little capsules were broken under the nose and the fumes inhaled to counteract the congestion of blood vessels leading from the heart (hence the name "popper"). Amyl (isoamyl nitrite) was discovered by "recreational" users back in the 1950's, and was promptly put on the "prescription required" list. It was not long before various businesses sprang up to fill the void with butyl nitrite (isobutyl nitrite) products such as "Rush" and "Locker Room" and many others, all sold as "liquid incense" or "room odorizers." As such, they remain legal in most jurisdictions. The desirable effects from amyl/butyl are caused by the drug's relaxing the arterial walls, including the meningeal arteries over the brain surface, decreasing the blood pressure and giving the user the sensation of suspended time, with a lengthening and strengthening of the orgasm. It also tends to generally relax the body, and to give a short term hallucinogenic effect, with a "rush" of warm, floating sensation. Immediately after inhaling, the user can tolerate more pain than normal, and the induced dizziness after a number of "hits" over perhaps an hour's time creates a pleasant, glowing inner warmth that helps achieve a greater degree of sensual satisfaction.

Except that some people got headaches, particularly

from butyl, for a long time no one could really point to any harm from this drug, other than its tendency to interfere with the production of hemoglobin (the substance in the blood which carries oxygen to the cells of the body) in cases of very heavy, extended usage. Now, however, we are beginning to see evidence that heavy use can inhibit the body's immune system. Exactly how much amyl it takes to do this, or if it only occurs when amyl has been used in conjunction with other drugs, is uncertain. Still, it now appears that amyl can contribute to a situation where the body is susceptible to infection by certain viruses that would normally be thrown off with no dire consequences.

I think the above is a fairly complete coverage of the "recreational" drugs in common use by our community, and by many people throughout the western world. As you could doubtless tell, I find more to fear than to recommend in the use of most drugs. While I try not to put down anyone else's scene, I simply can not emphasize too strongly that the heavy use of any drug is dangerous. Any of them can create a psychological dependence, if not an actual addiction, and when the heavy user finally realizes that he is damaging his life by constantly ingesting these chemicals, he will generally find it a very difficult to free himself. If you are determined to try, I can only suggest that you do it in small quantities, and that you vary your usage so as not to become dependent on any one substance. Moderation has to be your watchword to avoid the snake pit.

Now, having scared the shit out of you over drugs, let's go on to the diseases that have come to afflict our community. I think we are all aware that sexually active people, especially those with a wide variety of partners, are susceptible to a number of "sexually transmitted" maladies. I will start with the common ones, of which some people are surprisingly ignorant: because they know they ought to know, they are embarrassed to ask.

Syphilis. The very word strikes a chord of fear in most people, and first sign of the disease usually sends one scurrying off to the doctor or clinic. Unfortunately, some people do not react this quickly, either because the symptoms are not very pronounced, or because the guy thinks "it couldn't happen to me." Whether or not you ever have any visible symptoms, if you're sexually active you should

have a blood test every six months, at least. The symptoms of syphilis are usually a small sore (chancre) in the mouth or on the genitals, sometimes so small and insignificant that it goes unnoticed until the disease reaches its second stage, when skin eruptions, general loss of energy, sore throat, headache, or vague pain in the bones or joints are often not enough to alert the really stubbornly resistant, or the person who doesn't believe he can ever get VD — or the rare individual who simply doesn't care. The long-term complications of syphilis include heart disease, deterioration of the brain and central nervous system, or problems with almost any other internal organ. Syphilis is easy to cure — just a few shots of antibiotic, and a couple of follow-up tests to make sure the microbes have been destroyed. Never be embarrassed to go to a doctor or clinic: the disease is so common, no one is going to be upset or surprised, except you. It's far better to go in on your own and have it taken care of than to get a call from the Health Department because you've infected someone else.

Gonorrhea. Often referred to as "getting the clap" or "a dose," the usual symptoms are a discharge (pus) from the penis and a burning sensation during urination. The symptoms may be slight, but have them checked if you suspect any problem. This disease has recently become more serious because certain strains have developed a resistance to the antibiotics commonly used to treat them. The real danger with gonorrhea is that it can get into your internal organs, causing serious problems. I remember Penis-head complaining of pains all up his left side, until finally he went to the emergency clinic, where they discovered gonococcus infections in every organ from his left nut to just below the heart. God knows how many people he had infected! I know another fellow in his fifties who suffers from chronic arthritis as a result of repeated infections and inadequate treatment in his younger days. Because the lining of the rectum is the same type tissue as the inside of the cock, you can get gonorrhea from being fucked in the ass. Anal itching may be the only symptom you notice: have it checked. In SM water sports, avoid contact with the eyes, since urine can carry the gonococcus and infection can result in permanent blindness.

Hepatitis. This serious liver infection is the disease I

find the most frightening, because it can be so long-lasting, difficult to cure, expensive, and can leave terrible aftereffects. Two types of hepatitis concern us here. Type "B," serum hepatitis, so called because it is carried in blood serum, is not particularly prevalent except among junkies, and it is not difficult to take the necessary precautions to avoid it. It is usually transmitted by a hypodermic needle used on more than one person, or by a transfusion of contaminated blood, but it can also come out of an SM scene if anything that penetrates the skin is used without being properly sterilized, or via an open sore, especially in the mouth. In my section on piercing, I made a point of stressing the need for hygiene. Nothing, even down to a pin-prick cock toy, that penetrates the skin of one person, should ever be used on another.

Far more frightening and common within our community is infectious hepatitis, "Type A," usually associated with poor hygiene and unsanitary disposal of wastes; the disease that health authorities are trying to suppress when they require restaurant employees to wash their hands after going to the toilet. Obviously, certain sexual practices are open invitations to infection. Infectious hepatitis (also termed catarrhal jaundice) is an inflammation of the liver, caused by a virus. The most common source of the virus is the bowels and rectum. An otherwise perfectly healthy person can carry the virus (either Type A or B) and infect others without himself becoming sick. There is usually an incubation period of 15 to 30 days between exposure and the onset of the first symptoms. Although we think of hepatitis as the "yellow plague," the skin and eyeballs turning a ghastly shade of burnt lemon, this symptom usually develops after the others: loss of appetite, nausea, general bodily weakness, headache, chills, respiratory problems, diarrhea, pain in the upper abdomen, and (sometimes) an unexplained distaste for tobacco. The jaundice, or yellowing, comes later, usually after the victim has become sick enough to be hospitalized.

Until recently, there was not a great deal a person could do, short of complete abstinence, to protect himself against either Type A or B hepatitis. Gamma globulin shots from time to time help protect against Type A, but they do not really make you immune—simply less apt to come down with a serious case. As of this writing, how-

ever, there is a vaccine, reportedly 90 percent effective, as immunization against Type B (serum) hepatitis. Unfortunately, this still leaves us with no cure for the Type A disease, and we can only hope that success in eradicating Type B will lead to a breakthrough in this other area.

Genital herpes. This has become a disease of epidemic proportions, according to the Federal Center for Disease Control. The increase from 1966 to 1979 was over 850 percent, and there is no known cure. Although less dangerous than syphilis or gonorrhea, in that it will probably not kill or maim you, it is a nasty virus infection that afflicts an estimated 20 million Americans. The two most common types of herpes infections are usually called "herpes simplex, type one and type two." Type one causes cold sores. Type two causes genital herpes, and is sexually transmitted. The symptoms usually occur within two to ten days after contact, and include painful, recurring sores or blisters in the genital area. You really do not have much protection against this disease, unless you happen to notice the sores on your partner's body. When these sores are visible, the disease is more active and the risk of infection is greater. There is now an ointment on the market called *Zovirax*, which helps in treating the sores but will not cure the disease. There have also been some newspaper reports of a laboratory breakthrough in the development of a treatment, but as of this writing it has not been ascertained that it will be effective on humans. There isn't much else I can tell you about it, and there isn't much you can do to avoid getting it, except to be alert for the visible symptoms on your potential partner. If you see something suspicious . . . well, that's up to you.

Amebiasis. This amoebic disease used to be common only in Third World countries, where drinking water was often contaminated with sewage. Recently, it has been increasingly prevalent among gay men. The amoeba is transmitted from one person to another by physical contact, or through eating food that has been handled by an infected person. The symptoms are almost entirely in the digestive tract, with alternate diarrhea and constipation, severe cramps, fatigue, and a slight fever — in fact, the same symptoms we normally refer to as "the turistas" or

"Montezuma's revenge." Treatment is not difficult, but it takes from a few days to a month to clear up the condition, the most common cure being effected by a series of pills, taken over a six-week period. Unfortunately, the infected person does not build an immunity to the disease, so he can easily get it again. In some people, the symptoms are not obvious, which complicates the problem of trying to stop its spread, since the carrier may not know he is giving more than love to his partner. Obviously, the anal activities that have become so popular of late are the main culprit in spreading amebiasis, and if you are into this your chances of getting the disease are much greater than those who are not. A good wash-up afterwards, including a douche, brushing the teeth and gargling with a good antiseptic mouthwash will help to prevent your getting it, but there is no guarantee. If you are infected, however, be sure to seek treatment and abstain from sexual activity until you are cured. There can be complications, since the amoeba may get into your liver, where it can form an abscess the size of a grapefruit, and require surgery to remove. Some doctors, especially those in areas where gay anal sex is not as common, may misdiagnose these liver abscesses as appendicitis, so it is best to discuss your sexual practices with your doctor if you display the symptoms!

Kaposi's sarcoma. This is the dread "gay cancer," which can develop out of the equally dread "gay virus." One leading immunologist at U.C.L.A. calls it "G.R.I.D." (gay related immunodeficiency); others term it A.I.D.S (acquired immune deficiency syndrome). In either case, the key term is "immune," because the disorder stems from something we are doing to suppress the normal immune system of the body, which normally fights off the type of viral infection that is becoming an epidemic throughout our community. The early symptoms are: swollen lymph glands, recurrent chills, fevers, night sweats, persistent cough with shortness of breath, unusual weight loss; discolored, recently appearing, or enlarging growths on your skin or mucous membranes. Your only protection is early detection and treatment, so be sure your doctor knows about "immunosuppression." If he doesn't, go to another doctor. If you are in an area where no one seems to know about it, contact the Centers for Disease Control in Atlan-

ta, GA. Their phone number is: (414) 329-3410.

As of this writing,*researchers have not been able to come up with a single cause, or to identify a virus common to all cases. But a number of heterosexuals have recently come down with the disease, so there will probably be more money available to research it in the near future.

Although there is really no consensus of opinion as yet, there is strong suspicion that several factors may be involved: 1) a possible genetic factor, if there is such in the determining of who is gay and who is not (this theory being rapidly discredited as more heterosexuals get the disease), 2) a suppression of the victim's immune system as the result of his having used some specific drug, or combination of drugs, with nitrites being high on the suspect list, 3) a history of other diseases, such as herpes or hepatitis, which have exhausted the immune system. Although there have been cases reported in at least 18 states and several foreign countries, the center of the infection appears to be New York City. Whether this is simply because there are more people in the city, and the disease has been recognized there (thus reported as such, while in other communities it may have been misdiagnosed and hence falsely reported), no one seems to know. There is reportedly a major public health effort under way, with the Federal Center for Disease Control taking an active part. We can only wait and hope they achieve some results.

In the meantime, what can you do to protect yourself? Short of staying home and confining your sexual activities to Merry Palm or a single partner who has no other contacts, there is no way to be sure. My own feeling is that the disease seems to strike more people who frequent bathhouses and sex clubs, and who are heavily into the use of amyl and other drugs. In the last few months I have met many "reformed characters," people who used to be elbow deep in these activities, and who are now pulling in their horns for fear of contracting Kaposi's. They are probably wise. Since amyl is suspect, I would certainly cut down on its use, if not eliminating it altogether. I would avoid the busy fleshpots, where you are exposed to a great many people, many of whom have been sampling one another before they get to you. I'd be selective in my own partners, and pay special attention to hygiene — my own, as well as the other guy's. You can't be sexually active and

eliminate all the risks, but you can certainly cut them down. Rimming, fistfucking and related activities will pose a higher risk — not only because you are committing these acts yourself, but are doing it with another person who often indulges in them, and hence is in contact with more of this "high risk" group. Good old B&D is a good deal safer.

So there you have the dangers, or most of them, listed and categorized in all their grisly horrors. One friend of mine, in looking over the first draft to see if I had omitted anything, remarked: "Gloriosky, Zero!" (He was an older man.) "Is it really worth it?"

The answer, of course, has to be yours. The statistics are certainly on your side, in that none of these diseases is so universal that you are almost sure to get them if you play the game. You can cut the risks by good hygiene, selectivity in choosing a partner, some judgment in where you have your scene, and regular check-ups by a doctor who is familiar with gay-related disorders. The bath-houses and sex clubs are fun, but the risks are higher there than elsewhere. As old P.T. would have put it: You pays your money; you takes your choice.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN—The Maestro's Circular File

Nearing the end of this monumental attempt to reconcile the many facets of SM, and to organize the material into some sort of logical sequence, I find a number of my own memos and letters from other guys, all posing questions that deserve, if not an answer, at least a comment. Since I was unable to work them into the other chapters, despite stretching logic in several instances to achieve a grouping, I'll cover them here and make no pretense of having any sane reason for lumping them together. I trust you will not find them any more outrageous than the rest of the ideas I have been suggesting.

The conservative dilemma. Since we find gay people in all walks of life, I suppose it is not surprising to find a number of them involved in the far right movement. Still, I can't help but wonder what they are thinking when they support the various campaigns that are directly aimed at doing us in. For a while, I had a guy coming to me from time to time, who was into a very heavy punishment scene. When it came to whipping, he just couldn't get enough. He always

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wanted me to "talk dirty," to put him down as a "lousy cocksucker," etc. I knew he had stopped coming to me because he had moved back east, but even I was surprised to discover he was working for one of the media/direct mail organizations, telling the public that the "gay movement should be put back in the closet, where it belongs."

Admittedly, many of us resent having to support a political candidate only one step removed from being an out-and-out socialist, in order to help elect a man with some semblance of humanity who will support the cause of our (and other people's) civil rights. It is my own feeling that a majority, although possibly only a bare majority, of gay men are basically conservative when it comes to economic issues, and to such considerations as national defense and the need for our intelligence organizations to operate effectively. A few years ago, it looked as if there might be a glimmering of light at the end of this very long tunnel. Unfortunately, the far right bible thumpers have so clouded the issues as to scare off the politicians who might have recognized the enormous potential of this component within their electorate(s). If you have shared this belief, let me assure you there are plenty who feel the same way. A very active political friend of mine reported an interesting conversation to me, just recently. A reporter from one of our gay publications was interviewing a man known to be gay, who was involved in these rightist political activities. The man being interviewed remarked, "Gay men don't vote their balls." The reporter replied: "They do when they think someone's trying to cut them off."

The sex killings. Among the most distressing phenomena of the last few years have been the "SM killings" (media term, not mine). For any of us involved in SM sex, it is difficult to suppress a sense of empathetic guilt when we read about these things in the newspapers or see the grisly details splashed across the TV screen. It started a few years ago with the Corll-Henley-Brooks murders in Houston, where over two dozen bodies of young men were recovered by the police after one of the kids killed the ring-leader. We then had the "trashbag" murders in Southern California, so named because this creep killed his victims, stuffed their bodies into plastic trash bags, and dumped them in various areas around Los Angeles and Orange

Counties. Followed the Gacey murders in Chicago, then back to Los Angeles for the worst series of all, the "Freeway Killings," for which William Bonin has been convicted in Los Angeles, and as of this writing has yet to be tried in the other jurisdictions where the bodies were found.

There is no denying the horror of any murder, but especially this type, which are strictly sex crimes. It has been one of the arguments used by those who wish to tar us all with the same brush, and to put SM down as an evil practice, deserving of severe penalties. But the people who commit these crimes are no more related to us than the "Hillside Strangler" or numerous other men who murder women are related to the average heterosexual. There certainly are so many cases of forceable rape on the books of every city in the western world (and probably in the Iron Curtain countries as well), that it takes a computer to keep track of them. The people who commit these crimes are, for the most part, all suffering from the same type of psychopathology, and their sexual orientation merely directs them to one gender or the other. They are men without a social conscience, and they are cut from the same mold as the great murderers throughout history, many of whom were as likely to kill a boy as a girl.

As to the dangers one of the SM group might face from such people as these, I am inclined to believe it is minimal. Most of the victims in these crimes were hitchhiking kids, or hustlers whom the killer picked up off the street. The chances of running into a killer within the circles normally thought of as gay — in bars, clubs (private or otherwise), sex ads, etc., are small. The greatest danger from these people lies in submitting yourself to someone who is unqualified, or strung out on drugs. One hears of terrible accidents occurring in such settings, although the incidence of these is fortunately low. In San Francisco, not too long ago, the county coroner tried to set up classes to instruct SM people in the safe and sane procedures to be followed in a scene, but "public opinion" (read "political considerations") forced him to stop. Too bad, because San Francisco has one of the worst records when it comes to people being accidentally killed or maimed in SM sessions, largely, I think, because of the heavy drug use in the area.

Then there is the M who digs the thrill and danger of picking up a punk, allowing the guy to tie him down and

work him over. This probably accounts for the greatest number of fatalities, although they seldom make the headlines like mass killings with an obviously gay culprit. In these instances, the really horrible murders — beheadings, mutilations, men being stabbed 50 or 60 times — are all too common. Much of the fierce brutality stems from the belief of the hustler or other punk that he isn't really gay (although he may never have had any other type of sex). He harbors a heavy resentment for the guy who picked him up, especially if he sees evidence of affluence acquired by hard work in spite of his sexual orientation.

I have one friend who digs this scene. Despite my best efforts to dissuade him, he persists in it, and I am afraid he will one day be found in an unfortunate condition. However, he insists he has evolved a solution. In his moderately well equipped blackroom, all the metal restraints are separated from the leather and whips. The locks and keys are all kept at the far end of the room, away from the other materials and from the area of greatest interaction. Well out of reach of the keys, he has a long chain locked to the ceiling. When he brings a hustler home, he secures the guy by this chain, padlocked around his neck. The key, he tells the guy, is outside the room. My friend then submits himself to the hustler's abuse, reminding the kid he can only get loose after the scene, when and if my friend is in shape to retrieve the key and release him.

Then there's the case of another acquaintance, a chubby little fellow who liked to play these games. He picked up a hot number on the street, and got into a bondage/enema session, with the visitor as Top. Alas, the kid became disillusioned with the activities at the point where Tubby was tied down, spreadeagle on the bed, with a pillow under his gut to raise his ass above the rest of his body. His visitor filled him almost to overflow from the enema can, then stuck a flower in his ass and departed. Since Tubby lived in a boarding house at the time, he had no choice but to scream for the landlady to come and release him. Embarrassing, but at least he lived to tell about it.

The police fetish. For many guys, the uniformed policeman is a powerful sexual attraction. The fantasy of mastering or being mastered by a cop is high on the list for thousands of men. The reason is not really obscure, al-

though those who do not share it may find the fantasy difficult to empathize. In some ways, it is the same drive as the abused child who runs to the abusing parent for protection, or the captive who displays the Stockholm Syndrome. Even a man who may otherwise be very anti-police, will often find the sexual aura of the uniform a tremendous turn-on. I went into this at greater length in the original *Handbook*, but since no collection on SM would be complete without some comments and an example of this fetish ("situational fetish" by my earlier definition), I'd like to relate a little story told by a friend who swears it's true. (Crossed his heart and hoped to die.) Whether it is true or not, it so perfectly depicts the fantasy I feel compelled to tell it. My friend, by the way, is a very humpy guy, a weight lifter who has made himself hard and beautifully defined without packing on the grotesque musculature of the pro. He is in his late thirties, with dark hair and a little jawline beard. He is also well endowed, circumcised, and very much of a two-way swinger. On the statistical charts in the next chapter, he would qualify as neither S nor M, not even "S½" or "M½" — rather a total "½" rating.

I'd been out cruising around on a Thursday night . . . spent a couple hours at the Pits, where I ran into so many friends I socialized right up to closing time (2:00 AM), and didn't do myself any good. I was kinda horny, so after I left the bar I went home along the most productive route, but there wasn't much of anything on the street. It was about quarter to three when I got home, and parked my pickup on the street in front of the house. I couldn't use the garage, because I've been remodeling and it was full of tools and lumber. I'd been inside about fifteen minutes when the neighbor's dog started carrying on, and I thought I heard something outside. I was still mostly dressed — leather pants, boots, and black cotton shirt, although the shirt was unbuttoned and hanging out over my belt. Thinking to chase the intruder away, if there was one, I went out the side door and looked over the gate. There was a black & white standing in front of my door!

I went out, onto the street, not quite sure what to expect, and as I came around the corner of the house I was face to face with a young cop. He was just walking back from my front door, where I guess he must have rung the bell, or knocked. My bedroom was in the back, so I wouldn't have

heard the knock, and the doorbell wasn't working—part of my current fix-up project. "What's the trouble?" I asked.

"That your vehicle?" he returned.

I told him it was, and he related one of those typical cop stories about its resembling some truck described as being involved in burglaries in the area. He also commented on the engine still being warm. "It should be," I said. "I just came home. If you want to see the registration, I'll be happy to show it to you, to prove it belongs at this address."

"That won't be necessary," he told me. "I've already run a make on it." With that, our verbal exchange ended for a moment, mostly because I didn't know what else to say. Standing on the edge of my own property, I did not feel the intimidation I might have . . . that you usually do, in a confrontation with a cop. During these few moments of mutual appraisal, I realized that the cop was a really good looking kid. He had to be fairly new on the force, but not fresh out of the Academy, or they would never have sent him out on night patrol by himself. Finally, just as a jibe, and intending to needle him a little for making a disturbance at this hour of the morning, I said: "It must get lonely riding around by yourself at night."

He had been taking in my appearance and costume. Ignoring my question, he responded with one of his own. "You been out riding a motorcycle?"

"No," I replied honestly. "I've been to a leatherbar."

This really seemed to take him back, because there was no doubt as to my meaning, or to the tacit admission of my sexual orientation and interests. He may have been shocked, certainly surprised I had said it, and I knew he was momentarily at a loss to respond. Out on some other street he might have gotten nasty, but standing in front of my house, there wasn't very much he could say.

Finally, I looked him in the eye and asked: "Is there anything I can do for you?"

I fully expected he would say, "No," climb back into his patrol car and drive away. Instead, he looked at my truck and said, "You've got a pretty nice vehicle, there. You shouldn't be leaving it out on the street, 'specially not on a curve like this."

"I've been working on my playroom," I told him. "I've got the garage full of tools and junk." I was beginning to be a bit amused by the situation, still not expecting anything to

come of it . . . but willing to play it out.

"Playroom?" he responded.

"Yeah, you know, my own private little space." I didn't really expect him to pick up on my double meaning, but he did.

"I've heard about those rooms," he said evenly. He paused a moment, then added, "But I've never seen one."

"You mean you'd like to see it?" I asked.

He shrugged, assuming a more calculated pose with his thumbs hooked over his wide leather belt.

"Well," I hedged, giving my stock response to people who ask to see my blackroom, "it's a working dungeon, not a tourist attraction."

For a moment, he seemed to have a hostile expression, and I was afraid I had gone too far. But I had nothing to lose, since the worst he was going to do was call me some unflattering name, hop into his car and drive away. But he did not respond, and the fact that he stayed where he was convinced me he really was interested. It was a minute or two before I could think of exactly the right remark to keep this going. Finally, I said, "If you'd still like to see it, I'd be happy to show it to you. Have you called in for your dinner break, yet?"

"No," he replied simply.

"Why don't you, then. It'll give us more time." And that was just about as far as I would ever dare go with a cop. I never have trusted them, although I have to admit a certain attraction to the uniform.

He hesitated another few seconds before nodding assent, going around to the open window of his patrol car, reaching inside and giving whatever the magic words are for an officer to take off for his lunch hour. Well, I thought, he's certainly called my bluff.

As I guided him through the back way, thus avoiding the jumble in the house proper, the thought crossed my mind that he might be leading me on in the hope of penetrating some "secret cult" or whatever the papers were calling those things at the time. It also occurred to me that he might just be after a blow job, which was not at all what I had in mind. At the door to my little dungeon, I turned to him, taking the keys off my belt. I looked him in the eye, giving him my best "Master's stare-down," and said, "Have you ever been tied up before?"

It was tempting to break the eye contact as I noted in my

peripheral vision that his right hand had moved in response to my question. There was another pregnant moment, before—much to my relief, as well as to my satisfaction—he looked down and said, “No . . . not exactly, but I have been handcuffed.”

It was now my turn to take a moment for the courage to collect, before I reached toward his leather handcuff pouch. He made no move to stop me, but said matter-of-factly, “You know I called in your license number. . . .”

“Yeah,” I replied. “If anything happens to you, they’ll know where to pick up the pieces.” I took his handcuffs and held them, not really wanting to put them on him yet, because I wanted to get his shirt off first. “Let’s go inside,” I said, unlocking the door and pulling it open.

I stepped in, and he followed me. The room was illuminated only by a small night light, barely enough to allow him a glimpse of the general surroundings. I had a lot of toys and leather restraints hanging on the walls, and several heavy chains dangling from the ceiling in various parts of the room. There were also several pairs of steel manacles hanging in clear view, plus a couple of gas masks and a row of leather hoods on a shelf by the door.

“Jesus, Kee-rist!” he muttered, but he just stood aside as I pulled the door shut and latched it.

“How long have we got?” I asked.

“Half . . . three quarters of an hour,” he said.

“You’d better get some of that stuff off you, then,” I told him. I inclined my head toward the clothing hooks on the wall, then turned to light a couple of amber lamps. I also shoved a tape into the player. I had not been watching him, and when I turned back he was still standing as before, except that he had taken off his hat and hung it on one of the hooks. He was in the process of removing his gun and night stick holster. I still held his handcuffs, and I bounced these on my palm, deciding to wait and leave it to him, how much he took off. With the time limited as it was, and still not completely sure of him, I wasn’t going to press the issue. Whatever came of it, it was like “found money,” and I was trembling like a virgin on her first fuck, anyway. The cop, once his hat had been removed, was a little shorter than I had realized . . . very blond, and also very handsome, almost pretty.

Up to this point, I had been so preoccupied with the ver-

bal fencing, and just maneuvering him into the blackroom, I had not really responded to him physically. Now I began to feel the glow through my groin, as I really began to turn on to him. I watched quietly as he continued to remove his shirt and T-shirt, hanging these on the hooks before he turned to look at me, as if asking how far I expected him to go. He had a nice body, which probably looked even better than it was, under the yellowish lights.

Without saying anything, I took him by the shoulders and turned him around, pulled his hands behind him and snapped his own cuffs around his wrists. I then came up against him, pressing myself onto his naked back and reached around to play with his nipples. I fumbled for a moment before I found the left one, and in so doing felt the frantic pounding of his heart. I think it was the realization of his own fear and excitement that encouraged me, and eliminated the last residue of anxiety. He really was willing to play the game, and the only pressure was time.

I spun him around to face me, took hold of his belt, and pulled the flap to free the buckle, opened his fly, and shoved the whole mass of pants and shorts down his thighs. I was aware of his cock, still compressed against his balls by the molding effect of his jockey shorts . . . circumcised and stubby-fat, curving a bit to the right. He probably thought I was going to take hold of it, but instead I encircled him with one arm, took a handful of hair with the other, and pulled his head back enough to bring his mouth level with mine. I kissed him with a hard, demanding force that took him completely off guard. He resisted me for a moment, before relaxing his jaw and allowing my tongue to penetrate between his teeth. I could feel his body tense, shudder, and suddenly go almost limp. At least, he allowed his full weight to fall forward, against me, so I was actually supporting us both.

When I let go of him, I didn't waste any more time. Taking hold of his dick, which was now tumescent, but not quite hard, I led him into the center of the room, and unhooked a long dog-chain-collar from the ceiling. I dropped this around his neck, and refastened it to the steel eye in the ceiling. I held him again for a moment, and started talking to him, reminding him of his nakedness, how helpless he was. "I ought to put a few marks on you," I added, "something to show your buddies back in the shower room."

"Oh, no. . . please," he whispered. "Don't mark me!"

I reached down and took hold of his balls, giving them a good twist while I reached for a stretcher on the nearby wall. "We'll see how well you perform," I replied.

I stretched his balls down with the leather harness and spread them with the cross piece. As soon as I had started to work his balls, his cock had sprung up, and it now pointed almost at the ceiling — about average length, but thick as a tall beer bottle. I stepped back and took a hit of amyl, then forced him to take one, as well. This was apparently something new to him, because he tried to pull away. But I held his head with one hand, and using my thumb depressed one nostril and held the bottle to his nose with the other. He took a long sniff, and wobbled uncertainly for a second. I was almost ready to unsnap his neck chain, because I was afraid he was going to keel over. But he managed to right himself, and looked at me with his clear, blue eyes as the vapors circled through his brain. I knew he felt the heat and the drifting sensation.

I untied his shoes, and helped him step out of his pants while he was still sighing and saying, "Phew!" to the effects of the amyl. I teased him with a pair of tit clamps, but I could see they frightened him, so satisfied myself by playing with his nipples. I finally took a hard grip with one hand, pulling downward as I reached with the other and unfastened his collar from the ceiling. Slowly, he went onto his knees and I opened the front of my leather pants. I played with my dick, bringing it almost full hard and slapping him across the face with it a couple of times. I didn't say anything to him, just kept playing with myself until he leaned into me. He wasn't a very good cocksucker, and he gagged with only a minimal penetration, but he tried as I leaned over him and smacked his butt a few times with my hand.

When I stood him back up again, and had him secured by the neck as he had been before, I clipped the ring on his ball spreader to another hanging chain — this a few feet in front of him. The weight of this second chain exerted a little additional pull on his balls, giving him the sensation of being restrained from two directions, secured by his neck and his nuts. He must have found this particularly exciting, because he kept groaning, arched his back and hung there with a raging hard on. I gave him a few more hits of amyl, which he took without protest, and worked his butt a

little more, this time with a light leather belt. "No marks," he gasped again, "please."

"We'll leave that for next time," I assured him.

It had all the makings of a really hot scene, if it had not been for the time. We had now been downstairs for about half an hour, so I let the chain loose from his balls, greased us both up and jacked off both cocks with one hand. He came first, but I was not far behind. While he was still hanging there, I told him I thought he was really a guy who needed to be punished from time to time, and he agreed.

When I turned him loose, he cleaned himself up as best he could with a towel, and put his uniform back on. When he was fully dressed, I grabbed him and kissed him, again. I know I caught him by surprise, but he responded—a little test, by the way, that isn't bad to remember with a partner of uncertain orientation. I told him to stop by any time he was in the area, and he said he would. I don't know if this was just one of those fleeting experiences we have from time to time, or whether he actually will come back. It's only been a couple of weeks, so I'm still hopeful.

Organizations. Although the media, catering to the "great unwashed," will periodically resurrect the old term "homosexual ring," and in whatever reference they make to SM, refer to it as a cult, there really is no all-encompassing organization to which thousands, or even many hundreds, of gay SM men belong. I'm mentioned GMSMA in New York, but this is more an educational organization than anything else, and it certainly is not secret. The motorcycle clubs, especially in California (where they are the most active, due to a climate that permits the riding of bikes all year) are still stuck on their old theme: "We are clubs interested in promoting the safe and pleasurable riding of motorcycles. We are not sex clubs, etc." In fact, in attempting to get as many groups as possible to cooperate in the distribution of my questionnaire, I received no help from my local clubs. "It's just a commercial venture," they told me. "We can't support that." Despite the official snobbery, of course, their runs and open meetings are still the most fertile hunting grounds for SM guys.

T.A.I.L. (Total Ass Involvement League), which I also mentioned earlier, is international, but it comprises very anally oriented guys, not necessarily SM people. A group

in San Francisco calling itself U.S.A. (Uncircumcised Society of America), seeking to bring men of this specific interest together, unfortunately fell by the wayside a couple of years ago. The only openly gay SM club with more than regional membership, to the best of my knowledge, is the Chicago Hellfire Club. Although it has only twenty or so full members, they have a couple hundred associate members (of which I am one) scattered all over the world. You must be sponsored by a member, but if you're interested drop a line to: C.H.C., Box 5426, Chicago, IL 60680. Their annual run, "Inferno," is a fabulous gathering.

Of the commercial introduction and advertising services catering to our group, SMads (Suite 1112, P.O. Box 66973, Houston, TX 77006) is the only one left that I know much about. It's run by a friend of mine, who is dependable. You might also try Interchain (Box 140, 132 West 24th St., New York, NY 10011). I am not personally acquainted with them, but they seem to have a lot of subscribers.

Other than these, there are no organizations that I know enough about to make a referral. However, there probably is something going in your area, if you live in a large city. If you check around at your local leatherbar, or whatever passes for such, you may get a line on it. I am not going to try listing the bars and suppliers this time, because I had too many problems in the original *Handbook*, trying to verify the true status of businesses, and to keep up with those that folded or were newly opened. For an up-to-date listing of these, try: Gayellow Pages, Box 292LT, Village Station, New York, NY 10014; Bob Damron's Addressbook, P.O. Box 14-077, San Francisco, CA 94114; Spartacus, P.O. Box 3496, 1001 AG Amsterdam, Holland. All of these are dependable people, who have been in business a long time and publish a reliable listing at least once a year.

In seeking an organization, I think it is a good idea to tread very carefully. Small groups often start up, and quickly die a well deserved death. On my recent trip to New York, a friend related his experience with such an organization, and I repeat it here as a case in point:

The group advertised, and seemed to have quite an age span, so I answered the ad, just to check it out. I got a phone call in reply, and made a date to go out and meet the guy who was, I guess, their membership chairman. I went up to his apartment, and the guy was sort of a troll, but I

figured he maybe didn't represent the typical member. After we've talked a for a few minutes, he allows as how I look like a guy who would be into their scene, but they have one requirement, and that was to see if I would follow instructions. So, he said the instruction was that I should take off my clothes. I took my clothes off, and that seemed to satisfy him. I was invited to their next meeting.

I got there at the designated time, 8 PM, and there must have been five other Tops . . . maybe seven or eight bottoms. Now, to start with, they were collectively the most unattractive group of men I ever laid eyes on. There was one other new, prospective member — probably the best looking one in the group, and he must have presented himself as a bottom, because they had a whole list of things they wanted to do to him . . . put him in a dress and stuff a hose up his ass, let him blow bubbles with his ass . . . this sort of thing. Everyone was supposed to humiliate him.

The way they had it set up, because I was the newest Top in the group, I had my choice of bottoms. Naturally, I picked this other new guy for myself. They had this arrangement, where they blew a whistle and when they did, all the bottoms were supposed to line up at one end of the room, and take their clothes off. Then, one at a time, they got up on a table that had a light shining on it, like a spotlight, and as each one stood there he had his hands tied behind his back. The Tops were then supposed to examine each prospective bottom after they had all been tied and returned to their line against the wall.

It was a small room in one guy's apartment, so when I picked my M, I moved him out about four feet. They then decided he should have handcuffs on him, instead of ropes, so they changed that. Then they attached ropes to his cuffs, and these were passed through rings in the ceiling. Two of the club members pulled on the ropes to hoist him up, so he was literally standing on his toenails.

Now, this was the first time he had been with him. They had never bothered to ask if he had any specific health problems, or anything else. He was just strung up there in the bright light, and was facing us, and they told me to go ahead and start with him. So I start to work on him, going pretty easy and not really doing too much, and they're all standing behind me, saying it isn't much of a display. But I can see that the guy is getting into some kind of trouble.

He acts like he's ready to throw up. So I took him down, and they were asking me why I wasn't working on him . . . why I didn't clip his pubic hair. That was one of the things they had decided they wanted done to him.

But I could see the guy's about to pass out, and I'm trying to get him out of the ropes, and I asked them, "What are we doing here? We're supposed to know what SM is all about, and that means observing some rules of safety." So I got him into the bathroom, and he had the dry heaves. It turns out he had just gotten out of the hospital with a case of stomach ulcers. Anyway, before I could get him settled down, they had somebody else strung up, and he started to get upset when they really started whipping him . . . without any build-up, or anything, and they asked him, "What's the matter? You said you were into a really heavy scene." But he got no sympathy at all. Meanwhile, my guy is sitting over in a corner, trying to catch his breath.

Well, I got this second guy all settled down, and we were playing a little. I was doing some cock wrappings with him, but in the meantime one of the other Tops had been trying to get my first bottom going again. I guess he must have responded a little, because the guy tried to give him a hit of amy! At this point, the bottom was lying on the floor, and the Top ended up spilling the liquid down his nose, which started all the trouble back up again, and the end result was the guy's having to go back to the hospital the next day. I mean, the whole scene was an absolute disaster!

I finally cut out with the first M, because I wanted to get him out of there. I considered these guys really dangerous. When they called me for several weeks after that, wanting to know when I was going to come back, I kept stuffing them off. One of the guys I know in another group was concerned, because there had been a couple of guys found dead in that general area, and he thought I should stay in touch with them for a while to see if there was any connection. But I didn't want to be bothered with them, so after a few calls I finally told them I thought they were an irresponsible group, and to forget about calling me anymore.

That was taken, almost verbatim, off the tape I made of our conversation. I can only advise you not to be afraid to get up and leave if you find yourself in a situation you consider hazardous. There are good groups and bad groups, just as there are good Tops and incompetents trying to

play Top. Your best protection is your own judgment. But anyone looking for a grand international organization of leathermen is going to be disappointed. There isn't any.

Women. Although the bible seemed to cast Eve in the category of an afterthought, I apologize for doing the same. However, I really don't know very much about the subject, and only want to make a couple of comments. Whereas women have little or no place in the male-to-male SM context, they do comprise over half of all humanity and as such they enter into our life-space in all manner of situations. I am not concerned here with any of these except as they border on our community as a whole. However, with the rapid increase of interest in SM throughout the heterosexual "swinger" groups, I have personally been thrown into contact with more women than ever before. Some of them, I have found, are quite extraordinary. There are also a number of men who are going to read this book, whose interests will be both in other men and in women. For their benefit, I want to list a couple of groups that may be of interest. While basically heterosexual in scope, there are gay members in each: The Eulenspiegel Society (P.O. Box 2783, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10163) is the oldest SM group, to the best of my knowledge. It is run by a good cadre of people, both men and women. There is also The Society of Janus (P.O. Box 6794, San Francisco, CA 94101). I have not had as much personal contact with them, but have corresponded with them, and also have a great deal of respect for what they are doing. If your interests are bisexual, you might give them a try.

There is also a growing phenomenon throughout the gay SM world, wherein certain women are being permitted into our most sacred inner sanctums. You will occasionally see a female in a leatherbar in our larger cities, and in Europe a number of the leather/bike clubs have female "mas-cots." I think it is inevitable that we will see still more of this, as female friends of leather guys develop an interest in what they're doing, and a concern that they do it safely. Although the sight of a woman in one of these places, where she seemingly does not belong, will often raise the hackles on a guy's back, it's something we really should learn to live with. I can't judge whether it's right or wrong, but I do accept it as a fact of life. Remember, before you do

or say something derogatory, a great many of these women are on our side, and are doing the same things we do. They deserve our respect, if not necessarily our adoration. The European women, especially, have proven to be fascinating and very pleasant when I engaged them in conversation. I wouldn't want to marry one, but . . .

The no-no's. A number of people have written to me since the publication of the original *Handbook*, asking where, if at all, I drew the line. Obviously, I am not overly concerned with the "morals" of our society, which are generally hypocritical at best, and at worst are mere tools by which one group of humanity seeks to gain ascendancy over another. Today's sin is tomorrow's commonplace, and an immoral act in one jurisdiction may well be acceptable social behavior in another. So if you ask me where I draw the line, I can answer only for myself. I do not necessarily project these as standards for anyone else. To do so would place me in the ridiculous role of moralist.

Although not personally attracted to "chicken," nor much concerned about them, I do have strong moral reservations regarding the man who takes advantage of very small children. My attitude is rather ambivalent toward relationships with young adults — kids in their upper teens, who are physically mature, but still legally underage. I think there is a great deal of difference (morally speaking) in proselytizing an innocent "virgin" and getting it on with a street wise punk. The law makes little or no distinction, which is unfortunate. I know of a number of situations where the kid, classified as "victim," was considerably more sophisticated than the adult who got into trouble as a result of their intercourse. I also find it difficult when I receive a letter from a kid I can sense is in need of advice; for fear of the legal consequences, I turn them away, but I sometimes feel guilty for failing to provide the type of guidance that would have been so beneficial to me at that same age. I can't advise you, because the law is on the books. I can only express my opinion.

A topic I have ignored in this book is animals. I know that many people, more so outside an SM setting, enjoy bestiality; i.e., sexual relations with animals, particularly dogs. Logically, I find it difficult to sustain my position on this, especially as I approach the end of a book in which I have described, if not extolled, the pleasures of an enor-

mous sexual diversity. Yet, I can not — could not bring myself to engage in these activities with an animal. I have two Doberman Pinschers (male and female), and love them as members of my family. But to get it on sexually with either one of them is something I cannot even contemplate. This is strictly a moral judgment. Sorry about that.

Public sex is another area where guys are constantly getting into trouble, several times I have had to bail a friend out of the slammer as a result of his indiscretions. I was also involved as president of H.E.L.P., and assisted in extricating a number of people from these situations. I recognize the appeal of tearoom play, and can even appreciate the SM content of it. The danger is part of the allure. But the police departments in most American cities maintain vice squads to combat this type of behavior. With the number of bathhouses and sex clubs available to us, there is little need to cruise the parks and rest rooms any more. If a guy gets caught doing these things I can sympathize with him, but not as much as I used to do. I don't care about the morality; I just think it's stupid.

The last subject I'll cover in this section has to do with a more decidedly SM related topic: the drawing of blood in a scene. For some guys, both Tops and bottoms, a whipping scene isn't complete until blood is flowing from the lacerations. For others, a "slicing" scene is their ultimate turn on; i.e., using a sharp knife or razor blade to make small slits in the skin. I really question the legitimacy of this. There has to be a point at which you draw the line, for reasons of safety, if no other. I think there is a difference — a vast difference — between a situation where the Top draws blood merely as a result of a properly moderated whipping scene, and one where he deliberately sets out to make the M bleed. Again, this is only my opinion.

Training your own Top. This is a subject I might more properly have covered in one of the chapters on relationships, but I hesitated to do so because I was striving to put forth a proper sense of dominance-submission, and to clarify the difference in the basic roles. To have introduced this subject would surely have muddied the waters and made my explanations even more confusing to the novice. Instead, I elected to conclude this chapter with a few remarks on the subject — completely by itself, and out of

the context of other discussions on relationships.

This is a concept that is certainly a challenge to our logical understanding of the SM definitions I have tried to give you . . . namely, the situation where an M, acting out as an M, presumes to train his own Master. But it is a much more common condition than most people realize, or are willing to admit. It occurs for a variety of reasons, but most of them boil down to the old truism: A good Top is hard to find. For many an M, it may be possible to find a man to top him, but he may also find the other's experience works against a successful interaction. Particularly if the bottom has a complex set of fantasies, realistic enough to be capable of fulfillment, he may be unable to relate when he encounters a Top who wants to follow a different, albeit legitimate pattern. Or it may happen that the M is afraid of a situation where he cannot maintain full control. He wants to act out the submissive role, but he also wants to make sure that only certain things are done to him.

From conversations I have had with heterosexual SM people, it is my feeling that this situation may be even more common with them than it is with us. It frequently happens that a married couple, neither of whom were into bondage or any other form of SM before their marriage, develop an interest. One partner, either from reading or conversation, or perhaps from actual experience, recognizes his (her) M inclinations, and persuades the other partner to give it a try. Whereas these conditions are probably not going to be as common among gay men, it also happens to us. It is a somewhat difficult phenomenon to describe, because the situations tend to be so diverse. The potential M's will range from men who are normally Top, and who take this route as a busman's holiday, to men who are totally inexperienced in anything but fantasy. The only condition I would definitely exclude from this discussion is the guy who picks up a street punk and submits to him. That is an entirely different set of circumstances, not a condition likely to produce a proper SM relationship.

Although I can not illustrate every possible variable, let me take one set of circumstances and try to bring it to life for you. Whatever your own condition, it may at least give you an idea of my contention.

Jim, more commonly called "Big Jim," had been a well

known Top for several years. He was very good at everything he did, and he had never appeared in public with his keys other than on the left. In all of his relationships he functioned exclusively as an S. He was a large man, as his nickname implied, well over six feet in height, and solidly built. Nearly forty, he had a touch of gray in his brown, well groomed hair. Although from time to time he had acquired a beard, he was now clean shaven, except for a thick, bushy mustache. His features were rugged, with the promise of a certain cragginess to appear in the years to come. He was strong and muscular without regular workouts, although he did fairly heavy labor around his own home and on the several rental properties he owned in the area. His sexual endowments were substantial, like the rest of his body, and lusty. His thick, uncut cock was well known in the local sex clubs, where he occasionally discharged the energies that had found no other, immediate outlet.

Lately, however, he had found himself, more often than not, on his knees in the little booths, sucking someone else's cock through the glory hole . . . and thoroughly enjoying it. Within the anonymity of the darkened cubicle, he had found himself able to enjoy the forbidden pleasures he would otherwise have been unable to acknowledge.

One evening, riding high on a couple of joints and successive hits of amyl, he met a peculiarly enticing guy in the club. This other man — Al, as he was to learn later — was not the type Jim would normally have pursued. He was short and slender, with a fairly well defined body, but not like the trim, solid little body builders who were normally his quarry. The guy's cock was about average in size, and circumcised. As the result of a hip injury, he also walked with a slight limp. But he exuded a certain aura of sexuality, and Jim found himself working furiously on the firm, demanding cock. After some time spent doing this through the glory hole in the wall between their respective booths, Jim asked the other guy to come into his cubicle. Al complied and the cocksucking continued with unrestricted ardor, Al making no move to reciprocate when Jim backed off to catch his breath.

Kneeling at the feet of this unaccountably compelling man, there was no doubt in Jim's mind that he was strictly trade . . . in fact, he wondered why he was there, in a gay sex club, when he obviously wanted only a one-sided relation-

ship. Odd, but the consideration was fleeting, unimportant. He'd seen the guy around before . . . here and in the bars, knew he belonged to the community. Looking up in the semi-darkness, he held gently onto the smaller man's thighs, took a tentative lick at the projecting cock and asked, "Would you be interested in a dungeon scene?"

The other shrugged. "I'd dig it with you, man," he replied, "but I don't know much about it."

"Does the idea turn you on?" asked Jim.

"Yeah, it does," Al admitted.

Al followed him home, giving Jim about half an hour to himself, to try sorting out his thoughts. He glanced up several times, almost anxiously, to make sure Al's headlights were behind him, assuring himself that the guy was still with him. He was excited, he realized, more excited than he had been for a long time. He was going to bottom for this guy . . . no doubt in his mind; nor, apparently, in Al's. Jim cupped his hand in his crotch, feeling the surge of sensation as he squeezed his own erection. "Jesus," he muttered to himself, "how long's it been since I drove home with a hard on, by myself, with the other guy in a car behind me?" There was no answer except his own anticipation of the use Al was going to make of him.

Once in the blackroom, Jim stripped and took his place, on his knees, in front of Al. The smaller man seemed a little uncertain, taking off his jacket and shirt, but leaving his jeans and boots in place. He grasped the sides of Jim's head, guiding him in his avid cocksucking. Jim knew he'd have to initiate the action, suggest and lead without forcing Al to surrender his role as Master. The guy was hot . . . real hot, but completely inexperienced . . . or was he?

Jim rocked back on his heels, looking up as he had done in the club. "Have you ever played these games before?" he asked.

"A little bit," Al admitted. "I've been tied up and whipped, and I've whipped a couple of other guys . . . nothing very heavy, but I know what it feels like . . . better to give than to receive."

"But you've never really worked a guy over?"

"No, but I've thought about it . . . thought about it a lot."

Jim gestured toward the assortment of restraints hanging on the wall. "Anything up there interest you?"

Al pushed his host's head back into his crotch, held his

cock deeply embedded as he examined the various items. He picked up a pair of leather cuffs, fingered them and put them back. Jim was watching from the corner of his eye, maintaining his motion as Al's hand returned occasionally to press him more deeply onto the shaft. Finally, Al selected a pair of Smith & Wesson handcuffs. "Let's try these," he said.

Reluctantly, Jim relinquished his hold on the rigid projection, stood up and assumed a properly submissive posture in front of the smaller man. He hung his head forward, arms loosely at his sides, gaze on the floor. "Yes, sir."

Al hesitated a moment, then placed his hands on Jim's upper arms, turned him around and drew the supplicant's wrists together, behind his back. "Any special way these should go on?" he asked.

Respectfully, with several "sir's" dropped into his sentences, Jim explained how to fit and set the cuffs. Al maneuvered him closer to the light, and after a few moments' fumbling, managed to close the cuffs and secure them against accidental tightening. He carefully placed the key on the table, and returned his attention to the man who was now his prisoner. His own arousal was easily as great as Jim's, both men exhibiting full, almost painful erections.

Al stood in front of the big, manacled prisoner, his fingers gently kneading the other's nipples, gradually increasing the pressure until he produced a satisfying intake of breath from his subject, a hissing gasp through tightly clenched teeth. As he continued the tit play, he swiveled his lower body, causing his prick to strike Jim's. His eyes roved the assortment of small leather and metal items on a narrow shelf beside them, uncertain which to use; not sure, either, exactly how they should be fitted. He released his grip on Jim's tits, grasped the captive's balls in his left hand, squeezing the sac to make them hang lower. His right hand moved to the shelf, touching one toy, then the next. "That one," Jim whispered, responding to the increase of pressure on his balls. Al picked up the indicated leather ball stretcher.

"All right, big man," he said, "how does this go on?"

"It goes around the sac, sir," Jim replied. "Fits so as to push the nuts down to the bottom, but the little strap underneath has to go from back to front, to spread 'em after they're stretched."

Al knelt down and worked for several minutes, forcing the thick skin of Jim's scrotum into the tight enclosure of leather, finally managing to snap the flange of leather closed, and to pull the smaller strap across the bottom to separate the balls. As he did so, he noticed a small metal ring in the center of this bottom piece. "What's this for?" he asked, standing and raising Jim's balls by lifting the ring.

"That's so you can attach me to . . . something, sir . . . or hang weights from my nuts. Whatever you want to do, sir."

Al left him standing there as he roved the room, examining a number of items. Some of the functions were obvious; others were not. The various restraints were no problem, nor were the hoods. Several complicated strap assemblies were uncertain, and some of the smaller toys — apparently cock and ball harnesses — suggested several interesting possibilities. The idea of using them on this big, powerfully built man was exciting, almost debilitating. His hands were unsteady as he started to finger the half dozen leather collars, hanging in a row beneath the shelf of cock toys. Al picked one of the neck restraints and turned back toward Jim. "How do you think this would look on you?" he asked.

"Just great," replied the bigger man. The one Al had picked was a wide, studded slave collar with prongs on the inside and several "D" rings on the outer surface to facilitate securing an M to another object. Jim felt a fresh tide of heat through his nether regions as Al buckled the leather band tightly about his neck.

"I bet you've used these on lots of guys, haven't you, big man?"

"Yes, sir," Jim replied.

"And I bet you've attached them to something and whipped their asses, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir. I've usually attached them to that post over there, sir, and I've whipped them while they were strung up by their neck and their balls."

Al examined the whipping post . . . a four-by-four set into the floor and anchored to the ceiling by heavy steel angle brackets. There was a metal eyelet screwed into the wood at about head level, another slightly below the height of a crotch. A double headed, steel clip was attached to the lower eyelet, and a string of similar fasteners hung on the wall nearby. Al took one of these and snapped it onto the upper eyelet. He then took hold of Jim's arm and moved

him to stand, face against the wood, while he attached the collar and ball stretcher to the pair of clips.

"Now, you're strung up by your balls, aren't you, big leather man?"

"Yes, sir," Jim replied.

"And you've got your naked ass turned toward me, all ready to get whipped, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir," Jim repeated, trembling at the prospect, but so excited by the idea he was afraid he would climax at the first stroke. He was considerably taller than most of his own subjects, so the placement of the eyelets on the post was forcing him to bend slightly, increasing the outward thrust of his butt, making it a better target. From the corner of his field of vision, he saw Al fingering the whips and paddles, the belts and crops that hung in the nearest corner.

"You want a whip my ass, don't ya, sir?" Jim urged.

"Yeah, I just don't know which of these is going to do the best job on that nice round ass of yours," replied the smaller man. He fingered a heavy cat, let it fall back against the wall, then lifted a pliable leather paddle.

"You could do a real number with that one, sir," Jim whispered.

Al took it down, bent it in his hands, and snapped it across one palm. "Is that how it's going to sound against your ass, big man?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," Jim responded, closing his eyes and pressing himself against the wood. He tensed, waiting for the first blow. Instead, he felt Al's hands touch his face, making him jump by their unexpected contact. An inhaler was poked into one nostril, the other depressed as he drew in the amyl. Al waited for him to exhale, then applied the container to the other side. In doing this, he had pressed himself against Jim's back, jeans against the naked legs, chest touching the curve of back, slightly moist, now, with expectant sweat. Jim could feel the rigid cock slide between his thighs. When he had taken a hit himself, Al hung the inhaler around Jim's neck by its rawhide thong, seized the bigger man's hips and dry fucked him between the legs for several minutes. Then he stepped back and delivered the first, moderately heavy blow across his captive's ass.

Jim drew a hissing breath, leaned into the post and waited with suspended respiration for the next. When it came, he groaned, pressed harder against the wood, felt

his cock slide over the hard surface as the stinging blow sent waves of mingled emotions through his brain. It had been a long time since anyone had whipped him, and he had half forgotten the sensation . . . the mixture of discomfort and satisfaction, the sense of humiliation and submission that turned the physical pain into mental enjoyment. But it did hurt, more than he'd remembered . . . more than he'd expected. As the blows increased in strength, he found himself writhing against the solid upright, twisting as much as his bonds would permit while the smaller man displayed his mastery.

Al paused, exchanged the leather paddle for a light cat. "You like getting your ass warmed, don't you, big man?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir," Jim gasped.

"You like it up on your back, too?" And the cat landed between his shoulderblades.

Jim sighed and leaned into the post. The pain grew heavier as the novice warmed to his task, and Jim wanted to beg him to stop. But he knew he was receiving only a modicum of the punishment he dispensed so often, and the idea of backing down repelled him. The thought of his being forced to take a dose of his own medicine further aroused him, made the sensation of tightness around his balls more exciting, emphasized the knowledge of his own bondage, of being whipped with his own scourges. He thought back to his first SM sessions, when more experienced men had trained him, tied him down and whipped him, violated his body as he had lately been doing to others. An involuntary groan escaped his lips as Al cracked him full force across the butt.

He was sagging against the post, drawing labored breaths when the whipping finally stopped. Jim's eyes were closed, but he could hear Al moving about the room. First, music started up from the tape deck. Then the inhaler was held to his nose, again, while the pressure of the smaller man increased against his tortured back. He must have shed his jeans, Jim realized, because he could feel the naked thighs against his own. His fingers moved in their tight enclosure, fumbled down the wall of his mentor's midsection, twisted into the sweat-moistened hairs, found the rigid cock and grasped it.

"You like that, huh?" asked Al.

"Yes, sir," Jim replied.

"Well, it likes your nice hot ass."

For a second the contact was broken. A few seconds later, Jim felt lubricant being worked into his asshole, responded with an uncontrollable resistance to the invading fingers. He tried to twist away, but the smaller man pulled him back into position. "You're going to get fucked, man," he heard the other say. "You're going to take this cock up your ass while you're strung up there by your neck and your balls, and I'm going to ride that red hot ass I've just been whipping. How do you like them egg rolls, Mr. Big Leatherman? You're going to get fucked in your own dungeon, and there's nothing you can do about it."

Jim felt the first pressure of Al's cock against his sphincter, and tried to make the muscles relax. It had been a couple of years since anyone had fucked him. He tried to remember the old thrill he'd felt in the past, but the sudden entrance caused a stab of pain through his guts. Then Al was hard against him, body clinging to his backside as the smaller man held tightly onto the solid wall of his stomach, lubricated fingers seeking Jim's cock, grasping it, playing with it while the motion against his ass assumed a steady rhythm and the spasms of pain subsided.

Later, lying in Jim's bed, Al stroked the broad chest. "Do you have to do anything tomorrow?" he asked.

"No, it's Saturday. I've got the day off."

"Me, too," Al replied, sliding himself on top of Jim, pressing his semi-hardened prick between the other's legs. "Maybe we could take a couple of hours, and you could show me how all those toys you've got are supposed to work."

Jim felt his own cock respond to the suggestion, swelling against the pressure of the smaller man, who now touched one nipple with his teeth, bit down gently, just hard enough to make Jim sigh and twist his head backward, tensing on the threshold of pain. "We've . . . got all day . . . sir," he gasped.

"And all night," Al replied, substituting his fingers and squeezing down hard on the nipple, sending the bigger man into a contortion of euphoric agony.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN—The Survey and the Future

In February 1982, when the final agreements were made regarding publication of this book, I devised and began circulating a questionnaire to as many people as I was able to reach. To do this, I gave copies to such groups as GMSMA in New York City, The Chicago Hellfire Club, a number of leather gathering places (bars and clubs), and also sent it out on my mailing list. Almost 6000 questionnaires went out, and my final figure of returns was 1238 responses. Although all of the groups and businesses that cooperated with me were domestic (i.e., within the United States), my mailing list was international. While I had hoped to obtain some figures to allow a comparison of differences (or universality) on the basis of region, I could not find any significant variations in these figures within the first samples I worked, and so did not pursue it further. The tally had to be done by hand, since the only computer that would have been available to me was on the east coast, and would have required an extremely sophisticated programming to obtain the fine shades of differences I required. I'll go into the various aspects of this as we ex-

amine the various subjects. I'll try to explain my point in asking the questions, then give the results along with my interpretations of them. Just as a starting point, my sample broke down as follows:

Total sample (number of respondents)	1238
White North Americans (US and Canada)	1149
Black North Americans	19
Other North Americans	6
White Europeans	50
Others (including 2 non-white)	14

Before going any further into the results, let me reprint the questionnaire, to permit the reader to observe precisely the source of my data. As you will quickly be able to note, my intent was to cover a wide range of possible facets within the SM oriented population:

Please answer by inserting the appropriate data:

1. The first 2 numbers of my home ZIP code: _____
2. My age: _____
3. My race: _____
4. My height: _____
5. My weight: _____
6. Country of birth: _____
7. I have a lover (yes or no): _____
8. Voter registration (party): _____
9. In the last presidential election, I voted for:

10. I prefer my sex partner to be approximately: _____ to _____ years of age, generally _____ to _____ inches tall, with a body built (heavy, slim, etc.) _____. I prefer that he be circumcised _____, uncircumcised _____, doesn't matter _____.

Please answer the following questions by "yes" or "no":

1. I am a high school graduate: _____ College graduate: _____ Graduate degree?: _____
2. I am circumcised: _____
3. I am interested in motorcycles (own, ride, buddy-ride, etc.): _____
4. I have read the Leatherman's Handbook: _____
5. I regularly go to the baths: _____ Sex clubs (Mine-

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shaft, Caldron, Meatrack, etc.): ____ I would go, but there are none in my area: ____

6. I buy and read books of SM stories: ____ Photo magazines: ____ I prefer drawings to photos: ____

7. I subscribe to, or regularly read:
 The Advocate ____ Drummer ____ In Touch ____
 Mandate ____ Honcho ____ Numbers ____
 DungeonMaster ____ Others (pls specify) _____

Please answer the following questions by writing in a number from "0" to "10," 0 being a strong "no" or "never," 10 being a strong "yes" or "always" (a 5 would be "about half the time" or "somewhat"):

1. I am sexually active with other guys: ____ (If "0" skip to question 5):

2. I engage in the following:

As S/Topman

As M/bottom

_____	Cocksucking	_____
_____	Ass fucking	_____
_____	Bondage	_____
_____	Whipping, belting	_____
_____	Fistfucking	_____
_____	Piss scenes	_____
_____	Scat scenes	_____
_____	C/B torture	_____
_____	Piercing	_____
_____	Use dildoes	_____
_____	Use blindfold	_____
_____	Boot licking	_____
_____	Light pain	_____
_____	Heavy pain	_____
_____	Genital shaving	_____

3. The following are a turn-on to me:

Leather clothing ____	Leather belts ____
Uniforms ____	Cockrings ____
Boots ____	Ball stretchers ____
Facial hair ____	Gags ____
Crew cuts ____	Hoods ____
Long hair ____	Rubbers ____
Big men ____	Rubber clothing ____
Smaller men ____	Dildoes ____

- Chicken (14-17) _____ Amyl/Butyl _____
 Bikers _____ Leather harness _____
 Uncut men _____ Metal shackles _____
 Cut men _____ Neck bindings _____
 Ropes _____ Castration scene _____
 Chains _____
 Handcuffs _____
 Cowboys _____
 Marines _____
4. I enjoy "public sex" (tearooms, parks, etc.) _____
5. I enjoy sex without SM or bondage: _____
6. I am active in motorcycle and/or leather/SM club activities: _____
7. My JO fantasies include (0-10):
- | | |
|----------------------------|------------------------------|
| Leather clothing _____ | Leather belts _____ |
| Being bound _____ | Binding someone else _____ |
| Being whipped _____ | Whipping someone else _____ |
| Sucking someone else _____ | Getting sucked _____ |
| Getting fucked _____ | Fucking another guy _____ |
| Getting raped _____ | Raping another guy _____ |
| Being enslaved _____ | Enslaving another guy _____ |
| Being captured _____ | Capturing another guy _____ |
| Being castrated _____ | Castrating another guy _____ |
| Being hanged _____ | Lynching another guy _____ |
| Being murdered _____ | Murdering another guy _____ |
8. During solo JO scenes I use (0-10):
- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Amyl/butyl/"Rush" _____ | Rubbers (prophylactics) _____ |
| Cockring _____ | Rubber clothing _____ |
| Ball stretcher(s) _____ | Mirror(s) _____ |
| Heavier bondage _____ | Slave collar _____ |
| Metal restraints _____ | Other (specify) _____ |
| Pin prick devices _____ | |
9. I use the following (0-10): "Rush" _____ Grass _____
 MDA _____ "Coke" _____ "Booze" _____ Speed (non-prescription) _____
 Other (please specify) _____

If you have some specific scene or activity (or equipment) which you particularly like to use or have used on you, that I have neglected to include, please use the rest of the form to tell me about it, or about anything you think I should

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know about you:

One question which I did not include on the above form, was: "What percent of the time do you play 'S,' and what percent 'M'?" It may have been a mistake not to do this, but I felt I would get more honest answers without it, even though the replies were supposed to come in completely anonymously (which most of them did). Knowing SM guys as well as I do, I knew there would be a tendency for many of them to emphasize their Topman activities and behavior. I also took this into account in analyzing the forms, and assigning each respondent an "S" or "M" coefficient. Admittedly, this was a somewhat subjective judgment on my part, but I did it slowly and carefully, and I feel that if I erred, it was in favor of accepting these "S" protestations, although they had to be pretty strong before I would assign that designation. First I examined the "active interests" (Question 2; "I engage in the following"). If the pattern was not completely clear from this, I went to the JO fantasies, and if I could still not make a determination, I looked at the items used in a solo JO scene. If the guy used a lot of M toys on himself, I assumed enough M interest to cast him as "M½." If I could still not determine Top or bottom, I classified as "½," with the "S½" going to guys who might previously (for instance in the original *Handbook*) have been classified him as "M," but whom I felt were honestly capable of going either way, but with a stronger bent toward being Top. The "S" and the "M" categories were assigned to men who were clearly oriented toward one or the other of these poles, almost (or totally) to the exclusion of the other. On this basis, I obtained the following breakdown of S vs. M personalities, further divided into age brackets (N.A. is North America); the "O" category includes those men who indicated little or no interaction with other guys:

CATEGORICAL BREAKDOWN:

	S	S½	½	M½	M	O	Total
N.A. 60+	8	4	8	0	16	12	48
N.A. 50-59	14	14	34	57	55	34	208
N.A. 40-49	48	42	62	74	78	36	340
N.A. 30-39	46	49	121	80	96	28	420

N.A. 21-29	16	18	28	28	68	0	158
Europe 21-60	1	14	14	10	11	0	50
Others	<u>0</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>6</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>14</u>
Totals	133	145	269	255	324	112	

This further adds: 278 with S interests, vs. 579 with M interests (predominating), with 269 in the middle and 112 who are more or less inactive.

I feel that this breakdown of S vs. M interests is probably the most interesting and possibly the most significant statistic to be pulled from this entire survey. It shows a definite shift toward S interests from the figures I obtained a decade ago. At that time, I was speculating that the ratio was on the order of three to one in favor of the M. That no longer appears to be the case. And I was not generous in assigning the "S" or "S½" classification. You will also notice, however, that the largest age group responding to the questionnaire was the 30 to 39 group, with the 40's being close behind them. I think this reflects a large influx of "new" people into the scene over the last ten years. I suspect that many of them are not greatly concerned with roles, but enjoy the sensual aspects of the scene, taking it as it comes. There may also be some sociological pressures at work, causing more men to generate the "power needs" that push them into the S role. That, of course, is sheer speculation.

Before going more deeply into the role and fantasy/fetish analysis, let me give you the extraneous findings that may be of interest. You can more or less draw your own conclusions as to what these say about our community.

The survey was made a little over a year after the Reagan/Carter election. The liberal Republican, John Anderson, who had officially withdrawn from the race was also on the ballot in most states, as were a variety of minor party candidates. Here's the way our group responded:

Total responding to the survey question:	1074
Voting for Reagan:	370
Voting for Carter:	358
Voting for Anderson:	153
Others:	12
Not voting:	181

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From the total sample of 1238 (worldwide), 597 men indicated that they were involved with motorcycles; 514 attended club functions at least occasionally. It was interesting to note, as well (although I did not have the time and energy to do an actual breakdown on it), that many of the men who expressed an active interest in bikes, did not have any interest in the club activities. In fact, a number of them added derogatory notations regarding the bike clubs in their areas, or bike clubs in general. (These negative remarks were not directed at other groups.)

A very interesting breakdown had to do with education. I should note that I may have biased the replies by the way I worded the question, because some college graduates may have misunderstood "advanced degree," and answered "yes" because they did not realize that "B.A." or "B.S." should not qualify. A good number, however, wrote in "M.A.," "Ph.D.," "LLD," or "M.D." Keeping that in mind, here's the result.

EDUCATION:

Less than high school graduate:	24	2% of sample
High school graduate:	282	23%
College graduate:	501	40%
Advanced degree:	<u>428</u>	35%
	1235 responding	

I also asked if people had a lover, then broke these responses down by age group:

HAS A LOVER?:	Yes	No
N.A. 60+	18	29
N.A. 50-59	72	137
N.A. 40-49	117	224
N.A. 30-39	144	181
N.A. 21-29	71	86
Europe	<u>28</u>	<u>22</u>
Total	450	679

In response to the question regarding the age preference for a sex partner, I got about the results I expected, although I was a little surprised that the 30-39 age bracket outdrew the younger guys. This probably reflects a prefer-

ence for a bit of experience at the expense of the fresh-faced, peach fuzz set. The numbers do not reflect the size of the sample, because a number of guys specified a preference for partners in more than one age bracket.

AGE PREFERENCE FOR SEX PARTNER:

Age Group Responding:	Prefers Sex Partner in Age Group:				
	Under 18	18-29	30-39	40-49	Over 50
N.A. 60 +	4	23	37	30	16
N.A. 50-59	17	123	161	142	78
N.A. 40-49	34	216	302	262	69
N.A. 30-39	48	304	389	289	72
N.A. 21-29	18	123	131	58	13
Europe 21-60	2	39	43	33	8
Totals	123	828	1063	814	256

The readership (which may be of more interest to my publisher and to me than to most readers) came out as follows. (Again, the total exceed the size of the sample, because a number of people indicated reading more than one publication.) The high readership on the original *Handbook*, of course, results from my mailing the questionnaire into a hard core of "fans":

READERSHIP SURVEY (entire sample):

Leatherman's Handbook	961
Drummer	829
Advocate	630
DungeonMaster	410
Honcho	387
Mandate	263
Numbers	236
In Touch	210
(Write ins:)	
Folsom Magazine	77
Mr. SM/Toy (Sweden)	42
Blueboy	38
SMads	18
PFI Quarterly (piercing)	17
T.R.A.S.H. (was 18 Wheeler)	5

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Regularly buy photo magazines:	1003
Prefer drawings to photos:	332

For the information of the reader, I have listed the addresses for these publications at the end of this chapter.

Perhaps one of the most surprising statistics obtained was the breakdown of circumcised vs. uncircumcised men, and their preference (on this basis) in sex partners. The old foreskin did not come out as well as I thought it would. More power to the knife?

CIRCUMCISED VS. UNCIRCUMCISED SURVEY

	Circumcised Men	Uncircumcised Men	Total
Prefer circumcised partner	307	32	339
Prefer uncircum- cised partner	90	41	131
No preference	471	256	<u>727</u>
	Total responding		1228

Because I feel that a man's fantasy interests are often a more accurate reflection of his "soul" than his active behavior, I picked five items from the list and broke them down by age group, and expressed them in percents. Some respondents were disturbed because I included hanging and murder among the fantasies, but my point was to obtain a figure, for better or for worse, to indicate the degree of hostility we might find in the SM group as a whole. I think the figures are quite interesting. In reading the chart, however, please bear in mind that the 60+ and Europe categories are quite small, compared to the others — one confusing aspect to dealing in percents:

FANTASY INTERESTS,

In Percent of Age Group Responding:

Age group	No Interest	Slight Interest	Moderate Interest	Heavy Interest
Castration				
N.A. 60 +	66	10	2	22
N.A. 50-59	82	5	3	10

N.A. 40-49	81	7	5	7
N.A. 30-39	63	13	11	13
N.A. 21-29	72	10	6	12
Europe 21-60	<u>83</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>13</u>
Entire sample	75	8	6	11
Hanging				
N.A. 60 +	99	4	0	4
N.A. 50-59	83	6	3	8
N.A. 40-49	84	5	3	8
N.A. 30-39	80	8	6	6
N.A. 21-29	77	8	10	5
Europe 21-60	<u>75</u>	<u>8</u>	<u>6</u>	<u>11</u>
Entire sample	82	6	5	7
Murder				
N.A. 60 +	98	0	0	2
N.A. 50-59	89	8	2	1
N.A. 40-49	95	4	½	½
N.A. 30-39	89	5	2	4
N.A. 21-29	86	5	3	6
Europe 21-60	<u>88</u>	<u>8</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>4</u>
Entire sample	90	5	2	3
Bondage				
N.A. 60 +	18	4	26	52
N.A. 50-59	12	7	17	64
N.A. 40-49	13	3	15	69
N.A. 30-39	7	4	19	70
N.A. 21-29	2	2	35	61
Europe 21-60	<u>4</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>20</u>	<u>72</u>
Entire sample	9	4	20	67
Whipping				
N.A. 60 +	13	13	22	56
N.A. 50-59	17	9	26	48
N.A. 40-49	7	7	23	63
N.A. 30-39	13	8	23	56
N.A. 21-29	10	10	54	40
Europe 21-60	<u>8</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>29</u>	<u>63</u>
Entire sample	11	8	26	55

Because these figures dealt with fantasy, I did not break them down by S or M category, as I have with the next items

under consideration. However, there was such a consistency, even among the inactive people, I do not think it would have produced any significant differences. Although the castration fantasy has a few strong adherents, it is interesting to note the overwhelming lack of interest on the part of most people. I included hanging, because I am aware of the high number of accidental deaths taking place every year, where guys accidentally hang themselves in the course of a hot JO session. But again, the interest among the group as a whole is quite low. The murder category was added only to ascertain whether this might be the "ultimate" SM fantasy, and as the figures show, it definitely is not. Bondage and whipping, being two of the prime SM activities, came out about as one might expect, and with an interesting consistency throughout the entire age range. The European interests are about the same as the North American, but the sample was relatively small, so I do not think it is fair to draw any conclusions from it. I did not count the "others" in this analysis, because I did not know where to fit them. There were only 14 of these, anyway, so it could not significantly affect the percentages. Neither did I have enough black or other racial groupings to separate them out. They are simply included with the rest; however, I might note from my observations in collating all the statistics, they were consistent in responding well within the mainstream groupings.

The next two categories are broken down, in percents, and by both age group and S vs. M interests. I have called these "fetish attractions," and if the term disturbs you, please see my explanation in the chapter on fetish interests.

FETISH ATTRACTIONS, In Percents, Broken Down By Age

Age group	No Interest	Slight Interest	Moderate Interest	Strong Interest
Leather, uniforms, boots				
N.A. 60+	13	4	35	48
N.A. 50-59	5	3	21	70
N.A. 40-49	3	4	28	65
N.A. 30-39	4	2	18	76
N.A. 21-29	2	3	30	65
Europe 21-60	0	3	32	65
Entire sample	4	3	24	69

Ropes, chains, handcuffs

N.A. 60 +	17	4	29	50
N.A. 50-59	8	11	21	60
N.A. 40-49	10	6	20	64
N.A. 30-39	6	5	34	55
N.A. 21-29	5	1	38	56
Europe 21-60	<u>8</u>	<u>8</u>	<u>28</u>	<u>56</u>
Entire sample	8	6	28	58

Castration

N.A. 60 +	74	9	0	17
N.A. 50-59	79	5	6	10
N.A. 40-49	77	6	8	9
N.A. 30-39	74	9	6	11
N.A. 21-29	70	7	9	14
Europe 21-60	<u>72</u>	<u>12</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>16</u>
Entire sample	76	7	6	11

Chicken (14-17)

N.A. 60 +	78	9	9	4
N.A. 50-59	68	4	9	19
N.A. 40-49	64	12	8	16
N.A. 30-39	57	17	13	13
N.A. 21-29	55	11	18	16
Europe 21-60	<u>71</u>	<u>17</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>8</u>
Entire sample	62	12	11	18

Now, taking the same data, and breaking it down by SM interest, we are able to isolate the statistics defining the inactive men, which I feel was the main factor adding bias to the above results, if we want a true picture of the active SM guy's attractions — or, if you will, fixations. So here it is with the pie cut in another direction:

FETISH ATTRACTIONS,

In Percents, Broken Down By SM Orientation:

	No Interest	Slight Interest	Moderate Interest	Strong Interest
Leather, uniforms, boots				
S	½	½	24	75
S½	4	1	21	74
½	2	3	24	71
M½	2	2	23	73

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M	3	2	22	73
O	14	7	34	45
Total sample	4	3	24	69

Ropes, chains, handcuffs

S	3	1	26	70
S½	11	6	31	52
½	11	7	29	53
M½	1	10	33	56
M	7	4	24	65
O	29	7	21	43
Total sample	8	6	28	58

Castration

S	58	12	11	18
S½	72	7	7	14
½	77	8	7	8
M½	74	11	3	12
M	83	5	4	8
O	73	5	5	17
Total sample	76	7	6	11

Chicken (14-17)

S	59	11	9	21
S½	69	13	10	8
½	58	18	13	11
M½	57	15	10	18
M	71	8	10	11
O	65	7	16	12
Total sample	62	12	11	18

Working statistics by hand, without a computer or other assistance except for an adding machine, had the disadvantage of limiting the number of subjects I was able to analyze. From the list of active interests, I picked fistfucking, piss scenes, scat, and piercing, because I was particularly interested in cataloguing the interests within our SM community. There were no real surprises, but the breakdown by age group against the figures obtained in an S vs. M analysis is instructive. In this area, the inactive guys did act to bias the age breakdown figures significantly, if one is seeking figures for active participants.

ACTIVE INTERESTS, In Percents, Broken Down By Age:

Age group	No Interest	Slight Interest	Moderate Interest	Strong Interest
Fistfucking				
N.A. 60+	60	20	11	9
N.A. 50-59	58	18	13	11
N.A. 40-49	48	15	19	18
N.A. 30-39	40	22	15	23
N.A. 21-29	42	24	9	25
Europe 21-60	<u>68</u>	<u>8</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>20</u>
Total sample	48	19	14	19
Piss Scenes				
N.A. 60+	23	15	23	39
N.A. 50-59	26	19	24	31
N.A. 40-49	22	14	28	36
N.A. 30-39	22	26	25	27
N.A. 21-29	21	11	36	31
Europe 21-60	<u>26</u>	<u>16</u>	<u>26</u>	<u>32</u>
Total sample	23	19	27	31
Scat Scenes				
N.A. 60+	66	8	13	13
N.A. 50-59	85	7	4	3
N.A. 40-49	76	12	7	5
N.A. 30-39	76	12	8	4
N.A. 21-29	75	18	4	3
Europe 21-60	<u>66</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>12</u>	<u>12</u>
Total sample	76	7	6	11
Piercing				
N.A. 60+	69	2	17	12
N.A. 50-59	73	9	9	9
N.A. 40-49	12	10	18	10
N.A. 30-39	60	14	12	14
N.A. 21-29	75	8	10	7
Europe 21-60	<u>56</u>	<u>14</u>	<u>18</u>	<u>12</u>
Total sample	65	11	13	11

Now, let's take the same figures and break them down by SM interest, instead of by age. In a couple of categories, there is a fairly significant difference between Top and bottom interests, and certainly a great deal between the active and inactive guys.

ACTIVE INTERESTS,
In Percents, Broken Down By SM Orientation:

	No Interest	Slight Interest	Moderate Interest	Strong Interest
Fistfucking				
S	28	18	20	34
S½	33	21	14	32
½	43	19	18	20
M½	40	22	19	19
M	59	17	10	14
0	<u>87</u>	<u>9</u>	<u>15</u>	<u>20</u>
Total sample	48	19	14	19
Piss Scenes				
S	16	19	23	42
S½	21	15	26	38
½	25	16	34	25
M½	18	19	25	38
M	11	23	35	31
0	<u>80</u>	<u>11</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>4</u>
Total sample	23	19	27	31
Scat Scenes				
S	70	15	5	10
S½	72	10	10	8
½	74	14	7	5
M½	76	14	3	7
M	77	9	11	3
0	<u>96</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>0</u>
Total sample	76	12	7	5
Piercing				
S	52	12	18	18
S½	62	13	15	10
½	69	9	11	11
M½	59	13	18	10
M	66	14	10	10
0	<u>84</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>10</u>
Total sample	65	11	13	11

I think these figures pretty well speak for themselves, and added to the others we've put together here, it more or

less emphasizes what we've always suspected. I have covered most of these areas quite completely in their appropriate sections. Now I'll conclude this little numerical exercise with a survey on drug usage. Judging by the comments many people made on their questionnaires, the high or medium usage applies more to the consistency of use in a scene than to the heavy use as we normally think of drug "abuse." The alcohol "booze" figure includes beer and wine consumption; my error for not making them separate categories:

**DRUG USAGE, IN SM SCENES,
In Percents, Broken Down By Age:**

	60 +	50-59	40-49	30-39	21-29	Europe	Total Sample
Nitrites							
High	13	35	39	48	40	40	42
Medium	13	10	14	18	14	16	15
Low	18	7	10	8	18	8	10
None	56	48	37	26	28	36	33
Marijuana							
High	13	14	23	31	28	4	24
Medium	13	8	24	21	20	0	19
Low	16	19	13	13	14	16	14
None	58	59	40	35	38	80	43
MDA							
High	7	2	4	6	4	4	4
Medium	0	0	5	9	13	0	6
Low	0	7	12	10	13	4	10
None	93	91	79	75	70	92	80
Cocaine							
High	4	0	4	5	6	4	4
Medium	8	3	6	12	14	0	9
Low	0	5	10	12	22	4	10
None	82	92	80	71	58	92	77
Alcohol							
High	20	20	26	24	25	8	23
Medium	17	24	27	34	23	8	27
Low	17	9	10	10	21	8	12
None	46	48	37	32	31	76	38

Speed (non-prescription)

High	4	2	4	4	5	4	4
Medium	0	0	6	10	13	0	7
Low	0	1	6	8	15	4	7
None	96	97	84	78	67	92	82

(Write in's, in number of incidence, not percent)

	60 +	50-59	40-49	30-39	21-29
LSD		3	5	10	9
Quaaludes		2	1	4	1
Mescaline			1		
Heroin					1
Downers					1
THC			1	1	

All of which gives us an indication of how really light the drug usage is, when it comes to "hard drugs." Although 67% use nitrites to some degree, 57% use marijuana, and 62% use alcohol (probably beer), there is a very low percentage of use in the other categories. I would also like to remark that the notations on a number of response sheets gave me a much better feeling about drug usage within the community than I previously held. Many of the respondents indicated quite a sane and moderate use, of even the heavy drugs. I am left with the impression that the SM portion of the gay community is probably better off than the younger gays in general, but probably more inclined to use drugs than the overall, upper age bracket gay man.

So there you have all that I was able to pull out of my questionnaires. I want to thank all of the people who were kind enough to fill out the forms and return them to me, expending their own stamps to do it. Unfortunately, I did not have a government grant that allowed me to furnish any strong incentive; yet the response was really quite good, except in Southern California, where I seem to be a prophet in my own land. Well, so it goes.

Looking to the future, I see a great upsurge in SM interest within the heterosexual community, and stemming from this we should see a return of interest to the more central SM activities within our own circles. I think there has been some tendency for our group, particularly the

younger guys, to get into the fringe activities (fistfucking, water sports, group sex, etc.) — all of this at the expense of bondage and discipline, which really is the center of SM. I suppose we will influence the hets, as well, and there may be a number of women experiencing a fist or two in the years to come.

Be that as it may, the future does not look especially grim, despite the gathering storm clouds on the southern horizon. I think the moral rightists have pretty well reached the peak of their power, and except for local jurisdictions where they will hang on tenaciously for years to come, the majority of us will be less subjected to their interference. At least that is my hope. It distresses me to see someone trying to make "the God of Love" or "the Prince of Peace" into an avenging angel, merely to serve the repressed insecurities within the minds and distorted souls of our TV bible thumpers.

I'll conclude with the promised list of periodical addresses. If you read enough of them, you will probably catch an article or story of mine from time to time. Or you can ask to be on my mailing list. Either way, I'll try to keep in touch with you until it's time to do The Leatherman's Handbook III.

Larry Townsend Publications, P.O. Box 302, Beverly Hills,
CA 90213

Advocate, P.O. Box 5847, San Mateo, CA 94402—

Drummer, 15 Harriet St., San Francisco, CA 94103

DungeonMaster, Box 6592, Chicago, IL 60680

Honcho, 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10013

Mandate, 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10013

Numbers, 535 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10017

Folsom, 1309 Harrison St., San Francisco, CA 94103

Mr. SM/Toy, Revolt Publications, Box 15, Aseda, S-36070
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T.R.A.S.H., D&W Enterprises, P.O. Box 292, East Rutherford,
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